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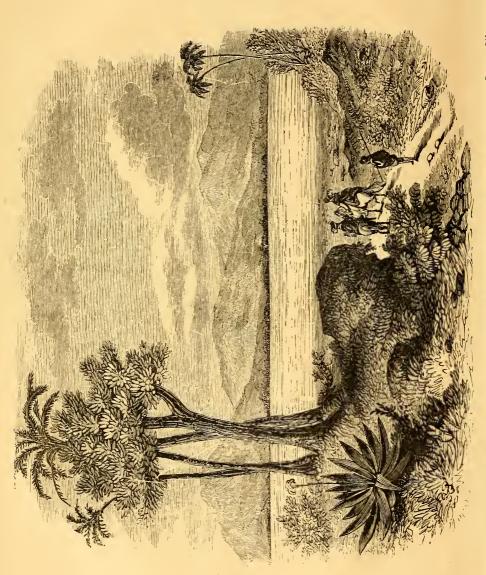
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INDEX.

	240		
		Edme Champion,	- 4
Address, Missionary,	330	Electioneering,	353
Address, Sunday-School,	196	Epitaphs,	240
		Direction,	
	117	Evening Angel,	99
Ahab and Jehoshaphat,	362	Ever Thine,	114
Allab and benoshaphat,	200		
		Excessive Grief,	273
Ambition,	174		
	2	The two	287
American Life,		Fairs,	
Am I Remembered?	177	Family Worship by a Child,	182
American Life,	368	Father, The	61
Timusements on the zee,		rather, the	- 01
And Must I Die?	208	Female Delicacy,	172
Anecdote of Rothschild,	91	First and Last,	336
Allecable of Rothscalla,			100
	153	French Superstition,	193
	245		
	311	C D	0-1
Appearance of Evil,		Gem Passage,	256
Assurance,	15	Gentleness,	175 255
	1	Germans of Pennsylvania,	0==
		Germans of Fennsylvania,	200
Benevolence of Dr. Goldsmith,	158	Gift Book Sales,	351
Renevelance of Dr. Goldemith	252	Climpage of Heaven	120
Denevolence of Dr. Goldsmith,		Glimpses of Heaven,	
	247	God and Heathenism,	360
Better Land,	35	God in Summer, &c.,	47
	90	God III Sallillici, deci,	
Blushing Child,		Godlikeness,	336
Book Day-Dream.	283	Golden Rule,	121
Book-Table, 29, 62, 94, 126, 190, 315, 350,	377	Gospel Platform of Lutheran Church,	118
	011	Gospei Flatform of Lutheran Church,	
Breaking Promises,	309	Grace a Miracle,	195
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·		Greatness,	256
CT 1 0 00 1 1 1 1	050		
Character of Christianity,	259	Great Gift,	68
Cheerfulness,	71	Grief turned into Joy,	70
		differ burned into boy,	
	348		
Child at Prayer,	124	Habit, 40	, 71
	250	II-112 mb -	7 40
		Hallig, The, 65,	140
Child's Prayer,	90	Happy Homes,	252
Choice of a Profession, 97,	129	Herod the Great,	329
Choice of a Holession,	000	Treat the oreat,	
	222	Higher Joy,	74
Christianity Aggressive,	256	Historical Incident,	224
	243		
		Holiness,	341
Christian Character,	111	Home Circle, . 27, 60, 89, 120, 185, 246, 310, 347,	373
	112	Home Music,	0.0
		Home Music,	93
	166	Honest Man's Reward.	68
		Honest Man's Reward,	68
Christmas Day,	370	Honest Man's Reward,	93
Christmas Day,	370 378	Honest Man's Reward,	93
Christmas Day,	370 378	Honest Man's Reward,	
Christmas Day,	370 378 21	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue,	93 111
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192	Honest Man's Reward,	93 111 176
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192	Honest Man's Reward,	93 111 176
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115	Honest Man's Reward,	93 111 176 338
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Tm Growing Old,	93 111 176 338 27
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Tm Growing Old,	93 111 176 338
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt,	93 111 176 338 27 183
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World,	93 111 176 338 27 183
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Inflancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Inflancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173
Christmas Day,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Inflancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceying Children	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceying Children	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceying Children	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceying Children	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceying Children	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deceiving Othldren, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 223	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A,	93 1111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deceiving Othldren, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 223	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A,	93 1111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 223 113	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fin Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home,	93 1111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 223 113 42	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 223 113 42 186	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington,	93 1111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 223 113 42 186	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 299
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deciding by Lot, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 254 272 223 113 42 273 42 273 42 42 45 46 47 47 47 47 47 47 47 47 47 47	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fim Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 299 28
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deceiding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 2279 224 312 254 272 254 272 254 273 311 321 113 279 224 316 312 326 312 327 321 321 321 321 321 321 321 321	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fim Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 299
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 2279 224 312 254 272 254 272 254 273 311 321 113 279 224 316 312 326 312 327 321 321 321 321 321 321 321 321	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, Fm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Iniancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Sweedish Girl,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 299 28 146
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 223 42 113 42 186 54 54 168	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 299 28 146 347
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 254 272 254 42 113 42 113 42 113 42 113 42 113 42 113 113 113 113 113 113 113 11	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life is Sweet, Little Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Litzle Van Aken,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 299 28 146 347 121
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 254 272 254 42 113 42 113 42 113 42 113 42 113 42 113 113 113 113 113 113 113 11	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life is Sweet, Little Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Litzle Van Aken,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 299 28 146 347 121
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Druck and Hawk,	370 378 21 192 115 1192 115 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 213 42 168 168 168 168 168	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infaney, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place,	93 111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 28 29 28 146 347 121 873
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Don Quixote, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Duellists, Tbe,	370 378 21 192 115 1192 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 312 254 311 311 311 311 311 311 311 31	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place, Looking onto Jesus,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 26 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 28 146 373 16
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Don Quixote, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Duellists, Tbe,	370 378 21 192 115 1192 115 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 272 213 42 168 168 168 168 168	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place, Looking onto Jesus,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 26 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 28 146 373 16
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Druck and Hawk,	370 378 21 192 115 1192 245 340 273 321 113 279 224 306 312 254 312 254 311 311 311 311 311 311 311 31	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Iniancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Sweedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking of a Place, Looking unto Jesus, Look Upward,	93 111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 219 229 28 347 121 316 111
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Duck and Hawk, Duellists, Tbe, Dun, The Word,	370 378 21 192 115 1139 245 340 273 321 113 321 113 227 224 306 312 279 224 306 312 313 40 314 316 316 317 317 318 318 318 318 318 318 318 318	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place, Looking unto Jesus, Look Upward, Louk is Everything,	93 1111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 2219 2219 2219 231 146 347 121 373 1161
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deceiding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Duck and Hawk, Duellists, The, Dun, The Word, Eagle and Serpent,	370 378 21 192 192 192 245 139 245 139 245 245 321 113 279 224 306 312 272 213 42 42 42 168 54 168 177 188 188 188 188 188 188 18	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place, Looking unto Jesus, Look Upward, Louk is Everything,	93 1111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 2219 2219 2219 231 146 347 121 373 1161
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Duck and Hawk, Duellists, The, Dun, The Word, Eagle and Serpent, Earnestness.	370 378 21 192 192 192 245 139 245 139 245 245 321 113 279 224 306 312 272 213 42 42 42 168 54 168 177 188 188 188 188 188 188 18	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place, Looking unto Jesus, Look Upward, Luck is Everything, Lutter,	93 1111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 26 46 260 40 170 109 2219 28 146 347 121 373 161 161 257
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deciding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Doddridge, D.D., Philip, Doing Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Duck and Hawk, Duellists, The, Dun, The Word, Eagle and Serpent, Earnestness.	370 21 192 115 139 245 139 245 139 245 139 245 273 273 204 306 312 254 306 312 254 113 306 312 254 116 117 118 118 119 119 119 119 119 119	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place, Looking or a Place, Look Upward, Luck is Everything, Luther, Luther Board of Publication,	93 1111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 2219 229 288 146 121 137 161 111 111 125 125 116 117 117 117 117 117 117 117 117 117
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deceiding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Dong Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Duck and Hawk, Duellists, Tbe, Dun, The Word, Eagle and Serpent, Earnestness, Eclipse of the Honeymoon.	370 192 192 115 139 245 139 245 139 245 272 321 113 279 224 306 302 302 302 302 302 302 302 302	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place, Looking or a Place, Look Upward, Luck is Everything, Luther, Luther Board of Publication,	93 1111 176 3388 27 183 252 110 173 26 46 260 40 170 109 2219 28 146 347 121 373 161 161 257
Christmas Day, Church Intelligence, 285, 317, 351, Clever Defence of Clergymen, Clothing Trade, Companionship, Conscience, Contempt, Contrary Winds, Covenanters' Hymn, Crisis in India, Cross, The, Curious Will, Day of Rest, Death Will Come, Deceiving Children, Deceiding by Lot, Delineation of Infidelity, Dissolution of Union, Divine Blessing, Dong Good, Don Quixote, Dose, A, Doubt Not, Drama and Pulpit, Duck and Hawk, Duellists, Tbe, Dun, The Word, Eagle and Serpent, Earnestness, Eclipse of the Honeymoon.	370 192 192 115 139 245 139 245 139 245 272 321 113 279 224 306 302 302 302 302 302 302 302 302	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking for a Place, Looking or a Place, Look Upward, Luck is Everything, Luther, Luther Board of Publication,	93 1111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 2219 229 288 146 121 137 161 111 111 125 125 116 116 117 117 117 117 117 117 117 117
Christmas Day. Church Intelligence,	370 378 21 192 115 139 245 340 273 340 321 3113 279 224 3254 312 254 42 186 54 168 165 77 296 77 172 2 367 172 2 214 2287,	Honest Man's Reward, How to Conquer an Enemy, Humble Virtue, I Cannot Tell a Lie, Immoral Business, I'm Growing Old, Imprisonment for Debt, Infancy, Injustice of Living World, Instances of Presentiment, Integrity of Character, Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry, Jesus and the Treasury, Kindness, King Solomon's Blacksmith, Lady, A, Leaving my Country Home, Letter from Washington, Life and Death, Life is Sweet, Little Swedish Girl, Little Theologue, Lizzie Van Aken, Looking or a Place, Look Upward, Luck is Everything, Luther, Lutheran Board of Publication, Lutheran Board of Publication, Lutheran Book Depository,	93 1111 176 338 27 183 252 110 173 22 46 260 40 170 109 263 2219 229 288 146 121 137 161 111 111 125 125 116 116 117 117 117 117 117 117 117 117

Man Poor without God,						110	Sabbath in Manchester,						339
Maple Tree,						298	Sacred Poets,					42,	268
Michael Angelo						349	Sadness,					. ′	
Mirage in Mexico,						341	San Francisco,						365
Money Panic,						289	Self-Denial,						342
Money Panic, Month of Luther's Birth	h.	: :				337	Single Sin,	Ĭ		•	-		123
Mount Vernon Sonnets,	-,					181	Sisters of Charity, .	Ī	•	•	•	•	185
Musical Stones,		•		•	•	89	Small Beginnings,	•	•	•	•	•	241
My Mother's Smile, .				•	•	246	Smile of Love	•			•	•	52
my mother's sinne, .			•	•	•	240	Smile of Love, Spirit Rappers,			•	•	•	159
37 - 4-1-0						60	Spurgeon's Sermon,	•	•	•	•	•	371
Nature,				•	•	338	Spurgeon's Sermon, .			•	•	•	
Nature-Revelation, .			•		•		Strawberry Festivals, .		•	•	•		249
Newton, John,					•	268							
New Year Hymn,					•	22	Tennyson,						147
No, I'm not Blind,						61	There is an End,						109
Novelty,						303	This is not Our Rest, .						181
•							Thoughts for New Year,						27
Old Easy Chair, Omnipotence of Christ, On Death of an Infant,						90	Thought over a Cradle, Three Handfuls of Grain						57
Omnipotence of Christ.						34	Three Handfuls of Grain	a					310
On Death of an Infant,						194	To our Patrons,	_, .					1
Open Smelling Bottle, .			Ċ	•	-	91	Touching Incident, .	•	•	•	•	•	303
Opinion			:	•	•	309	Trappe, The,	•	•	•	•	•	171
Opinion,		• •	•	•	•	263	Travellers Abroad			:	•	:	223
Oration on Eutropius, .				•	•	169	Travellers Abroad, True Preacher,	•	•	•	•	•	312
Origin of Names of State	es,		•			113	Tweether,	•	•			•	112
Our Baby, Our Old Grandmother, .			•	•	•	345	Truth,	•	•		•	•	349
Our Old Grandmother, .			•	•	•	5 4 5	Two mirrors,	•	•	•	•	•	349
Deganinado						297	Ung and Downs						156
Pasquinade,			•	•	•	2	Ups and Downs, Useful Hints to Speakers		•	•	•		173
Personal Security, .			•	•	•	71	Oseiui mints to speakers	, .	•	•		•	110
Pictures, Pilgrimage to Washingto	٠, ١			•		36	Vine by Father's Door, .						201
Pilgrimage to washingto	on's	Tomo	• •	•	•		Vine by Father's Door, .		•		•	•	
Plain Speaking, Plea for the Homeless, .						218	Violet, The,	•	•	•		•	247
Plea for the Homeless, .						17	Virtue Hereditary, .				•		113
Pocket Bible,						209	Visit to Newgate,						207
Poor Girl and Angels, .						333							
Power to Shun Evil, .						251	Wan Reapers, The, .						372
Primitive Christian Feas	ts.					342	Was Abraham a Liar, .						182
Procession's Route, .	΄.					359	Washington,						110
Proselyte, The,						225	Well Said,						17
Public Poor,						74	Wesley's Last Hymn, .	•	Ţ	•	Ť		192
1 40110 1 001, 1	,		•	•	•	• •	What is Life	•	•	•	•		272
Railroad Reflections, .				17 59	141	207	What is Life, What Christmas Is,	•			•		375
Reading of the Young, .	•	•	•	.,	, 111	206	Will of a Christian,	•		:			33
Deale med Outerst				•		200	Will of a Christian, .	•	•				18
Reclaimed Outcast, Reflections at Sea,	•	•	•	•	•	300	Wind, The,		•	•	•		
Renections at Sea,		٠	•	•	•	193	Winter,		•	•	•		3
Reflections on the Centre	al Ai	meric	a, .	_ :		361	Winter, Witchcraft in New Engla	ınd,		•			343
Reflections at Sea, . Reflections on the Centra Report of General Agent Reproach,	t,		12	7,253	5,285	, 317	Wordan, . World, The, . Worth of Woman, . Wreckers, The, . Young Abijah, .						201
Reproach,						336	World, The,						364
Rod, The, Rules of Life,						298	Worth of Woman,						174
Rules of Life,						306	Wreckers, The,						301
							Young Abijah,						86
Sabbath Evening Hymn.						158	You Dare Not.						313





Antheran Home Journal.

JANUARY, 1857.

TO OUR KIND PATRONS.

TE take pleasure in announcing to you, V that the Lutheran Board of Publication, under whose auspices the Home Jour-NAL is published, after mature and prayerful consideration, have resolved upon its continuance, and we accordingly issue the first number of the second volume. Candor, however, extorts from us the reluctant acknowledgment, that the patronage hitherto bestowed upon our magazine has not been of that liberal and extensive character, which the proprietors had been induced to anticipate. After a year's experience in the task of conducting such a periodical, we are compelled to bear testimony, that it is an office which involves a very considerable amount of the most patient, self-denying, ill-requited toil. Some kind friends, to whom we express our hearty thanks, both in and out the Lutheran Church, it is true, have generously cheered our hearts, by furnishing, from time to time, able and interesting contributions to our columns-nor have they been slack in sending us "material aid" in the shape of subscribers and money. We regret to add, however, that the interest manifested in our behalf has not been of that extensive and substantial character, which is imperiously requisite to place the Home Journal on a sure and permanent basis. To speak in plain terms, the Board will find themselves, at the end of the first year, on account of the printing of the Home Journal, considerably minus, unless the outstanding arrearages shall yield unexpectedly well.

So gloomy, indeed, at one time, was the aspect of affairs, that the more cautious of our membership felt disposed to retreat from an enterprise apparently so unpromising. But more sanguine counsels have prevailed. The Board have reached the conclusion, that not their honor alone, but the honor of the whole Lutheran Church is measurably involved. Although not, in the strict party sense, a denominational journal, it nevertheless bears the Lutherau name, is issued under Lutheran auspices, and to a very great extent must depend upon the support of Lutherans for its patronage and support. This is a wide field, and sufficiently copious and ample are our resources, to sustain all our publications, honorably and well. The Board could not, therefore, in the maintenance of an upright conscience, abandon the ONLY periodical of the kind issued by their beloved mother Church in the United States, unless driven to it by imperious necessity. Nothing daunted by the past, then, but in humble reliance upon Goo, and upon the kind friends we hope HE will raise up in our behalf, the Board launches the Home Journal upon the sea of experiment for another year, in the fond trust, that by the triple forces of enterprise, energy, and assiduity, their frail bark may not suffer shipwreck, but be wafted by auspicious gales into a pleasant haven.

The general tendency and design of the *Home Journal*, we would fain apprehend, are now well understood. If conducted with discretion, we verily believe, it will continue, not alone to interest and instruct the general reader, but in the family circle

prove a valuable auxiliary to the pious labors of our devoted clergy. The place of publication, also, is unquestionably eminently auspicious, -a magnificent metropolis, distinguished by the possession of unrivalled libraries, memorable as the bounteous patroness of religion, genius, science, literature, and art-continually widening her sphere of splendor-and, above all, the very heart and centre of Lutheranism in the United States. The time, too, is pregnant with deep and solemn interest. It is an age of PROGRESS, when no one denomination can be suffered, without evident detriment, to lag in the rear, but when the most confident and enlarged expectations are cherished of all.

As we enter upon the second volume of the LUTHERAN HOME JOURNAL, therefore, we invoke the cordial and efficient aid of our friends, not in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania alone, but throughout the whole country. Many gentlemen, both of the Clergy and Laity, belonging to our Church, are distinguished alike for their literary powers and their liberal spirit. These, surely, should constitute a sure guarantee alike for the merit, the fair character, and the durability of a periodical like the present. That all such will take pleasure in confederating with us in an enterprise so highly becoming and praiseworthy, we would fain hope and believe.

E. W. HUTTER, T. STORK,

C. W. Schaeffer.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1857.

PERSONAL SECURITY.—"Will you do me a favor?" says young George Brooks to his wealthy friend Simon Hanson. "What is it, George?" says Hanson. "I wish you to lend me a hundred pounds, sir," replies George. "Call at my countinghouse," rejoined Hanson. George was not long in paying his respects. "What security can you give me, young gentleman?" "My own personal security, sir." "Very well; get in here," says Hanson, lifting up the lid of a large iron chest. "Get in there!" exclaimed George in astonishment; "what for?" "Why, that is the place where I always keep my securities."

AMERICAN LIFE.

MERICAN life is but the agony of a 1 fever. There is no repose for us. We push on in frenzied excitement through the crowd, the noise, the hot glare and dust of the highways, without turning for a moment to refresh ourselves in the quiet and shade of the by-paths of life. We have but one object in our rapid journey, and that is to get the start of our fellowtravellers. Our political equality, offering to all a chance for the prizes of life, and thus encouraging every one to try his speed in the race, is no doubt a spur to the characteristic hurry of Americans. Our institutions, however, are not responsible for the prize we choose to strive for. There is no reason that we know of why a republican should have no other aim in life but to get richer than his neighbor; but there are a thousand good reasons, if we value health and happiness, why we should pursue other and higher objects. When the pursuit of wealth is the great purpose of life in so rapidly a progressive state of material prosperity as exists in our commercial communities, it requires exclusive devotion, and the highest strain of the faculties, to succeed. A fair competence, however, is easily reached; and if we had learned to care for better things, we would not strive for more.

THE WORD "DUN."

COME erroneously suppose that it comes from the French word donnor, to give, implying a demand; but the true origin of this word, too frequently used, is from one John Dunn, a famous bailiff, or sheriff's officer of the town of Lincoln. So extremely active and dexterous was he at the management of his rough business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused or perhaps could not pay his debts, "Why don't you Dunn him?"-that is, "Why don't you send Dunn to arrest him?" Hence it became a proverb, and is as old as the days of Henry the Seventh. But the word Dun is not merely confined to demanding payment with importunity, but to any other thing demanded in a similar manner.



WINTER.

HORACE SMITH speaks of this subject in the following quaint, humorous, and we may add philosophical style:

"Winter has come at last. A mighty evil to the shivering hypochondriacs, who are glad to catch at any excuse to be miserable, but a visitation which, by those who are in no actual danger of dining with a friend, or of being driven by lack of raiment to join in the exclamation of poor Tom, may very appropriately be hailed in the language of Satan: 'Evil, be thou my good.' The Spaniards have a proverb that God sends the cold according to the clothes; and though the callousness and hardihood acquired by the ragged be the effect of exposure, and not an exemption from the general susceptibility, the adage is not the less true, and

illustrates that beneficent provision of Nature, which, operating in various ways, compensates the poor for their apparent privations, converts the abused luxuries of the rich into severe correctives, and thus pretty nearly equalizes, through the various classes of mortals, the individual portion of suffering and enjoyment. In the distribution of the seasons care seems to have been taken that mankind should have the full benefit of this system of equivalents. To an admirer of nature it is certainly melancholy to be no longer able to see the lusty green boughs wrestling with the wind, or dancing in the air to the sound of their own music; or to lose the song of the lark, the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush; the sight of the waving corn, the green and flowery fields, the rich landscape, the blue and sunny skies. It appears a woful contrast, when the

glorious sun and the azure face of heaven are perpetually hidden from us by a thick veil of fog; when the poached and swampy fields are silent and desolate, and seem with a scowl to warn us off their premises; when the leafless trees stand like gaunt skeletons, while their offspring leaves are lying at their feet buried in a winding sheet of snow. There is a painful sense of imposition, too, in feeling that you are paying taxes for windows which afford you no light; that for the bright and balmy breathings of heaven you are presented with a thick yellow atmosphere, which irritates your eyes without assisting them to see. Well, I admit that we must betake ourselves indoors to our shaded lamps, and our snug firesides. There is no great hardship in that, but our minds are driven indoors also, they are compelled to look inward, to draw from their internal resources. And I do contend that this is the unlocking of a more glorious mental world, abundantly atoning for all our external annovances, were they even ten times more offensive. That man must have a poor and frozen fancy who does not possess a sun and moon obedient to his own will, which he can order to arise with much less difficulty than he can ring up his servants on these dark mornings. And as to woods, lakes, and mountains, he who cannot conjure them up to his mind's eye, with all their garniture and glory, as glibly as he can pronounce the words, may depend upon it that he is no conjuror. It is well known that in our dreams objects are presented to us with more vivid brilliancy and effect than they ever assume to our ordinary perceptions, and the imaginary landscapes that glitter before us in our waking dreams are, unquestionably, more enchanting than even the most picturesque reality. They are poetical exaggerations of beauty, the beau ideal of nature. Then is it that a vivacious and creative faculty springs up within us, whose omnipotent and magic wand, like the sword of Harlequin, can convert a Lapland hut into the Athenian Parthenon, and transform the desolate snow-clad hills of Siberia, with their boors and bears, into the warm and sunny vale of the Thessalian Tempe, where, through the glimpses of the pines, we see a proces-

sion of shepherds and shepherdesses marching to offer sacrifice in the Temple of Pan, while the air brings to us at intervals, the faint sound of the hymn they are chanting. The corporeal eye puts out the mental one. I am obliged to take pastoral objects as they present themselves, and to believe the handwriting on the finger-posts, which invariably assert that I am within four miles of the metropolis, and not in 'Arcady's delicious dales,' on the 'vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France,' or in Italy's 'love-breathing woods and lute-resounding waves.' But when the fields around me are covered with snow, and fogs and darkness are upon the land, I exclaim with Milton, 'So much the rather thou shine, inward light divine,' and betaking myself to my fireside, lo! the curtain is drawn up, and all the magnificent scenery of classic realms and favored skies bursts upon my vision with an overpowering splendor. Talk not to me of the inspiration and rapture diffused around Parnassus and Helicon; of the poetic intoxication derived from quaffing the 'dews of Castaly'-'the true, the blushful Hippocrene,' or 'Aganippe's rill.' I boldly aver that Apollo himself, walking amid the groves of the musehaunted mountain, never shook such radiant inspiration from his locks as often gushes from the bars of a register-stove when the Pierian 'Wall's End,' or 'Russel's Main' has had its effulgence stimulated by a judiciously applied poker. And as to potable excitement of genius, I will set the single Port of Canton against the whole of European and Asiatic Greece, and am prepared to prove that more genuine Parnassian stimulus has emanated from a single chest of 'dollar black tea,' than from all the rills and founts of Arcady, Thessaly, and Beotia. I am even seriously inclined to doubt whether the singing of the nightingale has ever awakened so much enthusiasm, or dictated so many sonnets as the singing of the teakettle."

It is lamentable to think what a gulf of impracticability must ever separate men of principle, whom offices want, from men of no principle, who want offices.

EDME CHAMPION.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG, FROM THE GERMAN OF BARTH.

TRANSLATED BY REV. G. A. WENZEL.

CHAPTER I.

ON a cold winter night in December, 1772, when the inhabitants of Chatel-Censoir, a village in Burgundy, had nearly all retired to rest, a loud knock was heard at the door of a remote hut, situated on the banks of the river Yonne.

"Who is there?" inquired a soft and gentle voice within.

"Open the door quickly! Make haste, make haste!" cried a person from without.

"Only push against it and walk in," replied the voice within; and immediately a woman in a peasant's garb, carrying apparently a heavy bundle beneath her cloak, rushed in. She seemed greatly disappointed when she found that the only occupant was a small boy, aged about eight years, who was seated near the empty fire-place, with nothing save a rushlight flickering upon its hearth.

"Are you alone?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the boy with a mournful look; "my parents, together with six brothers and sisters, have all died, and there is no one left me but my oldest brother, Marcel."

"I have been informed that this hut was occupied by a ferryman."

"My father was a ferryman, and my brother follows the same occupation," replied the lad.

"Then call your brother, that he may ferry me across the river as quickly as possible, for, being pursued, I have not a moment to lose." Whilst saying this the woman cast an anxious glance towards the door.

"My brother is not at home," said the

"Then we are lost!" exclaimed she, and sank exhausted into the chair from which the boy had risen at her entrance. This movement caused her cloak to fall off her shoulders, and a boy, apparently some five or six years old, was revealed, who on his

face becoming uncovered, replied to her expression of alarm by saying: "Why lost, Petronilla,—are the robbers here?"

"Robbers!" said the youthful occupant of the hut laughingly, whilst looking in surprise at the boy; "are there then robbers in these parts?"

"If there were none," replied the woman, "none would pursue us; and if we do not succeed in gaining the opposite bank of the river within an hour, they will rob me of this child. But where stays your brother all this time?"

"I know not," answered the boy; "but if you only wish to be ferried across the river, you need not wait for him. I have done the like for many a traveller. Edmè Champion understands the business,—so follow me."

"Make haste, then," said the woman, and having again concealed her charge under her cloak, she hastened out of the hut, followed by the boy, after he had first carefully locked the door. A short distance from the hut was a small bay, within which the ferry-boat lay at anchor. This the woman quickly entered. Edmè having unfastened it, jumped in after her, and giving his little vessel, which a sailor might have compared to a nutshell, a push, it glided smoothly over the surface of the stream, which was then faintly lighted up by the feeble rays of the crescent moon.

After having been carried out some distance into the stream, the woman's courage seemed to revive, and forgetting apparently that the individual whom she was addressing was but a child, she said: "Listen, young man; you are now saving the son of a great nobleman, and for this you shall not go unrewarded."

"Are you then afraid of his being robbed of his fine clothes?" asked Edmè.

"I rather fear they will take him," replied the woman.

"How? What can these robbers want with a boy like him, or me?"

"With a boy like yourself, of course nothing; but with one like him!—Child, you know not with whom you are speaking."

The tone and manner of the woman, who

presented a tall and commanding figure, reminded Edmè of the stories which he had often heard the peasant women, of an evening, relate to the village children. He leaned upon his oar, and for some time gazed fixedly at her. Then his thoughts would recur to the beautiful child, whose garments were so richly embroidered, and whose beaver hat was adorned with feathers; when suddenly he changed his hitherto familiar manner, and said almost in affright,

"So, then, madam, you are not what you

appear to be?"

"A peasant woman?" replied the stranger with a disdainful smile, "certainly not, my little friend."

"Perhaps you are a princess?" continued

the little ferryman.

"No questions!" replied she in a decided manner; "I wish to preserve my incog.,

as the prince says."

At these words Edmè opened his eyes still wider; he did not understand the word incog., and wondered what it might be she and the prince were so desirous of preserving; but since he dared not venture any further questions, he continued looking at her so intently, as if he thus expected to unravel the mystery. Suddenly he perceived a change coming over that commanding face; the woman began to tremble, pointed with her finger towards a distant point of the river, and whispered, "There! there! what is that?"

Edmè looked towards the spot where she pointed, and replied, "That is the boat of Jean Carrouge."

"Who is in it?"

"Jean Carrouge himself, and three other men whom I am unable to recognize."

"The boat is, however, a considerable distance in our rear, and heavily laden."

"That will not help us much, madam; for if they are so minded they can soon overtake us."

"Boy," said the woman in a hurried whisper, "this child is the son of a nobleman; several base fellows have entered into a conspiracy to abduct him, to revenge themselves on his father on account of some supposed injury. But this you do not understand. We must save the child."

"How is that possible in the middle of a river?" said Edme greatly agitated.

"Conceal him! O conceal him!"

"Hold!" said Edme, whilst at the same time he pressed his hand to his forehead, as if engaged in devising some important scheme. "I am small and thin; let me exchange clothes with your child; his are large and will fit me; he shall put on mine and occupy my place. You will conceal me under your cloak, and let them take me; after which you will try to reach the opposite bank as best you can."

Whilst saying this, Edme commenced taking off his clothes, and the woman, who seconded his plan, did the same with her child, telling him not to cry, because such was necessary to insure his safety. When they had finished exchanging garments, she put her ward in Edmè's place, and Edmè under her cloak, whispering into his ear: "Come to Paris, and inquire for the Hotel de Lauzun in the Rue Tiquetonne; there you will meet with a welcome reception." She had scarcely finished saying this, when the boat of Jean Carrouge touched the side of that of Champion; one of the men immediately jumped in, and without noticing the lad at the oar, tore the cloak concealing Edmè, from the woman, and taking him, returned to the other boat. He then called out to her: "You can tell your master, that whenever he wishes to have his heir back again, he may inquire for him at the ironworks of Pont d'Arroux."

The boats now parted; the one hurrying back to the Chatel-Censoir, and the other, with the strange woman and the heir of Lauzun, soon gained the opposite shore, where, having procured a carriage, they soon proceeded on their journey.

The boat of Jean Carrouge was also not long in regaining the other shore. Edmè had not stirred from the moment he was taken, but remained perfectly quiet in the cloak which had been wrapped around him. The robbers, under the impression that he was either asleep or overcome with fright, talked without restraint of the success of their undertaking, and of the course they intended to pursue hereafter. In this manner Edmè learned the cause of the woman's

great anxiety; and although resolute and courageous beyond his years, he could not but feel somewhat uneasy in view of the unhappy destiny that seemed to await him. He had, however, been blessed with a pious mother, who had early taught him in whom to put his trust; and the good seed already contained the germ of those noble traits of character for which he became afterwards so eminently distinguished. Instead, therefore, of yielding to childish fears, he lifted up his heart to God, and prayed that He would deliver him from the hands of these wicked men.

From their conversation he gathered that the Duke of Lauzun, who had been absent from his country on duty for the King of France, had returned for the purpose of removing his only child, whom he had left in one of his castles in the neighborhood of Sens, to Paris. These abandoned men, who were hostile to the Duke, had secretly entered into a conspiracy to intercept the child on the way, and carry it to the forge of Pont d'Arroux, near Autun, where they had their principal hiding-place, and after having accomplished [this foul deed, extort from the Duke a large sum of money, as a ransom for his son. This conspiracy, however, through one of those remarkable interpositions of Providence, which men call accident, was happily discovered. These men, it appears, had met in the village graveyard, for the purpose of maturing their plan, and to avoid detection had concealed themselves behind some tombstones. However, it so happened that a woman had entered the same place, about the same time, and without attracting their notice had overheard part of their conversation. This woman was no other than the nurse of young Lauzun. Whilst engaged in walking in that delightful spot, and reading the inscriptions on the various monuments, she was startled by the sound of men's voices, when she stood still, listened, and thus became acquainted with their plan, which they intended to execute that very night. Allowing herself no time for reflection how the impending danger might best be averted, the strong and anxious woman snatched up the child in her arms, and ran with him across the fields, in the hope of reaching Chatel-Censoir, and there cross the river without the knowledge of the robbers. We have already seen that she did not altogether succeed, and that the son of the Duke only escaped his pursuers through the presence of mind displayed by young Champion.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as Jean Carrouge's boat had touched the shore, one of the men picked the boy up, and handed him to the boatman, that he might lift him out. He, however, was not a little surprised, when all at once he heard himself called by name. "Who calls me?" said he, turning his head right and left, for although the voice seemed to proceed from the bundle he was holding in his arms, he could not comprehend how a child, whom he had never seen, should be familiar with his name.

"It is I," said the same voice. The skirt of the cloak was thrown to one side, and Edmè's well-known countenance was displayed to the boatman.

"Ho! ho!" said he, "what are you doing here?"

But before Edmè could reply, the men had come on shore and approached them.

"So," said one of them, "are you awake now?"

"Do you know this ferryman?" asked another, quite surprised to see the two on such familiar terms.

"Why what is all this? Of course we know each other," said Carrouge.

"And how did you become acquainted with young Lauzun?" asked the third.

"I know nothing of young Lauzun," replied the ferryman.

"Come, come, sir! we'll have no more prating," said the first, attempting at the same time to place the boy on a horse which he was holding.

"Let me go!" said the boy, struggling to release himself from the man's grasp.

"What, dare you to offer resistance?" growled one of the others. "It will be far better for you, if you submit quietly, I assure you." And with this he assumed a threatening attitude towards Edmè; but Jean Carronge interposed.

"Hold on a little!" said he. "With

young Lauzun you may do whatever you please; of him I have no knowledge, and with him I have no concern; but with this lad the case is altogether different; he is the son of one of my neighbors, and belongs to this village; and whoever lays violent hands on him has to do with me, and with all the inhabitants of this place."

"What!" exclaimed one of the men; "this boy-"

"Is the orphan child of Pierre Champion, whose dwelling is hard by," interrupted the ferryman.

The sound of voices had induced Marcel to come out, who, vexed at his brother's absence, had remained in waiting for him. Edmè threw himself into the arms of his brother, who seemed not a little surprised at seeing him dressed out in such a splendid dress, and surrounded by strange men.

"Only wait till we get home," said Edmè, "and I will tell you all." Then turning to the robbers, he exclaimed: "You see, sirs, that your wicked designs have been frustrated, and that the good God has made use of one of his weakest creatures to baffle the efforts of the strong. Young Lauzun is by this time in safety."

It may easily be imagined, that the robbers, seeing that their victim had escaped, felt a strong inclination to revenge themselves on Edmè, and would, doubtless, have done so, had he been alone; but as it was, they refrained from laying violent hands on him, for though there were three of them, villains are generally cowards. They contented themselves, on leaving, by muttering several oaths; but Edmè, his brother, and the ferryman, took no notice of them.

CHAPTER III.

The little adventure above related appeared to impart new animation and elasticity to young Edmè. Ever since the death of his parents he had been unusually taciturn; but now he exhibited in all his conversation and movements a degree of sprightliness, which greatly surprised his brother Marcel. At night, however, he would sit in silence, and apparently lost in deep reflection. On one of these evenings his brother endeavored to arouse him from one

of these reveries by asking him, what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking," replied Edmè, "that I would like to be gone from this place."

"Be gone from this place?—Be gone from me? What are you dreaming about, foolish child?"

"Only listen to me, Marcel!" continued he. "Though I am but a child, I well remember how our dear father, after having labored for an entire day, succeeded only in earning a few sous for the support of his family. I have seen how our sainted mother wept and stinted herself of bread, that we might have the more. I have heard, how you, Marcel, used to say: 'I am not hungry,' because I complained of not having enough. I have seen father and mother, brothers and sisters, dying in penury, one by one, until none but you and myself were left. Now listen. The great lady whom I ferried across the river, told me to visit her 'Come,' said she, 'to the in Paris. Hotel de Lauzun, Rue Tiquetonne, and you shall meet with a most welcome recep-I shall never forget her words, though I should live a hundred years. You see, Marcel, I saved her child, and she wishes to show her gratitude. Well, do not interrupt me," he continued, when he saw his brother was about to speak. "I will first tell you all my thoughts, then you may answer. I have rendered that lady a great service, and she intends to render me one in turn. For this reason I want to go to her house in Paris, and if she asks me what she can do for me, I will request only two favors of her; which will not be a great deal, will it, Marcel? First, I will ask her to send for you, for without you I could not be happy; and then I will ask her to let me learn a trade, for I do not want to be a ferryman. Then I will be right industrious, that I may get rich, and that you may live with me, and then we will be so happy, Marcel, so very happy. Only one thing I regret, that we cannot have our dear parents with us to share our happiness."

Here the boy ceased speaking, saddened by these painful recollections. Marcel regarded with a smile the bright picture which the imagination of his little brother had painted. And though he was only eighteen years of age, and had never travelled far beyond his native village, he nevertheless knew from experience, that the rich are often forgetful of the good they have received, and those whom fortune has favored are not very apt to sympathize with individuals in a condition in which they have never been placed. Unwilling, however, to dampen the ardor of the boy, he merely said: "Edmè, our parents, together with all who are near and dear to us, lie buried here; would not you like to stay with them?"

"Their bodies lie indeed buried here," replied Edmè, "but their souls are, as I sincerely trust, in heaven, and I shall be as near to these, in Paris, as in Chatel-Censoir."

"And are you then really bent on leaving me?" said Marcel, taking him at the same time affectionately by the hand, "leave this hut, in which you were born, and our little boat, which affords to us the means of subsistence?"

"O, as for the boat, I shall not be sorry for that; only think of the Hotel de Lauzun, Marcel, whither I have been invited, and of the rich lady, who expects me there!"

"Yes," added his brother, "and who by this time has, perhaps, altogether ceased thinking of you."

"Can we then forget those who have been kind to us? Had it not been for me, Marcel, her child would now be in the hands of the robbers."

"Then you must reflect that you are only eight years old, and that I promised our sainted mother, on her dying bed, that I would never leave you out of my sight; I can, therefore, not permit you to go to Paris alone."

"Well, if I am only eight years old, I am, nevertheless, on that account not a blockhead. I am able to read, write, and cipher, and if I had not some little understanding, the people in the village would not continually call on me to assist them in their perplexities. Here it is continually, 'Edmè, come here and read me this letter!' 'Edmè, come and help me write an answer!' There is none but Edmè; Edmè here, there, and everywhere. Moreover, it is not as if I were going to a strange place, where nobody

knows me. I go to see that noble lady, who has invited me to her house, and who, I feel certain, is expecting me. Now, Marcel, you surely can have nothing more to object?"

"I can say nothing further, Edmè," replied the brother, "than that here our life is indeed very toilsome and wretched, and that you are probably in the right, when you seek to gain a livelihood somewhere else. It is possible, you may meet with a welcome reception at the Hotel de Lauzun; if not, you have only to return to the hut of your father, where you may ever be sure of a hearty welcome, and where you can dwell in safety. Now, let us retire for the night, and to-morrow we will visit the graves of our parents, and there commend ourselves to the gracious guidance of our Heavenly Father."

On the following morning, Marcel accompanied his brother to the village churchyard, where reposed the mortal remains of their parents, who had been united in life and suffering. Edmè sank upon his knees beside their graves and wept bitterly; but his sorrow did not change his resolution. The remembrance of their poverty rather contributed to strengthen it still more. After this the brothers paid a visit to the old village schoolmaster, who not only approved of Edmè's resolution, but presented him with a pair of shoes, and a five franc piece. Edmè took an affectionate leave of all his friends and neighbors, with all of whom he had been a special favorite, and prepared for his departure, which was to take place early on the following morning. The village roadster had kindly promised him a seat in his wagon all the way to Paris. The kind-hearted man did more, for he did not suffer the little orphan boy to spend his five franc piece, but shared his meals with him, and after they had arrived in Paris, did not leave him till he had procured a guide, who was to show him the Hotel de Lauzun, in Tiquetonne Street.

CHAPTER IV.

After having dismissed his guide, Edmè, with a beating heart, knocked loudly at the gate of the Hotel, where he expected nothing but joy and happiness. The gate instantly swung back, and he entered the large

square within. Seeing, however, no one to whom he might apply for further direction, he continued his way across the square, until he came to the steps leading to the house. Here he suddenly heard a shrill voice calling out to him: "Hallo! little fellow, what do you want? Is this the way to enter houses without first announcing yourself to the gate-keeper?"

Edmè turned, and saw a woman at the window of a small room, which had been hidden from view by the open gate. She was very plainly clad; but Edmè recognized her immediately.

"It is I," said he, entering, at the same time, the room, and going towards the woman with great simplicity.

"And who are you?" asked she, indignant at his unceremonious intrusion. Of course, she had before only seen him by night, by the dim rays of a rushlight, and the feeble light of the crescent moon, and had not taken such particular notice of him, as he had of her.

"Do you then not know me any more?" replied the boy; "I remember you perfectly You are the lady whom I ferried across the river, with my boat, and took to be a princess. Where is the little boy? I have brought his clothes with me." With these words Edmè opened a small bundle, and exhibited to the astonished portress the hat and garments of her little charge.

Suddenly the countenance of the woman changed. "What! is it then you, my dear boy?" she now exclaimed, and pressed him to her heart. "Is it you? I am, indeed, very, very glad to see you; and if you will stay with me, I will take care of you, till the Duke returns. He was unexpectedly ordered back to the army; and his mother, who came here on a visit to him and her grandchild, has again returned to her castle in Vendeè, taking the child with her. But that does not matter; you shall be my boy, and lack nothing. My errand-boy is about to leave me, and you shall at once have his place. Your work will not be much. All you will have to do, is to open and close the gate, keep the steps clean, and run errands. Be, therefore, of good cheer; you shall be well taken care of."

At these words the countenance of the boy assumed a very sorrowful and wobegone appearance. This then was to be the end of all his bright dreams of riches and honor. His noble princess had suddenly been transformed into a door-keeper, and his great good fortune was to consist in opening and shutting the door, sweeping the steps, running errands; in short, becoming the portress's servant-boy. His eyes began to fill with tears; yet he made an effort to bear his disappointment, painful as it was, like a man, and only replied to her offer by saying, "You are very kind, madam!"

The portress now ran out for the purpose of calling in some of her neighbors, to whom she had, on a former occasion, related her adventure in Chatel-Censoir. She wished them to see the little ferryman who, by his presence of mind, had saved her precious charge. During her absence, our little wanderer, who had expected to be received by a princess, at least, learned from the errand-boy whose place he was to take, that the Duchess of Lauzun was dead, that the Duke's return to Paris was not expected for a long time, and that it was intended to

rent the Hotel to strangers.

But, however great Edmè's disappointment had been, he nevertheless exerted himself to perform the duties of his station with The portress treated him cheerfulness. very kindly, and their evenings were usually spent by his reading to her and a few of her friends. Yet with all his efforts to become reconciled, he could not prevent tears from stealing down his cheeks, when he thought of his brother at home, and of how the beautiful castles which his childish imagination had built in the air, had been demolished.

Thus it happened that a certain lady, who had witnessed his habitual cheerfulness and attentiveness, surprised him one day in one of his melancholy moods. Feeling deeply interested in so artless a peasant boy, she inquired of him the cause of his melaneholy, when Edmè related to her his whole history, the adventure in the boat, his journey to Paris, his expectations, and how they had been disappointed.

"And what would you wish now?" inquired the lady.

"I would like to learn a trade, madam."

"What trade do you like best?"

"It makes no difference, madam. I would be pleased to learn any one, by which I might earn enough to enable me to bring my brother to Paris, that he might live with me."

The lady indulged, for a few moments, in earnest reflection, and then said, "I do not reside in Paris, but am only staying here a short time; yet I should be pleased to leave some token of my visit behind me: would you like to be apprenticed to a jeweller?"

"With all my heart, madam," replied

the boy.

The lady now gave him her address, and bade him call on the following morning at her residence.

Edme was punctual to the appointment, and the good lady, who had interested herself for him, at once went with him to the house of a celebrated jeweller, to whom she presented her protégé, inquiring at the same time into the conditions on which he would receive him. He asked the sum of 500 francs for the term of three years; whereupon the indentures were immediately drawn up, signed by the lady under the signature of "De Tessier," and the money paid. This was the last Edme ever saw or heard of his benefactress.

CHAPTER V.

THE trials of our little hero were, however, far from being ended. Artificers unfortunately and very unjustly often employ their apprentices, during the first few years of their apprenticeship, only as errand-boys. And when Edme's employer found that he had neither parents nor friends to interest themselves for him, instead of instructing him in his trade, as he was in duty bound to do, he assigned to him the drudgery of a mere servant. At first, Edme submitted quietly to this kind of treatment, in the hope, that, after having finished his work, he might enjoy a few hours leisure in the afternoon, to apply himself to the task of acquiring a knowledge of the trade. But he soon found that this hope was vain; he was not even permitted to enter the shop;

and if he at times did succeed, by stealth, to gain entrance, with the view of learning something by looking at others, he was immediately ejected, and sometimes even punished with stripes. Thus situated, the poor boy was at a loss what to do. He had no acquaintances in Paris, save the portress, and she advised him to stay where he was, till she would acquaint the Duke with his situation, who, she declared, would not suffer him to be abused. Edme was resolved to follow this advice; but one day, being threatened with a very severe punishment, in case he should fail to acquit himself to the satisfaction of his employer, in waiting on a large company of guests, who were expected to dine with him, his indignation got the better of his discretion. He was of a sprightly, independent disposition. He felt keenly the injustice he suffered at the hands of his employer, who had so grossly disregarded his part of the contract. He, therefore, took the opportunity, whilst his master was engaged with his guests, to abscond from the house. It is true, he knew not where to go; but that did not trouble him; all he cared for, was to get away from his unjust and unfeeling employer. He therefore fled, without knowing whither.

We do, indeed, sympathize with poor Edme Champion; but yet in this we cannot justify his conduct. When we are oppressed, it is our duty to wait patiently till God is pleased to deliver us, and not employ im-

proper means for that purpose.

Edme left the city, and travelled a cousiderable distance into the open country. Finally, however, becoming fatigued with walking, he laid himself down under a tree, to rest. Having eaten nothing since morning, he began to feel, in addition to his other sufferings, the cravings of hunger. He saw no dwelling near, and had consequently no prospect of finding lodging for the night. He had read of people, who, on certain occasions, had been obliged to subsist on roots and berries, and therefore crept forth from his hiding-place, with the intention of seeking something of the kind. He at length found a field of turnips, and without thinking it any harm, or even suspecting that he was committing a wrong, pulled two or three, and began to eat. I remember, that when a boy of about nine years of age, I once crossed such a turnip-field with a cousin, aged about nineteen. We were very thirsty, and did not consider it wrong to pull up a few, in order to quench our thirst. Having no knife about us, my cousin managed to pare them with a shilling, and we regaled ourselves with this juicy vegetable. We, however, fared much better than poor Edme; for he had just finished cating one turnip, when he felt himself quite unexpectedly pulled by the ear, whilst at the same time a rough voice exclaimed:

"Aha! so I've caught you at last stealing turnips, you young thief! Come along,

we'll put you in prison!"

Edme, surprised and frightened, dropt the remaining turnips; but offered no excuse, neither endeavored to extenuate his fault, for it never entered his mind that he had been committing one; he could only repeat in a trembling voice: "Thief! Thief!"

"Yes, to be sure," replied the man, "for I know not by what accident this field should suddenly have become your property."

"Certainly not, dear sir," replied Edme

with increased terror.

"Well then, what business have you here?"

"You see, sir, what I was doing; I only pulled a few turnips, for the purpose of cating them."

"Ah, indeed, and you do not even blush

to acknowledge it."

"Why should I, sir? where is the wrong?"

"It is wrong to steal," answered the man gruffly.

"To steal?" asked Edme in a sorrowful tene. "O, sir, do not say that I have been stealing; I would rather die than steal!"

"I know not what else you call it, when

you take what belongs to others."

"Oh, I was so hungry," exclaimed the boy, and burst into tears. "I had eaten nothing since morning, and indeed, sir, I never thought that I was doing wrong; but I beg your pardon for having taken your turnips; I have only ate *one*, sir; and if you will wait a few days, I will write to my brother, who will satisfy you for your loss."

Edme felt the pressure of the hand that held him relaxits grasp, and in the hope of obtaining pardon for his involuntary offence, continued, "Dear sir, you will not have me punished as a thief, will you?"

"Tell me, truly, how came you here, and then I will see whether you are deserving of

compassion."

Edme now related his history, with so much sincerity and simplicity, that the man, whom the real grief of the boy and the evident truthfulness of his statement had moved to pity, took him to his house, where he provided him with something to eat and a bed for the night.

On the following morning, Edme, according to the advice of the man, returned to Paris, to put himself under the care of his friend, the portress of the Hotel Lauzun. She immediately wrote to the Duke in his behalf, who had the boy indentured to Mr. Martial de Poilly, a celebrated jeweller in Paris, the contract of his former principal having been annulled.

In a short time he became the general favorite in the family of Mr. de Poilly. His honesty, intelligence, industry, and attention to business, soon gained for him the full confidence of his principal; whilst his gentle and obliging disposition insured him the friendship of all who knew him. His condition was now all his former childish dreams had desired. He enjoyed the protection of the Duke of Lauzun, who had at length showed his appreciation of the important service he had rendered his son, by granting him a small annuity for his maintenance. He was apprenticed to a very kind-hearted and amiable man, who soon discovered in the orphan boy, intrusted to his care, the leading traits of a noble character. With his brother he carried on a regular correspondence, looking anxiously forward to the time when he should be in a condition to receive him under his own roof. In the meantime, he never neglected to send him pecuniary aid, as often as his circumstances enabled him to do so.

CHAPTER VI.

EDME had continued in the enjoyment of his prosperous condition for some time, when one day it happened, that he was sent on an errand to the opposite side of the river Seine. On his return, as he was hurriedly crossing the Pont Neuf, he spied a distressed-looking little boy, lying beside the pavement, unnoticed by any of the passers-by. Edme had hurriedly passed by like the rest, for it was a very cold winter morning, when suddenly it occurred to him that the poor boy might be suffering with hunger. He remembered his flight from his first master, and all he had endured at that time, and turned back to where the boy lay. At first he appeared to be sleeping, but on a closer inspection he discovered that his countenance was overcast with an unnatural paleness, and that the child had evidently fainted.

Edme stooped down and took hold of his

hand, which was icy cold.

"Poor little boy," exclaimed he, "you

are suffering with cold and hunger."

The boy opened his eyes and looked at him; but was unable to rise. Edme remembered that there was a restaurant at the other side of the bridge. He, therefore, took the boy in his arms, carried him there, and called for a draught of warm wine.

No sooner had the boy swallowed the wine, than he began to revive. When, however, food was offered him, he refused to partake of it, turned away his head, and burst into tears.

Tender-hearted individuals instinctively discover the feelings of others, and Edme was not long in discovering what was passing in the mind of the boy, and softly whispered to him, "Perhaps you would rather take these victuals home with you!"

The boy made no answer; but a gleam of joy illumined his pale features.

"Of how many members does your family consist?" inquired Edme.

"Three, beside myself, my mother and two little brothers."

"Have you no father?"

"He is lying sick at the hospital," replied the poor boy.

"You must show me where your mother lives," said Edme; and after having provided himself with a small basket of eatables, he accompanied the boy to his home. In the garret of an old and dilapidated house, in one of the meanest streets of the metropolis, which abounds in poverty and filth, lay the poor sickly woman, with two small children, as pale and sickly-looking as herself, upon a bed of straw, on the floor. The first words that fell from the woman's lips, on seeing her son accompanied by a well-dressed lad, and a servant carrying a basket with provisions, were, "O Antoine, I fear you have been begging."

"No, indeed, he has not," said Edme, at the same time taking the contents of the basket and laying them by her side; "I saw that he stood in need of something, and then inquired of him about you."

The woman now related her history and the cause of her present poverty. Her husband, who was a stone-cutter by trade, had some weeks ago fallen from a scaffold and fractured one of his limbs. He had, in consequence, been carried to the hospital, and she thought a considerable time might yet intervene till he would be able to return to his work. She herself being sickly, and unable to earn anything for the support of her small children, had been obliged to sell one piece of furniture after another. Antoine did for her what he could, by going out every day, for the purpose of earning a sous, by running errands for others, holding horses for gentlemen, and the like; but he too had met with ill success, and like the rest often suffered from hunger.

Edme promised her a small amount for her weekly support, till her husband should again be able to return to his labor; but the little boy exclaimed, "O, sir, let me earn it, otherwise my mother will not like to receive it."

"Very well," said Edme, "then you shall henceforth be my servant, and I shall expect you to call on me every day, for the purpose of having your task assigned you."

He then gave the boy directions as to where he resided, and took his leave.

Thus then you see, that Edme, though himself only an apprentice, had already got

to be a gentleman, having his own servant. And this was altogether as it should be; for he only is a true gentleman who serves others, by showing them acts of kindness. Moreover, this arrangement was fully in accordance with Edme's future remarkable career. However, we must not anticipate As Edme was making his our story. way down the neck-breaking stairs of the miserable dwelling, he could not refrain from giving vent to the exclamation: "O, how happy are the rich, who are able to give to the poor, as often and as much as they please!" The internal satisfaction he felt at having been able to render assistance to the poor family, was, however, mingled with some misgivings, as he reflected on what his principal might probably say, when the boy would make his appearance at his house, and he should learn, that he had employed a servant. Whilst, therefore, on the following morning he was revolving in his mind how he would broach the subject to Mr. Poilly, and what excuse he would offer in reference to his rash conduct, his master suddenly entered the workshop, accompanied by the innocent cause of his embarrassment.

"Edme," said he, "here is a boy, who tells me that you have employed him as

your servant."

"He tells you the truth, sir," replied Edme,

his face turning crimson.

"And since when do you stand in need of a servant, my boy?" asked the astonished principal.

"It is not I who stand in need of his aid, sir," replied Edme, "but he has need of mine."

"Ah, that is quite a different thing," continued Mr. Poilly, in so kindly a tone of voice that Edme, who had hitherto stood before him with downcast eyes, now ventured to look his master full in the face.

"And now tell me, Edme, what amount of wages you have promised him."

"Why do you ask me that, sir?"

"That I may double it," was the reply of his magnanimous principal.

Edme at this threw himself into his arms, "O sir," said he, "the mother of this boy was, with two small children like himself, in danger of dying of hunger in a garret."

"You acted perfectly right, Edme; and in future let me be a partner in your works of charity, as you shall from this day forward be a partner in my business."

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW years after this occurrence, Mr. Poilly retired from business, and removed to England. In consequence, Edme now became the principal of one of the most extensive jewelry establishments in Paris. He also, about this time, married a Miss Jobbe, the daughter of a jeweller of Versailles, who though she did not bring him a rich dowry, possessed many estimable qualities of heart and mind. Through a series of those reverses, to which all kinds of business are at times subject, and which especially during the revolution of 1793, caused such general ruin, Edme Champion lost all he had accumulated by years of industry. He, however, did not lose his courage, but commenced anew, without asking assistance from any one. One morning he was surprised by a visit from a Mr. Belloncourt, an engraver on copper, with whom he had been slightly acquainted. "Mr. Champion," said he, "I was told that you have been involved in those misfortunes which have recently befallen our business community, to such an extent, that you have lost your entire property. You, therefore, will need some capital to give you a fresh start. I have 80,000 francs, which are at your service."

"My dear sir," replied Champion, in great astonishment at such an unexpected offer, "I am utterly unable to give you security

for such an amount."

"Pardon me, sir, I already have the very best security a man can ask, your character, and in place of interest, I ask your friendship."

It would be gratifying, indeed, if we were able to record many more such instances of men who hold one another in such high esteem, that one manifests such implicit confidence in the other's integrity, that he is willing to intrust him with his entire property, and that the other regards his simple word as sacredly binding as a written contract.

The brilliant court of the Emperor Napoleon caused such a demand for diamonds

and jewelry of all kinds, that Champion, in a short time, amassed more wealth than before. By exemplary honesty, untiring energy, and strict frugality, he succeeded in becoming the possessor of that immense fortune which he employed in so noble and praiseworthy a manner. There are few persons in Paris, who have not heard of the mysterious individual who for many years was known as the MAN WITH THE SMALL BLUE MANTLE; that individual, who as soon as the first frost of winter appeared on the Pont Neuf, appeared also with kettles full of hot soup and vegetables, with cart loads of wood and other necessaries, which he distributed, with his own hands, among the poor. had chosen this place as the scene of his charitable acts, in memory of that time, when he had first been enabled to minister to the relief of one of his distressed fellow-beings. The name of Edme Champion will live long in the hearts of thousands, who were made glad by his charities; and though he may not have won for himself a brilliant and world-renowned fame, he yet gained what was far more conducive to his happiness, and certainly far more acceptable to his Heavenly Master, the grateful blessings of those, to whose necessities he ministered.

The MAN WITH THE BLUE MANTLE continued until quite recently at his post. Whenever the swallows disappeared and winter began to set in, he was seen to go forth from his dwelling, not, indeed, to enter the mansions of the wealthy, and participate in their pleasures and enjoyments, but to take his place among the wretched and indigent, the poor and needy, in imitation of our blessed Lord. There he stood on the Pont Neuf receiving the blessings of hundreds, whose sorrows he had come to alleviate. He had purchased all the forests in the neighborhood of Chatel-Censoir, and distributed the wood among the poor. The ragged, miserable beggars that infest Paris, like a plague, would patiently spend hours in waiting for him, and when they would finally catch a glimpse of his blue mantle at a distance, they would shout, "There comes the small blue mantle! now we will get something to eat." He especially de-

lighted in distributing jackets and shoes. Sometimes, for instance, when he would see some poor, half-frozen fellow, sitting shivering under the gateway, he would quickly lay hold of him, thrust his arms into a warm woollen jacket, and before the individual thus agreeably surprised could find time to stammer out his thanks, the small blue mantle was already a hundred yards off, busily engaged among the soup-kettles. In another place he would espy a little girl, crouching on some door step, endeavoring in vain to protect her shoeless feet from the stinging cold; suddenly, she would feel herself grasped from behind, placed on a friendly knee, whilst a pair of benevolent eyes would beam into her cheerless countenance, and a moment after she might be seen running round among the crowd, rejoicing in the unaccustomed luxury of a new pair of shoes. It was but natural that such a man should be almost idolized by the poor. Mothers brought their children to him, with the request that he would bless them; he alone could venture, without apprehension of danger, into the horrid dens of thieves and murderers, for any one of whom it would have been death, had he presumed to injure a hair on the good man's head. I was assured by a certain gentleman, that one of the most notoriously abandoned characters, and one who was universally feared, on one occasion fell on his knees before him, and exclaimed: "Is it then possible that such a man must walk upon the earth?" He seemed to think that the little mantle should have been changed into wings.

EDME CHAMPION died, after a short sickness, in June, 1852, at the advanced age of 89 years, justly and deeply lamented by all. His small blue mantle, so familiar to the poor of Paris, graced his coffin. You will not, I trust, regret having made his acquaintance.

Assurance.—Let nothing satisfy you, reader, but a scriptural, heartfelt assurance of the pardon of your sins, through repenance, and faith in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

Нев. 12: 2.

BY REV. DANIEL GARVER.

In the entire range of human knowledge can be found but one example worthy of imi-The world knows tation by every man. but One, who has been "HOLY, HARMLESS, UNDEFILED AND SEPARATE FROM SINNERS." With all their malice, infidelity and wickedness have failed to fasten a single stain on the Redeemer's character. He shines as ever, "The brightness of God's glory." Not a fault, or foible, not a single error or weakness can be pointed out in the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, not one. Whence then the opposition to Christ and His Kingdom? It comes hence, that light having come into the world, "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." To the mass of the Jews, to whom he came in person, instead of being "the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely," he was the meanest of earth, and the one perfectly hateful. They could see no beauty or comeliness in him, that they should desire him. They cursed him, they gnashed their teeth on him, they belied him, they smote him, they condemned him that was innocent, "they crucified him." But hear the benignant Saviour, amid the agonies of crucifixion, praying for his enemies and persecutors: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Well might the ingenuous Roman centurion exclaim, as with amazement and horror he viewed the scene, "Surely this was the Son of God!" He that possessed all things, "for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." O man, look unto him, walk in his footsteps, imitate his bright and glorious example! Whenever the cry of distress assailed his ear, or suffering met his eye, his generous bosom heaved with compassion, and his sacred hands administered the blessings of his grace. "He was, emphatically, the minister of the poor, and the friend of the wretched." As a gracious, merciful physician, he came to the sick, the afflicted. His course led him through the dark valley of humiliation. He, "who thought it not robbery to be equal with God," who "was

the express image of his person," became accursed, that he might restore the remnant of his people. In view of the eternal weight of glory that should be realized by the redeemed, he uncomplainingly suffered the abuse of the world. He was the living embodiment of that charity so eloquently described by his apostle, writing to the Corinthian Christians (1 Cor. 13). At what stage of his course shall we view him? Hear the praises of those whose eyes, at his command, the cheering light enters for the first time, whose ears were first opened to the music and harmony of nature, whose distorted and useless limbs were made straight, so that they could leap and walk, whose diseases fled at his approach. Behold the poor and despised, listening eagerly to the glad tidings of great joy, for "to the poor the Gospel is preached." Hear the words of life and salvation as they flow from his lips, as seated on a mountain, he makes known the true philosophy of life. His words were precious words, finer than gold, and sweeter than the droppings of the honeycomb.

Looking unto Jesus. Oh, what a pattern of holiness, of every excellence! Every true follower of the Redeemer is a stream of living water in the earth; he is a blessing to the world, continually sending out healthful influences; he is a burning, shining light; he is a "tree of righteousness."

Looking unto Jesus. Imitate no man, nor high angel, farther than he imitates Christ. The Queen of the South (from the distant land of Sheba in Southern Arabia), came to see the wisdom and glory of Solomon, whom men regarded as the perfection of human greatness, and whose reign was the golden age of Jewish history, but "a greater than Solomon is here." Solomon was only the glow-worm in the dust, shedding a single ray of light, whilst Jesus Christ is the brilliant sun; that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

We fail to lay hold of Christ; fail to appreciate him. His name has become a familiar song; we dwell on it without interest; we sing of it with dulness. O thou Saviour! enable us to enter more fully into thy acquaintance! Help us to know thee, that we may be like thee!

My fellow-traveller to eternity, dost thou desire happiness here, and eternal life, and joy hereafter? look unto Jesus, he will give thee more than thou canst desire. Go to him with humility, reverence, faith and earnestness, and he will not send thee away without filling thy heart with gladness, and granting thee that *peace* which passeth understanding, and a hope which maketh not ashamed.

(For the Lutheran Home Journal.)

A PLEA FOR THE HOMELESS.

WRITTEN ON BEHALF OF THE NORTHERN HOME FOR FRIENDLESS CHILDREN.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A CRY goes up amidst a prosperous nation,
And Hunger begs within a plenteous land!
Have ye not heard the voice of Desolation?
Have ye not seen the stretched and famished hand?
Have ye not felt the solemu obligation
To rise, and straightway answer the demand?

Oh happy mothers, in your homes protected,
Whose little ones may never ask for alms!
That voice is Childhood's! starving and neglected,
Pale Infancy implores with empty palms!
The sad soul sitting in its eyes dejected,
No voice clates, no smile of pity calms.

Let those dear looks, so full of earthly splendor,
Those dimpled hands you clasp within your own,
That voice you love so, plead with accents tender,
For those who weep ungnarded and alone,
For those dull eyes, those hands so weak and slender,
Those pallid lips, whose mirth is but a moan!

Sweet plants there are which bloom in sultry places,
By rude feet trampled in their early hour,
Which, when transplanted, are so full of graces,
They lend a charm to Flora's fairest bower;
Oh ye who pass, look down into their faces,
Displace the dust, and recognize the flower!

Lo, the example for our guidance given,—
In sacred light our duty stands revealed!
For ONE there was, who in His great love, even
Noted the smallest lilies of the field,—
And blessing children, said, of such is Heaven!
His "suffer them to come," stands unrepealed!

O ye, whose hearts, amid the worldly noises, No cares can harden, and no self benumb, Whose ears are open to these orphan voices, Whose answering soul no avarice makes dumb, The great Recorder o'er your names rejoices, For ye have truly suffered them to come!

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1857.

Well Said.—"If I were not a Christian," remarks Cummings, "I might be a Roman Catholic, but now this is impossible."

VOL. II. NO. 1.

RAILROAD REFLECTIONS.

No. 4.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPT.

READER, have you ever attempted to walk upon a rail, as it stretches itself on, mile after mile, over the rough crossties and broken stones that form its bed?

I remember in my school-boy days how often I made the attempt, and as often failed. A few steps were all I could accomplish, until, by repeated practice in careful balancing, I was able to walk perhaps the length of a rail or two.

I noticed only recently a little girl, who, with her father, was walking beside the railroad track on a calm, bright evening, ere the sun went down.

The little girl was full of glee, and her frolicsome nature led her to stop and pick up the beautiful pebbles and bright leaves that strewed her path—for it was autumn. Suddenly a bright thought struck her. "Father," she exclaimed, "let me walk upon this rail," and forthwith her tiny feet attempted to follow the narrow path; but as often as she tried, they slipped off, and came in contact with the rough stones.

Tired with the fruitless effort, she began to complain; when her father bade her not be discouraged, but try again. She did try, but with the same want of success, and was about to abandon the effort, when her father, in a kind tone, said: "Now, my daughter, take hold of my hand, and then see if you cannot walk the rail." She immediately placed her little hand confidingly in his, and, guided by a stronger arm, she was enabled to walk with ease along the narrow track.

May this not be made aptly to illustrate the Christian course? The path of duty stretches onward, over the roughnesses of life; and how often have we lost our balance, how often have our feet slipped off, as we essayed to walk the narrow path before us!

Some are yet young, and are not strong in faith, and hence they cannot walk firmly in the way of duty. Some are allured to one side, or the other, to pick up the bright pebbles, or the fading leaves, which a deceitful world presents; and which, when gathered,

are found worthless. Others are surrounded by clouds and darkness, and cannot discern the path before them. Their Christian course is attended with many failures. They, perhaps, grow weary in well doing, and slipping from the path, encounter the roughnesses of life—the sneers and scoffs of wicked men—and the reproaches of conscience! But, be not dismayed! How many discouragements did Christian meet with before he was delivered of his heavy burden, and how many more before he reached the Celestial City.

Let all then who attempt to walk the "narrow way" remember that their heavenly Father is beside them! whether bending under a load of care, or tempted to swerve from the path of duty, or weak in faith, or surrounded by darkness and affliction! His kind hand is ever outstretched to aid you! A watchful Providence accompanies every step of life, and though your path be very narrow, yet with childlike faith in his goodness and love, place your hand in that of your heavenly Father, and he will conduct you safely along, until you reach your eternal home.

THE WIND.

BY JAMES G. BROOKS.

THERE is a grandeur in the reckless upheavings of the ocean, when the tempest arouses its billows from their secret depths-there is a terror in the convulsive throes of the giant earthquake, when its mysterious energies combine to shake the foundations of the vast globe—and a beauty in the calm sunshine, when it sheds its rich and mantling glory over field and mountain, lake and river-that lifts the soul aloft with enthusiasm, depresses it with fear, or animates it with pure and elevated emotion, as their different and various phenomena prevail; but there is another of the great and living intelligences of nature, that claims a more extended dominion, and awakens a separate and untaught feeling. It is the viewless, yet mighty WIND .-Whether breathing in the soft and grateful air of summer, or swelling in the terrific strivings of the winter storm :-- whether it

gently stirs the leaf on the green bough of the forest, or tears the oak from its ancient and rooted bed; alike it tells of majesty and power, and stands forth amid the wonders of creation, endowed with a spirit that mingles with the elements and moves them at its will. We feel it in the faint hues of twilight, fanning the cheek with its airy wings, and soothing the anguish of the troubled bosom; and when the big tornado comes bounding over the mountains, crashing the tall trees, and bringing desolation upon the beautiful and peaceful valley, we pause to contemplate the devastation of its awful footsteps, and raise our thoughts to the Being who "rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm." It urges the gentle gale that wafts the mariner to his destined haven, while the smoothly undulating sea sparkles in the sunbeams and dances beneath his prow; and when the wrathful hurricane booms along the surface of the waters, and bows the gallant ship before the sweeping of its stormy pinions, it enters into and rules the wild commotion. And who is insensible to the discourse of its strong and emphatic language? Who can listen to its tones, when he stands upon the mountain top, and hears them as they wail around him, and not receive the impress of the saddened feeling they seem so articulately to express; or when the light breeze freshens, and springs up like a warrior armed for battle, when its rushings resemble the boundings of the war-horse as it comes careering past him, who does not catch the stirring impulse and respond to the thrillings of patriotic ardor.

When the poet wanders forth to mark the beauties of nature and feed his fancy with her glowing images, he welcomes the zephyr that sports around his path, laden with fragrance from the "sunny south"—for he feels that the sweetest inspiration of his lyre springs from the memories that gush up from their silent fount at the magic whisperings of its voice, and he woos its influence; he acknowledges poetry to be an inherent principle in the harmonies of the visible world, and catches its softer beauties from the mild and playful breeze, while the deep and rushing gale gives birth to its

wildest intonations. Even in the crowded city, where the structures of human pride and human necessity encumber the fair surface of creation, the wind-god cheers the "peopled desert," when he comes like a guardian angel to visit the cheeks of its pent-up inmates, and chase away the dense and noxious vapors that hover above its domes and spires, obscuring the splendor of the meridian sun. There the poet leans over the easement of his solitary chamber, as he bares his pale forehead in the shades of evening, when the tired wind comes in from the great deep and lingers as it passes along the hot walls of the "thronged and busy mart," ere it roams beside the winding river up to the solitudes of the green forest-and indulges in his fanciful and lonely musings, or pours forth his willing tribute to the Eolian deity, in numbers like to these, by the gifted and enthusiastic Bryant, whose soul is ever lifted in happy communion with other spheres and more distant worlds:

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow—
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

"Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round Inhale thee in the fulness of delight; And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound Livelier, at coming of the wind of night; And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound, Lies the vast island stretched beyond the sight: Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth, God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

"Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest—
Summoning from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the
grass.

"The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow."

There breathes the language of true poesy—there echoes the easy and harmonious touchings of a master hand. And the picture is true to the lineaments of nature—the coloring faithful to the hues of reality; there is no stretch into the airy fields of fancy for imagery—no search for the splendid draperies of fiction, but its simple and expressive melody bespeaks the fervor of its inspiration.

Although the poet alone is capable of feeling so vividly the harpings of the breeze that chime in unison with the aspirations of the muse, yet its music falls upon the ear of the weary artisan, as he hurries homeward after the toils of day are over, and it meets from him an equally sympathetic welcome.

I remember among the earliest friends of my youth, one who was singularly sensible to the romantic and indefinable excitement of thisi nvisible and conscious element. When the storm unfurled its murky wings, and stretched them for its fearful flight, he saw in its dark features the frownings of the Everlasting countenance, when he holds the lightnings in his grasp and shapes the pathway of the thunder-cloud-and he gave the warm devotion of his heart to Him who guided and governed all: yet his silent adoration rose unrepressed by the formal dogmas of sect or creed-for he little needed the glow-worm lamp of man to light him to the path of duty, when the glorious sun of truth so forcibly flashed conviction on his mind, and taught him the high and holy attributes of his Creator. Though immature in years he possessed a vigor of thought and sublimity of sentiment but seldom found in the ranks of ripened manhood. His conceptions were of the chastest and loftiest character, and the exhaustless fund of vivid and original thought that dwelt within him, imparted to his discourse a charm which held the listener fast to its pleasing spell. He was a votary of nature, and idolized her in her works-which were to him the outspreadings of a purer page than claims the attention of the searcher for scholastic lore; for he mixed not with "the world," and had not been contaminated with its base pursuits, nor worshipped at

the shrines of its false idolatry. He had not learnt to "mask his heart in silence," lest the thoughtless and the ignorant should wound it by their misconception of its motives, or the unprincipled incense him by the studied travesty of his opinions; nor was he skilled in the duplicity and selfishness which form the distinguishing traits of refined society, and too often characterize the actions of those, who are looked up to as its models.

In such a being there could not but dwell the essentials of a poet, and one of a high and gifted order. Everything was to him clad in the garments of poesy as he saw through the medium of his enthusiastic fancy, and his imagination teemed

"With airy images and shapes which dwell Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted cell."

"Many are poets, but without the name." He might have gone forth among the sons of song, and twined around his brow the greenest wreath in the coronal of fame, and claimed the proudest niche in the lofty temple of the muse; he might have enrolled his name upon the scroll of immortality, and sent it down the tide of time with those "which were not born to die." But his delicate pride revolted at the task of winning the reluctant and envious homage of those who would have hated, while they owned his superiority; and his wayward spirit led him to reject the meed of praise which would have been accorded to his genius, had he resigned the day-dreams which were to him the breath of life, and nerved himself for the stern contest which must be met before the goal of fame be won. In the language of the poet:

"He never penned his inspiration; and would not lend

His thoughts to meaner beings, but compressed The god within him."

Thus his intellect was as a rich but hidden mine—a fountain springing in a desert waste, in whose bright waters no pilgrim stops to quench his thirst, or pauses to mark the beauty of their gushing forth.

It was not in the destiny of such an one to linger long upon the earth; his mind was too ardent for its frail tenement, and preyed upon the form which it enlightened. Consumption stole upon him with her noiseless step, and fixed her withering seal upon the tablets of his existence. Slowly and silently did he pass away-lingering upon the confines of being, like a spirit from another and a better world, for he could not sever at once the many joyous ties that connected him with his earthly lot. He loved to stroll where the rill that welled out from the green hill-side flowed in graceful meanders down the quiet vale, imparting a livelier hue to the verdure that lined its sloping banks and met the kiss of its limping and lingering current-for its murmurings were to him like the recollected music of dreams. He was alive to the beauties of the green fields at the earliest hour of "balmy morn," when the exhalations of the glittering dew seemed like incense offered up by Nature to Nature's God upon the eternal altar of her works-when the thousand warblers of the air sent out the thrilling voices of their little throats to swell the great anthem of praise, and nought but man was insensible to the echoes of its solemn tones, and at the gorgeous noontide, reclining in the leafy shade of some romantic nook, he would look up through the parting branches to the blue heavens, whose unclouded lustre was gladdening all beneath them, and as the laughing sunbeams slanted down upon the lakes and islets of the west, he watched their flashing among the mimic billows with all the ecstasy of young and unalloyed de-

Gifted with such exquisite perception of the beautiful, and possessing such capacities for the highest intellectual enjoyment, it is no wonder that he clung to life, while its freshness was yet around him, and its cares sat lightly on his bosom. He had not felt the blighting chill of early disappointment, and the cankerings of after years had not yet fastened upon his heart and withcred at its core:

" His wine of life had not run to the lees,"

and he regretted that its fairy cup was to be so soon dashed from his lips.

During the progress of his malady, I was a constant and unwearied attendant upon his lonely hours, and sought to manifest my deep sense of his worth, and my cherished recollections of his kindness to one so little worthy of his regard.

He now seldom quitted his apartment, except to enter the piazza into which it opened, and which commanded a view of the lake, that lay stretched out before it like the shadowings of a panorama, while the ruins of a dismantled fortress upon the distant shore, and the dark outlines of the forests that surrounded the busy village near with their thick array, resembling the heavy ranks of armed soldiery, filled up the scene; and here, until the hand of decay had weakened him too much for the exertion, he would go forth to inhale the fragrant air of morning, or observe the splendid hues of the western sky, when the sun sank behind the trees that skirted the far-off horizon, and the spires and windows of the village flung back the glory of his farewell blaze.

One beautiful evening, when the lamps of Heaven were lit within their azure dome, and the hushed world lay calmly sleeping beneath their silver radiance, I sat with my friend, at the window of his apartment, and supported his wasted form, whilst he courted the soothing influence of the wind, which softly kissed his fevered cheek. He was evidently in the last stage of life; but his spirit bore up against the cruel spoiler, and illumined his faded and deathlike countenance, as he gazed on the stars that twinkled in the dark blue vault above him, like "gems on the dusky tiara of night," and thus gave utterance to his intensity of thought, in the brilliant apostrophe of Byron:

"Ye stars! that are the poetry of Heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies overleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us, such love and reverence from afar
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star."

"Yes," he continued, "they are a mystery, that feeds the consuming fire within me; and I long to open their forbidden volume, and read the secrets of its hidden page! There they burn, upon the high walls of Heaven, beacons to the bark of being, as it drifts over the vast and billowy ocean of

Eternity! Let them shine on; but let my soul sink into the wave of annihilation, or wing its flight to their bright sphere, to live and revel forever in the light of their stainless and undying lustre!"

I was struck with the passionate energy of his voice and manner, and feared the effort would hasten the fate which so visibly impended over him; but although he was himself aware that the vital struggle was nearly over, and that life, with all its warm and dear affections, was rapidly obbing from his bosom, he continued to pour forth his wild and visionary speculations upon the dim worlds, that seemed to mock him with their distant and unapproachable beauty, until the mists of death fell thicker upon his brow, and its chill was gathering fast around his heart. His murmurings became more and more indistinct, until they ceased altogether; and on looking upon his fixed and rigid features, I saw that he was already dead. Then at that moment, the low winds sprung up and moaned around him; and he who had loved their music while living, lay cold in death, as they mournfully rung out his funeral dirge.

He now sleeps among the peaceful mounds of the village churchyard, where the tears of friendship water the willow that greenly waves above him; and at the still hour of evening, it rustles sadly in the night air that played upon his brow, when his disembodied spirit left its earthly tabernacle, and soared to kindred spirits in Heaven above.

A CLEVER DEFENCE OF CLERGYMEN.—

"Why is it," said Mr. T., a distinguished lawyer of a city of New England, to his friend, Mr. H., a elergyman of high reputation in the same place; "why is it that you ministers, who are professedly the light of the world, are always quarrelling with each other; while we lawyers, wicked as we are represented to be, are remarkable for our courtesy, and seldom disagree among ourselves."

"Is it possible that so fine and classical a scholar as yourself, Mr. T., should be under the necessity of asking that question? Hear what an answer Milton gives you:

'Devil, with devil damned, Firm concord hold; men, only, disagree.'" (For the Lutheran Home Journal.)

NEW YEAR HYMN.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

r.

WE oft forget the passing hour,
As still the pendulum is swung,
Till, like a watchman from his tower,
The household clock rings out in power
Its vigil-voice with iron tongue.

TT.

Thus pass the months that quickly run Successively their circling track, By all the seasons—one by one— Till "twelve o'clock" we read upon The dial of the zodiac.

III.

The beauteous, bright, and balmy Spring,
To lovely Summer gave a place,
And Autumn next was seen to bring
A wealthy fruitage offering,
Then yield to Winter's sober grace.

IV.

Thus silently they come and go,
Those mystic guardians of the year;
No blast is given, or dazzling show,
By which we may their coming know,
Or when they wholly disappear.

v.

So noiselessly doth, year by year,
The wing of time still onward sweep,
That when that ever-welcome cheer,
"A happy New Year," greets the ear,
We start as if awaked from sleep.

VI.

O Thou! who metest out our years, In precious grains like golden sand, That wisdom which to us appears, While gazing on the moving spheres, Help us to read and understand.

VII.

May we each moment's worth discern, In doing what thy laws unfold, That while we yet on earth sojourn, We may derive, from all we learn, Treasures above the price of gold.

vIII.

Then, when we cease to measure days By chronoscopes upon the sky, Before Thy throne our souls shall raise An everlasting hymn of praise,

The measure of our life on high.

INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

TE all have a character to form, and the basis of this character is usually laid in youth. We must, in early life, dig deep the foundations of future excellence, if we would be happy and useful in the world. Exercise is the principle of all culture. By being cherished, virtue is strengthened and increases with every new exertion. Among the habits worthy of our careful attention, there is none, which presents stronger claims than the cultivation of stern, unwavering integrity. An habitual regard for it is absolutely necessary, if we would fulfil the object of our being, and live to some purpose. It should be our determination to discharge faithfully and fearlessly our duty towards God and man, to do, under all circumstances, what we believe to be right, -in all our words and actions, our plans and decisions, to be so conscious of the rectitude of our intentions, as to open our bosom, if necessary, to the inspection of the world. Such a course is worthy a rational and intelligent creature. So we will secure the approval of our conscience and the favor of Heaven.

The man who, in the acquisition of wealth, violates the principles of honesty and defrauds the ignorant and helpless for the sake of gain, generally fails in the attainment of his object, and his soul is perpetually harassed by the remembrance of injustice and oppression. He who has trimmed his sail to the popular breeze, and has sacrificed principle and self-respect, and conscience and character, for the gratification of his ambitious purposes, is also disappointed in his expectations and increaseth sorrow. If he has been guilty of cunning and intrigue in his efforts to obtain place and power, he is often thwarted in his plans, and is at last compelled to abandon the object so dear to his heart, or if at all successful, still finds himself the victim of disappointment and wretchedness. Honesty is always the best policy. It should be maintained in every vicissitude of fortune and in every relation of life. All our duties,

public and private, open and secret, should be performed with the most scrupulous regard to principle. Every crooked and subordinate consideration should be expelled from the breast. A nobler, loftier spirit, a serene, just, and magnanimous disposition, should be substituted. A conscientious and absolute surrender of the life to the guidance of duty, brings us into the possession of a treasure more valuable than that which the world with all its wealth and power can impart. It is better than genius or eloquence, or any earthly gift. It operates as a charmed talisman, as a passport to excellence, reputation and fame, at the presentation of which barred gates open and introduce us to choice and precious things. The individual, who never yields to dishonesty in his conduct, who never swerves from the path of rectitude to gratify the prejudice or clamor of the populace, who maintains "the even tenor of his way," though the multitude frown and turn aside, ridicule his sincerity, and attempt to injure his character, deserves and will secure the profound homage of our hearts. In such an example, we find features of the human mind, which mark its dignity and grandeur. How important is it, that the young in the morning of life should adopt right principles of action! Integrity should be the law of their conduct, from which no temptation or interest or accident should ever seduce They should determine, in the them. strength which is promised, that no jot or tittle of this law, shall be dishonored or shorn of its authority, no matter what may happen,-though heaven and earth pass away.

How often do we find, in Church and State, individuals who have been accustomed, for a long time, to intrigue and craft, when a crooked and straight course will lead to the same end, choose the crooked one as the result of habit, just like the serpent, which cannot go straight. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." The habit of manœuvre and chicanery often becomes so strong, that the subject is apparently unconscious of its exercise. It has identified itself so thoroughly with his nature, as to

destroy all ingenuousness and to impose even upon his own credulity. How sad it is to observe the want of frankness, the disposition to practise hypocrisy, this longing for the favor of the world, this dread of its frown. this subserviency to its maxims and usages, this proneness, everywhere so prevalent, to let others frame our opinions and shape our conduct in opposition to what we know to be right! The man of integrity can have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. He never puts out false colors. He is conscious of no secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast his character. He has no sympathy with anything like equivocation. He has never learned to dissemble. He pursues no serpentine policy. He maintains his opinions without fear or hesitation. He makes no concealment of his purposes, when people have a right to know them. He feels at every step of his progress, that he is in the pursuit of honest ends by honest means. He takes no advantage of the ignorance or weakness of others. He seeks no unworthy expedients to attain his object. The guestion with him is not what the world will think, or what benefit I may derive from the act, but is it right? Can I satisfy conscience and justify myself in the sight of God? A rigid adherence to truth, an honest and fearless discharge of duty, a straightforward course will always be our strong shield. "He that walketh uprightly," saith the word of inspiration, "walketh surely." "The generation of the upright shall be blessed. Wealth and riches shall be in his house, and his righteousness endureth forever."

The annals even of Pagan antiquity furnish us with some sublime examples of this virtue. The character of Aristides has won the admiration of the world. His extraordinary integrity rose superior to selfishness, ambition, jealousy, and resentment, and extinguished every ignoble passion of the soul. The disinterestedness he evinced in the management of the public treasure, as well as the fidelity with which he performed all his obligations, seems almost incredible for the age in which he lived. He sacrificed his private interests and his private resentments to the pub-

licgood. He was incapable of prevarication. His principles and actions were always uniform and steadfast, in the pursuit of what he thought just.

A striking instance of this same virtue is also furnished in the illustrious Socrates. Because he had advanced sentiments, in opposition to the capricious and tumultuous people, their passions became excited, which nothing could appease but the life of their accused victim. To the charges preferred, he makes a dignified and eloquent reply, characterized by a manly fortitude of conscious innocence, in which he recauts none of his opinions, and asserts that his countrymen owed him reward and not punishment. When his friends furnished him with facilities for evading the iniquitous sentence and earnestly urged him to make his escapethe jailor was bribed, a vessel was prepared and a safe retreat provided—he resisted their importunities. No arguments, no admonitions, no appeals could induce him to embrace the opportunity offered. He tried to convince his friends that wrong never justified wrong, and that it is right to obey the law, even when its commands are unjust. He would rather die a martyr to the truth than utter sentiments contrary to his convictions, or pursue a course of conduct which his conscience condemned. the last moment, with the fatal draught in his hand, he continued to advocate the most sublime truths, and with his usual cheerfulness and serenity, conversed with his disciples, urging them to remain steadfast to their principles, and the conscious rectitude of their life.

The story of Regulus has often been told, who exposed himself to the most cruel torments, and to death itself, rather than suffer his integrity to be questioned, his veracity to be impeached. This noble Roman, having been taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, was despatched by them to Rome with an embassy charged to negotiate peace. He pledged his word that if he failed in his object, he would return. Having reached Rome, instead of advocating peace, he exerted all his influence to prevent it, and he succeeded. He knew that

ignominious chains and perhaps cruel death awaited him on his return to Carthage. He was now in Rome, far removed from his enemies. His wife and children fervently and with tears besought him to remain. But his promise had been given, that if peace were not made, he would return. He, therefore, tore himself away from his family and his country, and went back to meet the terrible doom, which his friends had predicted for him.

A beautiful illustration of the same principle we have in the memorable reply of General Reed, while President of the Continental Congress, during the American Revolution, when the British agents came to his humble dwelling with their master's gold, and offered him a large bribe if he would desert his country's cause. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am poor, very poor; but poor as I am, your king is not rich enough to buy me." What was it but this principle that caused the apparent mystery in that noble model of a man, who has been justly pronounced "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," who adorned and blessed his country, and exalted and illustrated the age in which he lived. All his actions were influenced by the most unbending integrity. Although surrounded by enticements and exposed to temptation, he remained unseduced and uncorrupted, and whether we view him in the retirement of Mount Vernon, or at the head of his little band of devoted patriots, or in the Executive Chair of the Union, the eyes of his countrymen rested upon him-

"A combination and a form indeed, Where every God did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man,"

The faithless and the false shuddered and shrank beneath his glance. Those that plotted against him were overawed, and corrupt ambition was made to quail in his presence. He was a hero, indeed, but not the miscalled hero, who goes forth, wrapped in flames of fury, scattering firebrands and death. His image in its grandeur rises above all others, because it stands upon the firm pedestal of moral worth. In what contrast do the pages of history place his cha-

racter and that of some of his cotemporaries! Arnold and Burr were in some respects superior to Washington, but wanting in integrity what did they accomplish? To what useful purpose were their powers in their "bad eminence" ever directed? What treasures did they lay up either here or hereafter for themselves or for others?

"Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining ornaments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrions, and give infamy renown."

The noblest examples of this virtue are to be found in the Sacred Scriptures. Turn to the narrative of the patriarch's favorite son, whose life was his father's comfort, and whose death was to bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. "When did uncomplaining submission smile so lovely,or pureness of principle shine so lustrousor long forbearance seem so elastic-or affectionate tenderness appear so beautifulas when fraternal cruelty sold him, and licentious appetite enticed him, and arbitrary falsehood imprisoned him, and the blessing of a developing Providence placed him upon the throne to be a father to those who had made the iron enter into his own soul." "Till I die, I will not remove my integrity," was the language of one who was conscious of his uprightness, and who would not, under any circumstances, be deprived of this solace. Job had lost his property,—he had been stripped of domestic comforts-he had been attacked by disease, deserted by friends, and assailed by slander; yet in all of this he had one unfailing source of consolation,—he felt that his aim had been right and pure, and he was determined to cling to the consciousness of his integrity. The Apostle Paul, in order that he might accomplish the end, to which he had devoted his life, and maintain his Christian integrity, parted with friends and relatives, relinquished his native land, and submitted to persecutions, privations, and dangers of every description. He counted not his life dear, provided he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he received, with a conscience void of offence.

The course which we recommend is the safest. Our integrity will always be our

greatest security.* If we walk uprightly, although we may be brought into danger, and be visited with trials, God will be our buckler and our sure defence. "Who is he," says the Apostle, "that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" A man's character may suffer for a season—his fair name may be tarnished by the breath of slander, but it will soon regain its splendor—it may for a time be overshadowed by suspicion and prejudice, but very soon the cloud will pass away, and it will shine forth in all its original brightness.

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurl, Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled; Yes! even that which mischief meant most harm, Shall in the happy trial prove most glory."

Rigid and unwavering rectitude of character will always inspire public confidence and increase an individual's power for doing good. The world has learned to regard birth of no consequence, titles of little value, and riches as worthless, in comparison with a good character. Where this exists, it cannot be coneealed. It will be appreciated, and exert an influence. Character is the best capital we can possess. It is the infallible road to success. It is more to be desired than the wealth of empires, or the brightest crown that ever encircled a monarch's brow.

The man of integrity will always have friends and admirers. He will possess the popularity, "which," according to Lord Mansfield, "follows an individual, not that which is run after-which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means." The community will respect a conscientious man. They will know where to find him, they will not hesitate to trust him. There has been implanted in the human breast, an original sense of right and wrong, which nothing but gross depravity can destroy. It is not, therefore, at our own option, whether we will respect unbending integrity or not. We may pretend to despise it and make it the theme of ridicule, but we cannot, unless by a course of flagrant iniquity, extinguish the sentiment of reverence, which is a part of our nature.

* Integer vitæ scelerisque purns
Non eget Mauris jaeulis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetta.
Hoz.

How much force is thus imparted to our exertions, whenever effort is demanded! What increased facilities we possess for usefulness. The Missionary Schwartz had acquired such a reputation for uprightness among the heathen, that when among lawless banditti, he was permitted to pass along unsuspected and unmolested. They said: "Let him alonelet him pass! He is a man of God!" Even the tyrant Hyder Ali, when he refused to negotiate with others said, "Send me Schwartz-send me the Christian Missionary; with him I will treat, for him only can I trust!" Some years ago, a clerk was discharged from one of our city Banks, because from conscientious scruples he refused to perform labor in the Bank, during a busy season, on the Sabbath. Although there was a family dependent upon him, and he had at the time no prospect of other employment, he was unwilling to do that which he conceived to be wrong. The President, who was not accustomed to have his orders disregarded, at once dismissed him from service for disobedience, and yet, strange to say, on the following day, recommended for a most responsible and lucrative position, the same individual, whose conscientious principles he had just witnessed, and which did not fail to command his respect, although at the time he felt vexed at the silent rebuke which had been administered him.

An upright life will invariably produce peace of mind, which nothing can shake-an inward happiness which the world can neither impart nor take away. Even a heathen poet hath told us "That no bad man is happy,"* and the word of God declares, "That there is no peace to the wicked." The man of integrity enjoys a calm, approving conscience, a steady, undisturbed joy, an habitual tranquillity of mind. He moves as angels move in their own pure and heavenly light. Whilst others are perplexed, he is composed; whilst others waver, he is firm; whilst others hesitate, he is decided. He is safe from evil, and quiet from the fear of it. "Though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, he will not fear." The man who is destitute of principle, although surrounded

* Nemo malus felix .- Juv.

by splendor, and soothed by the acclamations of tributary thousands, knows no repose. The sword of Damocles, suspended by a single hair, hangs above him in his nightly slumbers, the ghosts of departed honrs, dedicated as they may have been to selfish aggrandizements, to unholy exactions, to cruelty and oppression,

"Flit through the fevered brain in endless horror, Till nought remains of life but fear of death, And all of death is suffered, but the name."

The records of the past and our observation of the present tell us how the concealed consciousness of guilt preys upon the soul. As a gangrene, it ever eats and destroys the health and spirits, takes away the fire from the eye, and fills the whole soul with sadness and remorse. "The clear, unclouded brow," says one who occupied a high position in our country, "the open countenance, the brilliant eye, which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered, he may be deserted by the world, but he has that within, which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eye fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert

Finally, we remark, that such a course cannot fail to insure the Divine approbation. The blessing of Heaven, which maketh rich, will surely attend those who strive to walk in obedience to the will of God. How sad, and yet, how instructive the affecting confession of Cardinal Wolsey, when he was suffering the bitter reproaches of conscience—

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies!"

Those who serve God faithfully, will not be forsaken. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." "Behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The inheritance of God's people will be his—the home of the blessed beyond the skies. Other aims may fail, other hearts may change, but the indi-

vidual who makes God his trust, and seeks his righteousness, has One for his helper, whose heart never changes, whose arm never grows weary, and who has promised that when "our earthly house of this tabernacle" is dissolved, we shall have "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

(For the Lutheran Home Journal.) I'M GROWING OLD.

BY DR. H. HUPFELD.

13M growing old, I'm growing old;
Life's sands are running low;
My tottering step and clouded sight
Oft tell me it is so.
I'm growing old, I'm growing old,
My head is frosted o'er;
The pleasures I in youth enjoyed
I now enjoy no more.

I'm growing old, I'm growing old— The ravages of time, Are plainly marked upon this brow, Once smooth as ever thine. I'm growing old, I'm growing old, My race is nearly run; The memory of departed joys Now cloud my setting sun.

What, if you should be growing old And falter on your way, A walk you may enjoy as much, As in your youthful day! What, if you should be growing old, Your sight be failing fast; A pleasure sweet you still have in The memories of the past.

What, if you should be growing old,
Your head be frosted o'er?
With joy your heart may beat as strong
As e'er it did before.
What, if you should be growing old,
Youth's bloom be passed away?
In your path are winter flowers,
Brighter than those of May.

It matters not how old you are,
If nought your conscience sting—
Life's pleasures in our wintry days.
Are dear as those of spring.
It matters not how old you are:
'Round all whose hearts are right,
Entwined are evergreens of joy,
No time can ever blight.

Joys may be found at every age,
If we in good delight;
Our selfishness and evil ways
Oft cloud them from our sight.
Joys may be found at every age,
Until with earth we're done;
Sure no brighter is the rising
Than the sweet setting sun.

Cheer up! Cheer up! and he not then
With sadness overcast.
The present why embitter too
With dreams of joys long past!
Cheer up! Cheer up! cleave not to earth,
But strive for joys above;
There all are young, there none grow old,
There all is peace and love.

Jome Circle.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"When I bring a cloud over the earth, the bow shall be seen in the cloud."

THUS God is reported to have spoken to Noah and his sons, when they went forth from the ark to repeople the earth. The patriarch of the old world came out on the misty mountains of the new, and with his little family worshipped God at the altar that glistened with the hues of the first rainbow. That bow was the bright seal of heaven, that should whisper to the heart an assurance of grace and love. There is an obvious correspondence between that symbol of love and the great facts of spiritual

experience. The deluge and the bow are always connected in life. When God brings a cloud over the heart, he sets his bow in the clouds.

The great events in the history of the world, are symbols of the great events in the experience of the individual heart. The record of the race is written anew in the progress of each single life. When the flood sweeps away every earthly trust, we turn to the Everlasting. It is then the self-renouncing heart sees the bow in the cloud bright in promise and hope. It is amid the scattering of earthly hopes and the experiences of grief, from the stake of the mar-

tyr, from Gethsemane, and from the cross of Jesus, that the deepest and most fervent expressions of confidence and love have ascended to heaven. When Noah rose from his altar, to walk the new world, the bow of promise was in the sky.

"Behold the rainbow's form, Hung on the brow of heaven! The glory of the passing storm The pledge of mercy given."

We enter this new year, over which hangs a dark and impenetrable cloud. "We know not what shall be on the morrow." But over the misty future is the bow of promise, the symbol of God's covenant with his people. It gleams with all the promises in Christ Jesus. We know not what may be the tempted trials and sorrows of this year; -but great and precious are the promises of God to his people-"All they work together for good to those that love God"-"As thy day so shall thy strength be"—"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God." And then that text-"Better is the end of a thing than the beginning,"-enunciating the comprehensive principle, that by the condition of our existence here, if things go right, a conclusion is better than a beginning-gives to every Christian the assurance that whatever may be the developments of the current year, to him the end will be better than the beginning. The sublime of the sentence, says Foster, will be in the case of those who, beginning this year on earth, will at the end of it be in heaven.

LIFE IS SWEET.

T. S.

WHAT," I asked a friend, who had been on a delicious country excursion, "did you see that best pleased you?"

My friend has cultivated her love of moral, more than her perception of physical beauty, and I was not surprised when, after replying, with a smile, that she would tell me honestly, she went on to say; "My cousin took me to see a man who had been a clergyman in the Methodist connection. He had suffered from a nervous rheumatism, and from a complication of diseases,

aggravated by ignorant drugging. Every muscle in his body, excepting those which move his eyes and tongue, is paralyzed. His body has become as iron. His limbs have lost the human form. He has not rested on a bed for seven years. He suffers constant pain. He has invented a chair which affords him some alleviation. His feelings are fresh and kind, and his mind is unimpaired. He reads constantly. His book is fixed in a frame before him, and he manages to turn the leaves by an instrument which he moves with his tongue. He has an income of thirty dollars! This pittance, by the vigilant economy of his wife, and with some aid from kind rustic neighbors, brings the year round. His wife is the most gentle, patient, and devoted of loving nurses. She never has too much to do, to do all well; no wish or thought goes beyond the unvarying circle of her conjugal duty. Her love is as abounding as his wants-her cheerfulness as sure as the rising of the sun. She has not for years slept two hours consecutively.

I did not know which most to reverence, his patience or hers! and so I said to them. "Ah!" said the good man, with a most serene smile, "life is still sweet to me; how can it but be so with such a wife?"

And surely life is sweet to her, who feels every hour of the day, the truth of this gracious acknowledgment.

Oh ye, who live amidst the alternate sunshine and showers of plenty, to whom night brings sleep and daylight freshness—ye murmurers and complainers, who fret in the harness of life till it galls you to the bone—who recoil at the lightest burden, and shrink from a passing cloud—consider the magnanimous sufferer my friend described, and learn the divine art that can distil sweetness from the bitterest cup.—C. Sedqwick, in Union Magazine.

An eminent modern writer beautifully says: "The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman. The foundation of political happiness, a confidence in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, reliance on the goodness of God."

Editorial Book-Table.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING: WILL IT BE PREMILLENNIAL? By Rev. DAVID BROWN, St. James Free Church, Glasgow. New York,

Robert Carter and Brothers.

Every one interested in the discussion upon this subject, should read this work. It is the production of one of the ablest ministers of Scotland. The whole subject of Christ's second coming, the millennium, and the end of the present economy, are presented, in a lucid and Biblical manner; and as we think he demonstrates to every mind susceptible of conviction, that the theory of a pre-millennial, personal advent of Christ, and a literal resurrection of the saints at the commencement of the millennium, are without any substantial scriptural basis,-the mere speculations of theorists, who have fabricated a system, by forced and most unnatural interpretations of prophecy. He shows, what will amaze those who are accustomed to read the dogmatical assertions of the Second Advent men, that in the only passages of the Bible, in which the millennium as such, is found, there is not even an allusion to the personal coming of Christ, as a characteristic feature of that blessed period of the Church; and that, in the only passage in which the doctrine of a literal resurrection of the saints, a thousand years before the wicked, is supposed to be found, there is absolutely nothing said, not even an intimation of the resurrection of the bodies of the saints.

He demonstrates that the kingdom of Christ, as it now exists, remains in its organic form unchanged, and that the millennium will be but the complete development of grace in its earthly state, and that the Church will be absolutely complete at Christ's coming. The Literalist says, that nothing but the personal coming of Christ, can realize the prophetic picture of the millennium. Brown says, that the elements and resources of the Church, under more copious effusions of the Spirit, are adequate to the glorious result. This we think is alike the teaching of the Bible, and most honorable to Christ. We read of a nobleman who came to Christ, for the healing of his son, at the point of death. "Come down and heal my son," said the anxious father. He had faith in the power of Jesus, but it was limited to his personal presence and contact. We read of a Centurion who came to Christ in behalf of his servant, lying at home, sick of the palsy; "I will come and heal him," said Jesus. "No," said the Centurion, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof. Speak the word only, and my servant

shall be healed." Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Here is the difference between the Literalist, and the Spiritualist, in relation to the millennium. The Literalist says to Christ, "Come, and lay thy hand on this sick, paralytic, and dying world, and restore it to primeval health and beauty." The Spiritualist says, to our Lord, exalted as a Prince and Saviour, "Speak the word only, and the work shall be done"-done through the existing agencies of the Church-the Word and the Spirit-acting through human instrumentality.

Let every one who studies this subject, and who desires anything to facilitate his examination of the Bible, get this work, by T. S.

Brown.

THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH. By REV. J. ULRICH.-This sermon, published by a resolution of the West Pennsylvania Synod, contains a great deal of practical matter, suited to the present, and all times of the Church. It is well written, and thoroughly Biblical; it is indeed an elaborate sermon, that must have cost the author a good deal of patience and labor. and for this reason, as well as for its inherent merits and pacific tendencies, was deserving of the synodical resolution, which has given to it its present form and publicity. It is 'too long and exhaustive. It is an error, we think, in sermonizing, to take nothing for granted, to go to work to analyze and elaborate the most obvious and self-evident propositions. have a personal dislike to sermons preached upon so many major divisions, and endless subdivisions, all distinctly marked, as if making a diagram for schoolboys. But perhaps this is only a matter of esthetics, and must be left to every man's taste and homiletical training. This sermon is highly creditable to Brother ULRICH, and will, no doubt, be productive of much good.

THE FORMER DAYS, AND THESE DAYS. By REV. C. P. KRAUTH, Pastor of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church, Pittsburg.

This sermon, from beginning to end, bears the impress of genius. It is original in its conception, and masterly in its execution. It has completely overcome our antipathy to the publication of Thanksgiving sermons, which are mostly but sophomoric effusions, about liberty and our country, a sort of Fourth of July bombast, with pulpit and religious adaptations. But this sermon, whilst it quickens all noble thought, imparts a genial influence to the heart making it to pulsate with gratitude to God, for the ripening and clustering blessings of our progressing and Christianized humanity. The objection that I have heard to this sermon, that it is not evangelical, that it contains no formal statement of the plan of salvation, is too superficial to elicit a passing notice. Just as if a sermon could not be a Gospel sermon, without repeating in so many words, the story of the cup. I have read sermons on Astronomy, that had more Gospel in them than sermons that I have heard on "Christ and him crucified." Such criticism would repudiate as unevangelical, more than half of the discourses of the Bible, if not the Saviour's own Sermon on the Mount. This sermon of Brother Krauth, in our humble estimate, is of the highest order of excellence in that department of religious literature to which it belongs. A volume of such sermons would rank with those of Robert Hall, or Chalmers, or with our own Park, Huntington, &c.

If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we might take exception to some sentiments ex-

pressed in relation to great men. I don't think it is harder to be a great man now, than in the days of Homer. The " multitudinous wisdom of the masses," would not interfere with the greatness of the myriad-minded Shakspeare, any more than ten thousand satellites would dim the light of the grand central sun. The true reason for the paucity of great men, we think he has stated in the fact that they are not needed. Some one says, "Nature might create a second Shakspeare, but it would be bad economy." What the first has left undone, may be completed by a much less expense of Promethean fire, than would go to the creation of a second. We are, therefore, not to look for a similar being, at least, until we acquire new attributes, or are under a new moral dispensation. Our admiration of this sermon has betrayed us into undue length of observation. We hope that many may realize the pleasure and profit we have experienced, in the perusal of this sermon.

Editorial Miscellung.

THE SKIES BRIGHTENING!

THE PROSPECT OF THE LUTHERAN HOME JOURNAL MORE ENCOURAGING!

CINCE writing the introductory editorial address contained on the first page of the present number of the Lutheran Home Journal, we are most happy to state, the prospects of our Magazine have materially improved. New subscribers, with the ready cash accompanying, are being received in considerable numbers, by every mail. Arrearages, which were regarded as hopeless, have been received. Influential ministers and laymen, who have hitherto, for want of leisure, stood aloof from our enterprise, have given us the voluntary assurance that they will henceforth devote themselves with industry and zeal to the support of the Home Journal. And, to crown it all, the Lutheran Board of Publication have secured the services of that most efficient, and well-beloved father in our Lutheran Zion, the Rev. BENJA-MIN KELLER, who has kindly consented to serve as the General Agent of the Board, collect moneys, and transact all business pertaining to its interests. Upon this agency, Father Keller will enter at an early day, and the Board feel warranted, by the blessing of God, to expect from his valuable and efficient labors the most happy results. We bless and praise the Lord, therefore, for the more encouraging prospect that has dawned upon us, since we penned the salutation contained on our first page. And now we invoke the kind and cordial co-operation of all our kind and sympathizing friends, to give

the *Home Journal* a still wider circulation. Let no Lutheran family in the land be without it.

Respectfully and truly,

Your friends,

E. W. HUTTER, T. STORK,

C. W. SCHAEFFER.

PHILADELPHIA, January 24, 1857.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT .- We owe our most grateful thanks to the Rev. John Willox, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Riegelsville, Bucks County, for a list of THIRTY SIX new subscribers to the Lutheran Home Journal, with the pay in advance. Brother WILLOX, although laboring under discouragements that would crush many a less resolute heart, is one of the most industrious, persevering, and selfdenying ministers in the Lutheran Church, and when he undertakes a work always does it thoroughly, of which we have here renewed proof. If the Home Journal had more such efficient and devoted friends as our good Brother WILLOX, its editors would not have to to send out such importunate and often lugubrious appeals, as they are reluctantly obliged to do. We commend the praiseworthy example of Brother WILLOX to general imitation.

H.

APOLOGY.—Our readers have, no doubt, felt somewhat disappointed, that the January number of the Home Journal has been withheld from them so long. We ourselves sincerely regret that its publication has been deferred to so late a day in the month, but a variety of causes, over which the Editing Committee has had no control, have conspired to produce this result. Hereafter, we hope, if possible, to issue the Journal at the beginning of each month, and will endeavor to serve it to its generous patrons and readers with despatch and punctuality.

Bound Volumes.—We have on hand, and will be glad to sell to whoever wishes to purchase them, a number of copies of the first volume of the Lutheran Home Journal, handsomely bound, complete throughout, index included. The price per volume is \$1 25, or five copies for \$5. We will be glad to dispose of these back volumes, as their sale will assist the Board in the liquidation of its debt. Orders may be sent to either of the Editing Committee, or to Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston:

CHURCH EXTENSION.—It must be highly gratifying to every sincere friend of the Lu-

theran Church to witness, that a renewed impetus has been recently given to the Church Extension movement, whose prospects for a season seemed so unpromising. The Treasurer, WILLIAM M. HEYL, has recently acknowledged the following contributions:

From Philip Smyser, Esq., of York,		
Sub-Treasurer of the West Pa. Sy-		
nod,	\$720	31
Rev. Jacob Fry, collected in 1st Lu-		
theran Church, Carlisle,	103	70
Jacob Garver, Scotland, Franklin		
Co., Pa.,	100	()()
	100	00
Daniel Garver, " "	100	00
Martin Garver's Estate, " "	100	()()
Rev. A. H. Waters, Prospect Cong.,		
Butler Co.,	17	35
Rev. Chr. Beard, Middlebrook Cong.,		
_ Va.,	35	00
Rev. D. Kline, Brunswick Cong., N.		
Y.,		43
Rev. S. Sentman, Taneytown, Cong.,		
Md.,	100	50
		_

\$1419 29 The above are truly encouraging contributions, and if followed by others of a similar character, the \$50,000 contemplated by the founders of the Society, may yet be raised. Despite every hindrance, the Lutheran Church Extension Society, under the fostering care of its Executive Committee, by the Divine blessing, has been an instrumentality of great good to many struggling congregations, in the erection of new and the completion of half-built churches. If a proper spirit prevails, it may yet prove the most useful and efficient Society ever organized in the Lutheran Church. O! for the wider diffusion of the noble spirit of the Garvers! Soon would the desired sum be raised.

RESIGNED.—Rev. F. R. ANSPACH, we learn from the Lutheran Observer, has resigned the pastoral charge of the Lutheran Church at Hagerstown (Md.), the resignation to take effect from the 1st of April next. Mr. A. is one of the proprietors of the Observer, and most likely he will give the newspaper his sole attention.

Interesting Narrative.—We beg leave to direct the earnest attention of our readers to the highly interesting narrative, contained in the Journal of the present month, translated from the German of Barth, by Rev. G. A. Wenzel, of this city. What imparts additional interest to the story, is, that the incidents it relates are not fictitious, but have been taken from real life. The hero of the tale, Edme Champion, we are assured, was not a character wrought out by a fertile imagination, but a bona fide product of the providence and grace

of God, whose active ministry of benevolence is enshrined to this day, in the grateful recollections of thousands, who were the recipients

of his generous and liberal deeds.

The true honor and glory of a man, after all, it cannot be denied, is to be good, and to do good-to be useful in his day and generation, and to be so from no selfish motives. As the Son of God came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, so the highest dignity to which any mortal can attain, is, to imitate Him in His deeds of mercy and beneficence. Around the name of HOWARD, for example, there clus ters a halo of renown more resplendent than has encircled the brow of all the CESARS and NAPOLEONS who have ever lived in the revolving tide of time. He only is truly great, in the intrinsic meaning of the word, who is truly good, since even in the moral esteem of the world, the most illustrious and beloved are those, who have conferred on mankind the most signal and enlarged benefits. He is the greatest, said the Saviour himself, who is the servant of suffering Humanity, than which a more profound and philosophical truism never was uttered.

But, let no reader fail to peruse the admirable story of Edme Champion. It is replete with interest, and the Church owes a debt of gratitude to Brother Wenzel, for the correct and graphic translation he has furnished.

Н.

INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.-We publish this month, from the pen of our able correspondent, another essay, treating of a subject of the highest practical moment to every man, who wishes to acquit himself honorably and usefully in the world. An unblemished personal character, free from the taint of falsehood and deceit, is unquestionably of incalculable value to the mere man of business. Without it, mechanic nor merchant, artisan nor attorney, can expect permanently to command the public esteem. But, if integrity of character be essential to the successful prosecution of mere secular concerns, of inappreciably higher consequence is it to the Christian, and, above all, to the Minis-TER OF THE GOSPEL. He, of all men, should ever be faithful to his word, punctual to his engagements, honest and honorable in his intercouse with his fellow-men. For the absence of these traits of character no amount of learning, literary or theological, can atone. Little less, indeed, than an offence in the nostrils is that minister, whose word is not to be relied on, and whose promises are made, like pie-crust, only to be broken. The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, without controversy, depends for its moral conquests over Infidelity and Sin infinitely more upon the lives of its ministers and professors, than upon all other elements of human power, however gigantic,

combined. It is not alone how well ministers preach, but how righteously and godly they live, that imparts to their calling a magical persuasiveness, commending our holy Christianity to the world. These are attestations of the genuineness and power of the religion of the Son of God, which discourse more eloquently of duty and of heaven, than the tongue of men and angels. But, disjoined from a living loyalty to the obligations of rectitude and truth, displayed amidst the activities of common and every-day life, the londest, boldest, most urgent declamation, becomes only as "sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal." We concur with our able correspondent, therefore, in every line and letter of his most powerful and truthful utterances in behalf of a pure and unblemished personal integrity. To the Christian, in the sight of heaven and earth, it is the very jewel of the soul.

LUTHERAN MISSIONARIES TO INDIA.—Rev. Heise and lady arrived at the port of New York, in the steamship "Prussia," from Hamburg, Germany, on the 21st ultimo, after a stormy passage of 19 days. They will, in all probability, remain in this country three months, when, God willing, they will sail for India.

ENGLISH MISSION IN CHICAGO.—It will, no doubt, prove a source of sincere gratification to our readers, to learn, that the Home Missionary Society has at length found a brother to take charge of the English mission in Chicago (Illinois). The brother upon whom this responsible trust, in the providence of God, has devolved, is the Rev. Thomas W. Kenp, of Frederick, (Md.) Brother K. is yet quite a young man, but possesses in a very high degree the elements of character to qualify him for this truly arduous and responsible work.

H

CALL ACCEPTED.—The Rev. HUGO GRAHN, of the Theological Seminary in Gettysburg, has accepted a call from the German Lutheran churches at Manayunk and Germantown, near Philadelphia. His address is Leverington P. O., Philadelphia City, Pa.

WYTHEVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—Our read ers will be gratified to learn that the Lutheran Female Seminary, under the auspices of its efficient Principal, the Rev. Mr. ROEDEL, in Wytheville (Va.), is in a highly prosperous condition. There are already 74 pupils in attendance; all those of the last session are back again except one. Br. ROEDEL is said to have won golden opinions in the capacity of Principal, and the intelligent citizens of the place give him all praise, and take a deep interest in the success of the institution.—Observer.

Autheran Home Journal.

FEBRUARY, 1857.

THE WILL OF A CHRISTIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV. E. LUEBKERT.

"Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die."

ISAIAH 38: 1.

BLESSED be God! I am ready! My will is made!

My Father, who art in heaven, and who hast created me, to thee I bequeath my soul. Thou hast given it to me, I return it to thee. In thy hands it is best provided for; it is, moreover, property belonging to thee, and as such I dare not dispose of it. And as my Saviour hath taught me, I pray, "Father, into thy hands, I commend my spirit."

MY BROTHER JESUS! who hast redeemed me, to thee I bequeath my sins. Receive them, thou Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. Cast them into the deep sea of thy wounds, that they may be remembered no more against me forever.

COMFORTER OF MY HEART, thou precious Holy Spirit, who hast refreshed me so often with heavenly comfort, to thee I bequeath my life's last moments. When I can speak no more, do thou intercede for me "with groanings, which cannot be uttered." When I can hear no more, do thou breathe consolation in my heart. When I can see no more, do thou illumine my eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death.

YE ANGELS, that have borne me upon your hands, yours shall be the tears, which I daily weep on account of my sins. I know full well, that ye smile when I weep, and you. II. No. 2.

that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner, that repenteth."

DEVIL! wilt thou too have thy share? all those good works, performed without a good heart, I will bequeath to thee. Get thee behind me!

EARTH! thou art my mother! Thou hast by the power of God, for so many years past, provided for my body. I will therefore bequeath this body to thee. May not the mother become the grave of the child? What matters it to me? "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither."

Wife! I have chosen a husband for thee, whose name is "Avenger of Widows." If thou shouldst find no right on earth, trust faithfully in Him. He will protect thee. In want and need, in trouble and anguish, He will be thy provider, in oppression thy protector, in sadness of heart thy comforter. Commit thyself to Him!

DEAR CHILDREN! for you I have chosen a better father, than I have been, "Him of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." The father of all orphans, will be your father. He, who cares for the young ravens, will not neglect you!

My Friends! To you I leave a gracious God. He is the best friend. Forsake not Him and He will not forsake you. Yea, my beloved, you shall have my constant remembrance in heaven, and though you should forget me and mine, I shall never forget you.

This is my last will. And now I shall close my eyes cheerfully, whenever it shall please God. Amen!

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

IIS power, I am persuaded by the mighty works he wrought while upon earth, surpasses all exaggeration. No moral arithmetician can possibly estimate its extent. I hesitate not in affirming, that were the imaginations of all the creatures in the universe centred in one gigantic intellect, embodied in one intellectual prodigy, he could not possibly, by the utmost exercise of his mental resources, expand too largely upon, or exaggerate in terms too extravagant, or elaborate with too much freedom upon, the omnipotence of Christ. Exaggeration ceases here to falsify or distort. The most glowing terms, the most striking comparisons, the grandest hyperbole, become tame, and in conveying to the understanding an idea of omnipotent power, fall infinitely below the truth.

When this beautiful world of ours, speck though it be in the universe of worlds that teem all around it; cursed though it be by the sins and guilt of bustling millions; strewed though it be with wrecks of wretches on mountains, hills, and shores and plains; darkened though it be by the gloomy clouds of sin, the worse, the more terrible than Egyptian atmosphere of guilt: when this grand theatre of intelligent, immortal actors, this lovely vestibule of the temple of eternity, laid under the eye of the hosts above, a dark, unsightly, disorganized, sluggish mass of lifeless atoms, authorized by four simple monosyllables uttered by Christ the Son of God, and co-equal with him in every attribute, it sprang into its millions of beautiful forms in a moment. He spake, and it was done. "Let there be light," uttered he; and immediately the dark folds that gathered over the confused mass started back, to let the light stream forth from its centre to its circumference. He spake, and lo, the mountains rose upon their rocky bases, to " pierce the clouds with their eternal cones of ice;" the ocean rolled its first tides from shore to shore, the heavens stretched their arch across the blue ether above, the teeming millions that spangle there, started into existence, the sun began to glow with intense radiance, the moon commenced her nightly excursions in borrowed apparel, the forests, meadows, fields and plains and hills of earth, dressed immediately in becoming garbs. When Galilee's boisterous waves, like meeting armies, struggling for the mastery-lashed into seething foam-groaning as though in travail at the birth of a monster, hurling the barks upon their bosom hither and you like feathers, rose in anger before him, a brief sentence, "Peace, be still," calmed them down to the placidness of an humble lake. When a miserable cripple, distorted by the wrenching processes of palsy-suffering the horrors and emotions of hopeless illness-breathing the atmosphere of pain from day to day-inhaling suffering at every pore of his body perhaps, was let down before his sight, another brief sentence "Arise, and walk," from Christ, made him leap from his groaning couchleap from the depth of misery to the height of health and happiness. When man, agonizing under the power-the infernal power of beings, whose highest pleasure it was to torment human kind, maddened to despair by their fiendish operations, were brought before him, a few syllables, "Come out from them," uttered by him, were sufficient to drive the devils before him affrighted, to compel them to skulk away, and hide their hideous forms within the dark recesses of their infernal abode. When he stood by the bier of one whose heart-strings had been severed by the keen scimitar, the never-failing blade, whose eyes had been blinded by the glaze, and whose form had been crushed by the arm of death, a few other words, "Young man, arise," were enough to level the grand enemy in the dust-to relax the grip of the remorseless monster-to lift the muscular arm of the giant from its grasp, and release the youth from his iron yoke. And thus instances might be multiplied, in which but a few words from Christ, such as, "Arise, and walk," "Lazarus, come forth," "Young man, arise," "Peace, be still," "Come out of him," were sufficient proofs or indices of the omnipotent power Christ possessed.

The two demoniaes of Gadara, the ten lepers of Samaria, the two blind men of Jericho, and the two of Capernaum, and the one of Bethsaida, and the one of Jerusalem, the centurion's servant of Capernaum, the palsied cripple of the same city, the daughter of Jairus, the daughter of the Canaanitish woman, the deaf and dumb man of Decapolis, the woman cured of an eighteen years' infirmity, and the one cured of an issue of blood, the boy of Tabor cured of the possession of a devil, Peter's motherin-law relieved of a fever, Malthus with his ear healed,—all these, and many others, were they present with the reader, could testify, in language fervent with gratitude, that Christ was omnipotent.

One word from Christ, while upon earth, would have been enough to cripple the wings of the morning light, and pall the world in eternal gloom-enough to arrest the chariot of the sun, and unwheel every orb that rolls around the cycles of the universe-enough to make the world, his august temple, tremble with throes unutterable, and reduce it to a mass of conglomerate cinder-enough to make the teeming hosts, and powers, and principalities of the air bend in servile submission to his nodenough to drive all the forces they could rally together before him like motes upon the whirlwind. One word from him could have raised a gust of terror strong enough to blot from existence every being that inhabits heaven, earth, and hell-could have whirled the universe from its axis into irremediable ruin-could have made mountains dwindle down to the insignificance of an iota, and oceans to dry up to barren deserts-could have compelled ages and generations to cease to roll, and Time to bring all sublunary things to a crisis. One word from him, then, instead of restoring reason to the throne of men's minds, could have reduced their intellects to senseless idiocy, confounded their thoughts in unintelligible madness, and rendered them objects of pity to heaven and earth. enough of this. Christ was omnipotent. Do you doubt it? Can you doubt it? Dare you doubt it? If so, turn but a moment to the relation of the "wonderful works" he wrought, while upon earth, given in such sweet, plain, and convincing language by

the inspired historians. If the annals of any historian can reveal any greater exhibitions of power, on the part of the heroes whose names are emblazoned upon their pages-if the biography of any distinguished personage can produce instances in which the elements, in obedience to his dictum, crouched before his feet-if any man can be named, whose word, whose bare word, was enough to produce results far more astounding than those that followed the words of Christ, then we are willing to brand him as an impostor; to call the Bible a tissue of falsehoods, from Genesis to Revelations; to call back all that we have said upon the omnipotence of Christ, and trust, for our personal salvation, to some means other than those which he originated and executed. We are persuaded, however, that the task above assigned to any who may be sceptical upon the doctrine, here but imperfectly alluded to, is beyond their abilities, and hence, with the purchase of the lever of our faith in Christ increased by the contemplation of his divine power-with our heart, more than ever, willing to concentrate its affections upon his cross-with our hopes attracted to him more irresistibly than ever, if this could be so, we rely upon Him to snatch us eventually from the flames of that hell, from which no one less than an omnipotent being could possibly save us.

The Better Land.—Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth, and more allied to heaven. It is not in vain that the images of our departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge of this world's cares cannot obliterate them. They wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful, and happy—our fellow-worshippers forever.

As the door turneth upon its hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed.

A PILGRIMAGE TO WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

BY REV. T. T. TITUS.

IT was a bright May morning, in the year 185-, when I embarked on the fine steamboat Thomas Collyer, at its Washington wharf, for the purpose of visiting the Mecca of America,—Mount Vernon.

The boat was crowded with gay belles and mustached beaux, mothers and children, negroes and dogs, and a New York Fire Company, thrown in for good measure, with its band of music to drown the noise of babies and steampipes. At 10 o'clock the bell rang, the paddle-wheels splashed, and the boat moved down the river with its cargo of humanity. In a short time we were at Alexandria, eight miles below Washington, and as the boat touched at the wharf to exchange passengers, I obtained a glimpse of that venerable old city. I had seen it years before; when but a boy I visited it as the great mart of the fishtrade. The impression then left upon my mind was a confused picture of dirty streets, filthy wharves, piles of fish, squads of greasy women cleaning them, and crowds of swearing, blustering wagoners, and boatmen buying and selling the indispensable scaly tribe. I confess I never afterward envied the citizens of that port the felicity of their situation. But how altered its appearance now! Handsome residences peered out along the narrow streets in the upper parts of the town; the wharves seemed cleaner, the atmosphere purer, the porters and sailors less profane, and the whole place not unworthy of its position as the second commercial city of the Old Dominion. And here lay the secret,-it was now an integral part of that ancient commonwealth; it was formerly an appendage to the Federal Capital, located in the District of Columbia, with none of the advantages of Washington and all its disadvantages, pining away in its anomalous situation, and only kept from absolute death by the annual resuscitation of trade during the fish season.

But enough of Alexandria. I was bound for Mount Vernon, and had but little time to think of anything clse. The boat was soon dashing through the placid waters of the Potomac on its way to the Tomb of Washington. The scenery was delightful. The river was dotted over with sloops, schooners, and fishing craft, whose snowy sails, swelled by the morning breeze, was reflected from the unruffled waters, and seemed like whiteplumaged birds gliding through aerial space. On one side were the shores of the "Mother of States" rising abruptly from the strand, and crowned with alternate farm and grove. On the other side the gently-swelling fields of Prince George's County stretched away in the distance, terminating in a low ridge of uplands. Behind us lay the capital of the Union, with its numerous public edifices glittering in the morning sunbeams, and its picturesque and village-like clusters of houses gradually disappearing from our receding vision. Before us the glassy surface of waters, with its panorama of swanlike sailboats, appeared to contract in the distance to a brilliant point on the horizon. Our country's flag drooped gracefully at the boat's stern, and awakened thoughts warm and patriotic in my heart as we neared the spot where repose the ashes of him whose name is linked with every stripe and star of that noble banner.

About 11 o'clock we arrived alongside the sacred spot whither we were tending. Half concealed among the trees upon the elevated bank of the river, I saw a stately oldfashioned edifice, with colonnade and cupola. And this was Mount Vernon mansion, where Washington lived and died. Could it be possible that I was gazing upon that hallowed place, around which cluster so many thrilling associations, embalming it in every true American heart! It was even so. Solemn thoughts rushed on my soul, deep and holy emotions welled up within me, and I needed but the solitude and stillness favorable for meditation, to have become absorbed in devoutly patriotic musings. But the confusion incident to the disembarkation of several hundred passengers effectually precluded me from enjoying any such ecstasy of silent contemplation. We were landed on a rude wharf at the entrance of an irregular ravine, down which a limpid stream gurgled, and up which a narrow footpath

wound. I was obliged "to fall into ranks," and proceed with the long line of visitors up this path, made by placing two boards side by side lengthwise, and fastening strips across to keep the feet from slipping, after the manner of Paddy's inclined plane for carrying brick and mortar to the top of a building. The space between the boards is wide enough to admit the foot of a lady though she be not a Chinese, and more than one in our procession by an incautious step gave a painful wrench to a delicate ankle. At the head of the ravine we came suddenly upon the spot dearest of all others to the pilgrim American. We found ourselves standing at the Tomb of Washington! But who can describe the emotions of that moment? For I had emotions there in spite of the senseless gossip around me, in spite of the bad music of the screeching band in attendance, in spite of the jostling, noisy, unfeeling crowd. I felt, and felt deeply.

I felt the holy inspiration of the place,-I felt the insignificance of earthly grandeur and fame, -the comparative littleness of factitious merit, contrasted with true greatness ;-I felt that I stood by the ashes of no ordinary mortal; and I almost felt, that homage at such a tomb would be no sin. I was convinced, at least, that no more favorable sanctuary for patriotic thanksgiving could be found than the ground on which I stood. There, surrounded by the scenery upon which the eye of Washington loved to dwell,-treading the soil oft trod by his feet, -embowered in shrubbery that had screened his venerable form against the burning sunbeams, I felt like bowing beside his venerated remains, -pouring forth from my burdened soul a thanksgiving in behalf of America, for God's noble gift to her,—imploring his forgiveness for national ingratitude and sin, and praising his name that "I too am an American." Willingly would I have worshipped at such a shrine,-worshipped Heaven for the blessings brought to remembrance at that shrine, and not the inanimate dust reposing there,-but how could I do aught but think amid such confusion? Could I do otherwise than stroll onward with the crowd, and wait a more favorable opportunity to perform my pilgrim rites?

How I longed for a chapel, secluded among that waving foliage, where I might pray and meditate then, while the warm gush of feeling was upon me,—but no chapel was there. Would it not be a happy offering to the memory of Freedom's Chieftain to erect such a sanctum at his grave?

But a word or two about that grave. Originally, it was an ordinary cave-vault, in the brow of the hill, sloping upward from the Potomac. In this, the body of Washington formerly reposed. Some years ago, a marble sarcophagus was presented for the purpose of holding his remains; and it was found that the vault would be too damp for the polished surface of the marble. An enclosure was accordingly erected immediately in front of the vault,—appearing like a continuation of it, and shut in with high iron gates. Within these gates, and in full view of visitors, resting upon the gravelly floor, stands the sarcophagus containing the ashes of our country's Father. "Here lie the remains of Washington," with date of birth and death, is all the inscription it bears; but this is amply sufficient; for who needs be told who Washington was, and who wants a better epitaph for him than the history of our nation? Beside his, is another sarcophagus, precisely similar, containing the remains of Lady Washington. Opposite to the entrance of the tomb stand two monumental columns, about forty feet high, one of which is inscribed to the Great Chieftain, and the other to one of his brothers. Such is the tomb of the world's greatest MAN,simple, unostentatious, and neat,-but dearer to freemen than the gorgeous mausoleums of kings and conquerors.

I passed on with the crowd, along a winding continuation of the footpath already described. A short distance from the tomb we passed an old dilapidated vault, on an eminence to the left, which, I was informed, was the original family vault, where the remains of the great hero were at first deposited. I determined at once to examine it more closely; hoping, at the same time, to detach myself from the jostling procession. I succeeded, after a dint of effort, in scaling the precipitous bank and a half-decayed post-fence standing on its brink. I now

found myself on an elevated lawn, extending quite up to the venerable mansion; and what was more agreeable to my feelings, I was separated from the unthinking, gossiping crowd. Near me was the vault before mentioned. I approached it with a deep consciousness of treading hallowed ground. It was a crumbling rnin, doorless, and partly filled with fragments of decaying brick and mortar. As I drew nearer, its sepulchral entrance caused me a thrill of peculiar sensations,-a mingling of solemnity, reverence, and terror. I almost feared to descend into it, yet I felt a strong desire to do so. Never shall I forget that moment's experience, as I hesitated at the entrance of the gray old ruin. Deep silence seemed here to have found a congenial resting-place, and every object around appeared anxious to contribute to the sacred stillness. spring birds on the neighboring boughs seemed to hush their twittering, as if they too had caught the inspiration of the place. The tall old elms hard by, stood up green, beautiful, and noiseless, like sentinels watching at the tomb of human greatness, which Time's corroding tooth had spared for centuries longer than usual to perform their solemn duty. The sunbeams struggling through their motionless branches, fell upon the greensward that covered the crumbling vault, and gave to the secluded spot a tinge of lustre, like the reflection of Washington's glory from the spirit land. I paused but a moment, and then descending into the dilapidated cave, I stood where the immortal statesman had lain, where first

> "He drew his grave-clothes round him, And laid down to pleasant dreams."

But what were my sensations as I stood in that precinct of the dead? Never did I feel a nearer approach to the confines of the shadowy land. I was ready to fancy myself at the entrance of the mystic world of spirits, and could easily have persuaded my excited imagination that I heard voices ringing in that sepulchral spot, telling of scenes and regions far away. But I confined my thoughts to the safer territory of reality. I thought of the mighty dead that had found a primal resting-place there, after a well-spent life of noble deeds and heroic

sufferings. I thought of Washington and all his name inspires; how he rose like a morning-star of glory upon the darkening horizon of the world's hope, ushering in freedom's day of happiness and peace; how he fought and planned and prayed, joining the valor of Achilles with the prudence of Fabius, till victory dropped her verdant wreath upon his noble brow, and crowned him Liberty's Defender. I thought of him as a chieftain-I thought of him as a statesman-I thought of him as a man-I thought of him as a Christian - and I thought of him as a glorified spirit, basking now in the pure and holy atmosphere of heavenly felicity. Then I came forth from that consecrated place, bearing a relic from its walls, with noiseless tread, fearful of disturbing the slumbering echoes, or producing a discordant note in the mysterious requiem which unbroken silence seems to be ever chanting to the memory of true greatness.

The remains of Washington rested in this vault for more than thirty-five years. About twenty years ago they were removed to the new vault, in which they lay eight years, when they were placed in the marble sarcophagus in the outer inclosure before mentioned.

From the old vault I proceeded to the mansion. Here were signs of life. A colored cook or two were seen about the kitchen, which is distant several yards from the main building, and connected with it by a covered piazza. Some poultry appeared about the yard, and stray pieces of linen were observed sunning themselves in conspicuous places. From these indications I surmised that a family lived there, but of its members I saw none.

Two rooms of the house are usually opened to visitors, both on the right of the main hall: the one appears to have been a breakfast room, the other a private parlor. In these the identical furniture remains which Washington used, and which descended to his heirs. The carpet is faded and ancient, the curtains are dimmed by age, the ceiling is cracked and warped. A few chairs, a sofa, and a table or two, all antique and timeworn, constitute the main furniture of these apartments. Pictures of relatives and friends,

with a few of an historical nature, adorn the walls, and a small cabinet of minerals and curiosities occupies a side-table. A ledger for visitors' names lies on a centre-table, and contains the autographs of thousands who have at different periods trod these venerable precincts.

In a glass case suspended in the passage an object of more than ordinary interest attracted my attention. This was the great iron key of the French Bastile, or Royal Prison, covered with the rust of ages, and speaking in silent eloquence of the triumphs of liberty over despotism. It was presented to Washington by Lafayette. And to whom else should it have been given? Where could have been found a safer custodian for the instrument of oppression than at Mount Vernon? Who knows how far the influence that went forth from that home of liberty may have contributed to unlocking the Bastile? Thoughts such as these came quick and fast upon me, as I gazed upon that massive key, and left it hanging there at the pilgrim's shrine, to tell its silent story to future generations.

I passed next into the grounds back of the mansion. These bear traces of their former tasteful owner, and manifest the neglect of their present proprietor. Here are the remains of a race-course for trying the speed of horses, walks for promenading, seats for resting, shrubbery for shade, and flowers for ornament, all in graceful irregularity and neglect. The flower-garden was closed against visitors, the negro servants having the monopoly of that part of the estate. They generously offered me a small bouquet of uninteresting flowers, and demanded a "quarter" as I turned to depart. I was obliged to succumb to the modest request with the best grace possible, as the flowers were already in the hands of a lady friend. While lingering and meditating among the verdant beauties of this rural and lovely place, I was startled to cousciousness by the bell of the steamboat ringing out clearly and distinctly its call to the passengers to prepare for their return. Being told that it was only the "first bell," I sauntered leisurely back through the mansion and towards the boat. The building is a plain, unassuming

one, built of wood, after the fashion of Virginia planters in colonial times. A piazza, supported by Doric columns, extends along the whole front, reaching to the roof. The length of the main edifice is about ninety or one hundred feet, with a proportionate depth. A small cupola surmounts the roof, and gives the building the appearance of a country academy. It is still in a pretty good state of repair, but is evidently suffering from the wear and tear of time. Its present occupant-a descendant of one of Washington's brothers-is willing, I believe, to sell the whole estate to Congress, but to no one else. The subject has been frequently discussed whether Congress should appropriate money from the national treasury to purchase it. Constitutional scruples have been raised; but who would not be as willing to see the public money spent in this way as in the thousand projects that are every year draining the nation's purse? I think every true American has but one opinion on this subject-it is mine, at least: let the property be purchased, kept from decay, the proper arrangements made for the reception and entertainment of visitors, and let it stand forever as the Mecca of our country, where thousands may yearly retire from the heat and hurry of politics and business, to cool their unholy zeal, and fire anew their smouldering patriotism. Especially let would-be statesmen visit the spot, and learn there what true statesmanship is, and be reminded of the only road to true and lasting fame. Let them chasten their aspirations at Washington's tomb, and invoke there the baptism of Washington's spirit.

I left Mount Vernon about two o'clock, and after touching at Fort Washington and Alexandria, arrived at Washington early in the afternoon. And am I a better or a happier man since my visit than I was before? Yea, verily! I sat in the chair where Washington once sat, and planned, and thought, and wrote—I breathed the air which he used to breathe, as he longed, and hoped, and feared—I trod the ground consecrated by his footsteps, gazed upon the trees he planted, the scenery he loved, and bowed at the tomb where his ashes repose! And can it be that I do not love my country

and its glorious liberties more ardently, cherish the memory and teachings of its Father more earnestly, and adore the Great Father of all things, who gave me a country to love and a Washington to venerate, more devoutly than I ever did before? I will ever recall my visit to Mount Vernon as the most pleasant episode in my life's dull history.

February, 1857.

HABIT-KINDNESS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

APOLEON used to say, that there were but two powers in the world,-kindness and the sword. Without any reference to the latter, we desire, in the present article, to speak of the power of kindness. This is one among the habits we should cultivate in our youth. In its influence for good it is omnipotent. The heart should be trained to pour forth habitual sunshine through the countenance and in the conduct, to radiate happiness to all who come within its circumference. We, perhaps, have frequently felt that there is a charm in goodness. We are so constituted, that we cannot resist the influence of love. The human heart may be closed against physical force; it may withstand anger and malice; it may shield itself in opposition to every attack, but it cannot resist the power of kindness. This is a sure panoply against the tempest of violence, the vehemence of rage, or the malignity of revenge. It not only protects him who is thus fortified, but it likewise subdues his adversaries. When affectionate intercourse is the offspring of those kind feelings which flow from genuine benevolence, the influence will be experienced, far and wide, by all with whom the subject may be brought in contact. We should constantly remember that the great lesson of the Gospel is love. Our kindness should be based upon that beautiful rule of morality, announced by the Saviour, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them like. Our thoughts, our feelings, our words, and our deeds should be moulded according to this holy precept. Every sentiment we utter, every action we perform, should give evidence of a tender heart.

There is, perhaps, no way in which we can do more good to others, with so little expense and inconvenience to ourselves, as by kindness in conversation. Words, it is said, cost nothing, yet kind words are always valued.

"It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,
Has almost lost its sense; but on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like richest music."

But in the world how many are there who deny this boon to their fellow men! Whilst we meet with those whose very face is a benediction, others, alas! have continually on their lips unkind and harsh language. Some there are whose words, all the time, pierce like a sword, whose daily vocabulary contains all sorts of expressions, except those of kindness. They indulge in the use of sharp, cutting, costive speech, and, in extenuation of the practice, say that they are open and independent; that they are no flatterers or parasites: but how easily might they establish their reputation for frankness and sincerity, without any resort to blunt or bitter words. We should not forget that we are commanded to speak even the truth in love. Others, for the purpose of showing their wonderful discernment, their acute critical skill, with equal indifference, are in the habit of wounding the sensibilities of friend and foe. Many, however, as the result of long-continued usage, seem to derive pleasure from the use of rough and coarse language, in their intercourse with those around them. But how much is the influence of such impaired—their usefulness diminished! By the harshness of their tongues they repel affection; they alienate those whom they perhaps wish to benefit. There should be an habitual regard manifested for the feelings of others, founded on the conviction, that we have no more right, wantonly, to rob others of their peace of mind, than to inflict upon our neighbor a personal injury. If we would be loved, useful, and happy, we must avoid the temptation to vindictive repartee; we must never indulge in discourteous invective, or bitter sarcasm. "Good humor," it has well been said, "is a better shield than an armory of poisoned quills." If we would enjoy the consciousness of a pure, generous, and kind heart, we must cultivate pure, generous, and kind speech.

But in our actions, as well as our words, this kindness is to be constantly evinced. There are daily opportunities occurring, in which we may gladden the hearts of others and contribute to their comfort.

"Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water, yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours."

How often have our hearts been touched, as we have read the story of the poor African women, who so kindly ministered to the wants of the fainting Mungo Park, and, as they ministered, repeated that plaintive song, so beautiful for its simplicity,—

"He hath no mother to make him bread, No wife to grind him corn!"

We read of many characters, in the past, who, from a principle of pure benevolence, devoted their life to deeds of active beneficence, and in the prosecution of their work of love, labored

"Where'er mankind and misery were found," and, at the present day, we meet with those, whose whole soul seems thoroughly imbued with this spirit, upon whose lips the love of kindness dwells, and whose constant endeavor it is to diffuse comfort and joy; but the most beautiful exemplification of this virtue, is found in the life and character of Him, "who went about doing good." towards our enemies we must exercise kindness, however much our unregenerate nature may demur. Hear the language of the Master on this subject! "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you." On this principle God is constantly acting. He is kind to all, even to the rebellious. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

"On him
Whose frown of settled hatred mars your rest,
Who to the bosom of your fame doth strike
A serpent's sting, your kindest deeds requite
With treachery, and o'er your motives east

The mist of prejudice—say, can ye look, With the meek smile of patient tenderness, And from the deep pavillon of your soul, Send up the prayer of blessing?"

Kindness is the best revenge. There is a luxury in forgiving one who has done us an injury. In Pagan ethics, the principle of retaliation is recognized, but in Christian systems no such morals are given. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." By such a course you may win over him who has erred. Conscience will do its appropriate work. He will be overwhelmed with the remembrance of his conduct, and a sense of the wrong he has inflicted. "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." If Christians would generally act upon this rule, if they would meet unkindness with kindness, malice with benevolence, and all wrong with right, what a change would we soon witness in society! Peace would immediately pervade the community, and all opposition to the Gospel speedily vanish.

In conclusion, then, we urge the cultivation of this virtue on account of its influence upon others. The exercise of this spirit will soothe the sorrowing, relieve the distressed, bind up the broken-hearted, and cheer the friendless. It will "give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." In more than one respect, is the sentiment of the poet correct:

> "Man's inhumanity to man, Makes countless millions mourn!"

"Harsh words, as well as unkind deeds, invariably fail in securing their object. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." "Pleasant words are as honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones." When the founder of Pennsylvania visited this country, he came without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kindness. When he uttered those noble expressions of a common brotherhood, "We are one flesh and one blood!" the reply to his fraternal appeal was, "We will live in

love with William Penn and his children, as long as sun and moon shall endure!" The untutored savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger. He buried the war-hatchet, and ever manifested the kindest feeling. When provisions failed and want prevailed, because the necessary food could not be procured, the aborigines cheerfully came forward, and assisted the suffering colony with the fruits of their own labor in the chase. What a striking contrast does it present to their conduct, towards those who acted on different principles!

We again recommend this duty on account of its influence upon ourselves.

" Mercy is twice blessed, It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

We will not be losers by the exercise of this spirit. Genuine kindness never im-We ourselves shall be the poverishes. gainers. Just as in our intellectual attainments, we strengthen and make clear in our own mind what we know by imparting it to others. The exercise of kindness is always a source of enjoyment. A remembrance of a kind act is sweet. It often sustains us in trial. It comforts in adversity. It causes the wilderness of life to blossom. It will soften the pang of dissolution. The man whose whole life is regulated by this principle, based upon motives presented in the word of God, will find his path shining "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

How important is it, that the young in early life cultivate the kindly feelings of their nature! What spectacle more revolting than an old age, hard, selfish, and cruel! Yet this must be the inevitable result, if we do not in the morning of our days establish these principles, so deserving of our atten-Youthful habits shape our plastic nature to good or evil issues, almost into the force of destiny. The traces of our childhood are retained throughout life. The resemblance is stamped upon mature character, with more or less fidelity. The impulse early given us will be obeyed. Every noble and generous habit we now form, as well as every base and selfish one, will

accompany us through life, and exert an important influence upon our future career.

SACRED POETS.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

II.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

"Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ.
Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade."
Doddinger.

THE great and good man, whose name stands at the head of this article, was born in the city of London, on the 26th day of June, 1702. He was the youngest of a family of twenty children; all of whom, excepting himself and a sister, died young. The sister became the wife of a clergyman, named John Nettleton, and died in 1734. She was, it is said, characterized by good sense and deep piety. The brother, after a comparatively short life, of great piety and usefulness, left the world, October 26th, 1751.

Dr. Doddridge's grandfather, the Rev. John Doddridge, was educated at Oxford University, and served some time as minister at Shepperton. The father of our subject, Daniel Doddridge, was an oil merchant, in the city of London. The mother was the daughter of the Rev. John Bauman, a Lutheran minister, a learned and good man, who left Bohemia, his native country, in troublons times, and came to England; leaving behind him "a considerable estate and all his friends, for liberty of conscience." A German Bible, of Luther's translation, which he brought with him, subsequently came into this grandson's possession. We are informed that "the Doctor thought it a great honor to be descended from these suffering servants of Christ, who had made such sacrifices to conscience and liberty." His parents were both eminently pious; and from very early childhood he received from them faithful Christian instruction and training. He was heard to state, that before he could read, his good mother gave him lessons in Scripture history, by explaining to

him Bible pictures that were impressed on some Dutch tiles, in the chimney of their room. Many years after this, when a great and good man, he still felt the benefit of this simple picture-instruction; and was often known to speak of it to parents for their imitation.

The parents early sent their son to a good school in London; but in 1712 put him to a school at Kingston upon Thames, that had been taught by his maternal grandfather. At the age of thirteen, his father was removed by death, and his mother followed while he was still young. About the time his father died he was put to a school at St. Albans, where he formed acquaintance with Dr. Samuel Clark, under whose pastorship, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, he made a public profession of religion, and under whose beneficent patronage he subsequently prepared for the Gospel ministry. He had already long exhibited sincere piety towards God and benevolence towards his fellow men, and had had his mind impressed with the duty of preaching the Gospel. Soon after fully uniting with the Church, he left school and retired to his sister's house. About this time the Duchess of Bedford, who became interested in him, proposed to educate him in one of the universities, if he would consent to enter the ministry of the Established Church. But, much as he valued the offer, he could not conscientiously renounce his dissenting principles; and consequently, like Dr. Watts, in a similar case, with expressions of gratitude, respectfully declined the favor.

Some friends, to whom he applied for counsel in reference to his course in life, endeavored to dissuade him from preparing for the ministry. In compliance with the urgency of one who took an interest in him, he was just about to engage with a counsellor, to enter upon the study of the law. But before closing the agreement he determined to spend a morning in prayer for God's direction. At the very time he was thus looking for heavenly guidance, a messenger brought to the door a letter from Dr. Clark, his former pastor, who had heard of his perplexity, and now extended to him the needed encouragement. In subsequent

years Dr. Doddridge still recurred to this turning point in his life, and recognized in it a Divine answer to his prayer. What emphasis is here given to the direction: "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding!" What a comment is this upon the promise: "And it shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear!" How true is the declaration: "Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness!"

After spending some time with Dr. Clark, the subject of our sketch was placed under the instruction of Rev. John Jennings, in his Academy at Kibworth. Here he applied himself diligently to study, as had been his eustom, read extensively, and prayerfully cultivated his piety. At this time he framed a number of rules for the careful discipline of his mind and heart, the particular observance of which gave him great control over himself and his time.

In 1722, he was admitted to the ministry. On the death of Mr. Jennings, in 1723, he succeeded him as pastor at Kibworth, where he preached till 1729. In the last year of his ministry there, Dr. Doddridge, Dr. Watts, Rev. Mr. Saunders, Rev. Mr. Some, and others, organized an institution at Harborough, to prepare young men to preach the Gospel; and Dr. Doddridge received the appointment as instructor.

Near the close of this same year, he was prevailed upon to accept a call to Northampton, to which place the Seminary was transferred. In 1730, he married a Mrs. Mercy Maris, who proved to him "a prudent, religious, and affectionate companion." He continued as the pastor of the Northampton Church for about 22 years, until the close of his life. In 1751, his health rapidly failing under a pulmonary complaint, he was advised to resort to a warmer climate. He accordingly, in company with his wife, sailed for Lisbon, in Spain, where he arrived on the 13th of October. But his disease had already so far advanced, that he died on the 26th of the same month, in the 50th year of his age. The precious hope of the Gospel was his support to the last.

We are informed that during the voyage,

so shortly before his departure from this world, "he several times said to Mrs. Doddridge, 'I cannot express to you what a morning I have had; such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with as no words can express.' There appeared such sacred gratitude and joy in his countenance as often reminded her of those lines in one of his hymns:-

"When death o'er nature shall prevail, And all the powers of language fail, Joy through my swimming eyes shall break; And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

This stanza is from the hymn, commencing, "God of my life, through all my days

My grateful powers shall sound thy praise." Dr. Doddridge had early formed the habit

of faithful devotion and diligence; and, as he grew in these exercises from day to day, he became a greatly pious and good man. Dr. Kippis says: "The prime and leading feature of his soul was that of devotion. This was the pervading principle of his actions, whether private or public. What Dr. Johnson has observed in regard to Dr. Watts, 'that as piety predominated in his mind, it was diffused over his works, and that whatever he took in hand, was by his incessant solicitude for souls converted to theology,' may with equal propriety be applied to Dr. Doddridge." Mr. Orton, who was trained for the ministry under the Doctor, remarks that his "devotion and piety were not confined to his secret retirements; they were manifested through every day, and appeared in his intercourse with men. Besides having his hours and plan for devout retirement, to which he kept as strictly and steadily as possible, he endeavored to carry a devout temper with him into the world; and was lifting up his heart to God in those little vacancies of time, which often hang on the hands of the busiest of mankind, but might in this way be profitably employed. In his daily converse there was a savor of religion." "He found (as Dr. Boerhaave acknowledged he found), 'that an hour spent every morning in private prayer and meditation, gave him spirit and vigor for the business of the day, and kept his temper active, patient, and calm." As a minister of the Gospel, as might be expected of one so deeply pious, he was faithful in an eminent degree. Mr. Dibdin observes, that he "was wholly devoted to the salvation of men's souls; whatever he did he appears to have done 'to the glory of God.' He read, he wrote, he preached -with a zeal which knew of no abatement. and with an earnestness which left no doubt of the sincerity of his motives." He deeply felt the force of his own words, in the 567th hymn of our Hymn Book:

> "Tis not a cause of small import The pastor's care demands; But what might fill an angel's heart, And filled a Saviour's hands."

It might well be presumed that a heart, in which the love of God was so predominant, and constantly acted as the governing influence of life, must have been delicately sensible to all the finer feelings of human affection. Religion purifies and etherealizes the attachments of the heart. Hence we are prepared to read of the almost insupportable affliction he experienced in the death of a very amiable and hopeful little daughter, of nearly five years of age. In reading the touching account, one is strongly reminded of the expressions of deep distress outgushing from Luther's broken spirit on the death of his little Magdalena. But in both instances the will of our heavenly Father was recognized, and the grace of the Gospel proved a solace.

Such love we should naturally expect to find transfused from the heart of a parent into that of the child. We are, therefore, fully prepared for the following sweet and beautiful anecdote. Dr. Doddridge, one day, asked a little daughter, of four years, why it was that everybody loved her. The child artlessly replied, "Why, father, I do not know, unless it is because I love everybody." It is an infant's answer, but it contains an angel's philosophy.

Our subject was an extensive writer. In a literary point of view he stands high. Among his numerous published works are several volumes of Sermons on various subjects: Lectures on Preaching and the Ministerial Character; Lectures on the principal subjects of Pneumatology, Ethics, and Divinity; Memoirs of Colonel Gardiner; and Hymns, founded on various texts of Scripture. The book, however, by which he is now most popularly known in the religious world, is his Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. This is now usually found by the side of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Baxter's Saint's Rest. It has been translated into the German, Danish, Dutch, and French languages. But his greatest work, which has done much for the Christian in the private study of his Bible, is his Family Expositor, or a paraphrase and version of the New Testament, with Critical Notes and a practical improvement of each Section; originally published in six volumes.

In poetry our author did not attempt much besides writing hymns. He has, however, left us the following epigram, which is pronounced by Dr. Johnson's high authority, "one of the finest in the English language."

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be:
I live in pleasure when I live to thee."

He is said to have given some indications of poetic taste in his earlier years. But it is probable that the chief inducement to hymn-writing, with him, as with Dr. Watts and the Wesleys, with whom he was a contemporary, arose from the unhappy scarcity of good hymns in the English language at that day.

Although Dr. Doddridge cannot have assigned to him a distinguished position as a poet, yet he has written hymns that will always be loved by the true Christian. They present so much of purity and heaven, and breathe so much of peace and love, that the child of the Gospel will always recognize in them the Saviour's spirit. There are some of these divine songs that will ever be found in every well-selected collection of hymns for general use. "Doddridge's hymns," says Milner, "are distinguished by their unaffected piety and engaging sweetness, but are often faulty in their poetry, and disfigured by their formal rhetoric." Concerning this author's hymns, James Montgomery uses this language: "They shine in the beauty of holiness; these offsprings of his mind are arrayed in 'the fine linen, pure and white, which is the righteousness of the saints,' and, like the saints, they are lovely and acceptable, not for their human merit (for in poetry and eloquence they are frequently deficient), but for that fervent unaffected love to God, his service, and his people, which distinguishes them. Blessed is the man who can take the words of this devoted servant of Christ, and say, from similar experience,

'O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God,' &c.

Or who, sitting down to commemorate the dying love of his Redeemer, can exclaim, 'The king of heaven his table spreads,' &c.; or sing, in higher mood, 'Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray,' &c. And how dwelleth the love of God in that heart which can hear unmoved, and without praying to be made a partaker of the same Spirit, that sweet and humble appeal, 'Do not I love thee, O my Lord?'"

After this opinion, from so venerated and sainted an authority, it is a pleasure to see all these hymns in the Lutheran Hymn Book. There are in all forty-four of Dr. Doddridge's hymns in this collection. A few more may yet be referred to as being, in accordance with the above standard, well worthy of a place among the Christian lyrics of our times: Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes; And will the great eternal God; Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve; Great God, we sing that mighty hand; Shepherd of Israel, bend thine ear; Thy presence, everlasting God; While on the verge of life I stand. It may be remarked, that in some of these, as in most hymns now in use, there have been verbal changes effected.

But we must close this article, for it is already much longer than it was designed it should be. The subject, however, is one of much beauty and loveliness. Let us endeavor to follow him even as he also followed Christ; and, while we sing his hymns on earth, let us strive to enter into his devotional spirit, and look forward with the hope that we shall one day join him in the blessed realization of all those aspiring words of his anticipated for him:

"But O, when that last conflict's o'er, And I am chained to earth no more, With what glad accents shall I rise To join the music of the skies!

"Soon shall I learn the exalted strains Which echo through the heavenly plains; And emulate, with joy unknown, The glowing seraphs round the throne!"

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S ACCOUNT OF PATRICK HENRY.

DATRICK HENRY was originally a barkeeper. He was married very young, and going into some business, on his own account, was a bankrupt before the year was out. When I was about the age of fifteen, I left the school here, to go to the college at Williamsburg. I stopped a few days at a friend's in the county of Louisa. There I first saw and became acquainted with Patrick Henry. Having spent the Christmas holidays there, I proceeded to Williamsburg. Some question arose about my admission, as my preparatory studies had not been pursued at the school connected with that institution. This delayed my admission about a fortnight, at which time Henry appeared in Williamsburg, and applied for a license to practise law, having commenced the study of it at or subsequently to the time of my meeting him in Louisa. There were four examiners, Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph, and John Randolph. Wythe and Pendleton at once rejected his The two Randolphs, by his application. importunity, were prevailed upon to sign the license; and having obtained their signatures, he applied again to Pendleton, and after much entreaty and many promises of future study, succeeded in obtaining his. He then turns out for a practising lawyer. The first case which brought him into notice was a contested election, in which he appeared as counsel before a committee of the House of Burgesses. His second was the Parsons cause, already well known. These, and similar efforts, soon obtained for him so much reputation, that he was elected a member of the Legislature. He was as well suited to the times, as any man ever was, and it is not now easy to say what we should have done without Patrick Henry. He was far before all in maintaining the

spirit of the Revolution. His influence was most extensive with the members from the upper counties, and his boldness and their votes overawed and controlled the more cool or the more timid aristocratic gentlemen of the lower part of the State. His eloquence was peculiar, if indeed it should be called eloquence; for it was impressive and sublime, beyond what can be imagined. Although it was difficult when he had spoken to tell what he had said, yet while he was speaking, it always seemed directly to the point. When he had spoken in opposition to my opinion, had produced a great effect, and I myself been highly delighted and moved, I have asked myself when he ceased, "What has the man said?" But I could never answer the inquiry. His person was of full size, and his manner and voice free and manly. His utterance neither very fast nor very slow. His speeches generally short, from a quarter to half an hour. His pronunciation was vulgar and vicious, but it was forgotten while he was speaking.

He was a man of very little knowledge of any sort; he read nothing, and had no books. Returning one November from Albemarle court, he borrowed of me Hume's Essays, in two volumes, saying he should have leisure in the winter for reading. In the spring he returned them, and declared he had not been able to go further than twenty or thirty pages in the first volume. He wrote almost nothing-he could not write. The Resolutions of '75, which have been ascribed to him, have by many been supposed to have been written by Mr. Johnson, who acted as his second on that occasion; but if they were written by Henry himself, they are not such as to prove any power of composition. Neither in politics nor in his profession was he a man of business; he was a man for debate only. His biographer says that he read Plutarch every year. I doubt whether he ever read a volume of it in his life. His temper was excellent, and he generally observed decorum in debate. On one or two occasions I have seen him angry, and his anger was terrible; those who witnessed it were not disposed to rouse it again. In his opinions he was yielding and practicable, and not disposed to differ from

his friends. In private conversation he was agreeable and facetious, and, while in genteel society, appeared to understand all the decencies and proprieties of it; but, in his heart, he preferred low society, and sought it as often as possible. He would hunt in the pine woods of Fluvana, with overseers, and people of that description, living in a camp for a fortnight at a time, without a change of raiment. I have often been astonished at his command of proper language; how he attained a knowledge of it I never could find out, as he read so little, and conversed so little with educated men. After all, it must be allowed that he was our leader in the measures of the Revolution, in Virginia. In that respect more was due to him than any other person. If we had not had him, we should probably have got on pretty well, as you did, by a number of men of nearly equal talents, but he left us all far behind. His biographer sent the sheets of his work to me as they were printed, and at the end asked my opinion. I told him it would be a question hereafter, whether his work should be placed on the shelf of history or panegyrie. It is a poor book, written in bad taste, and gives so imperfect an idea of Patrick Henry, that it seems intended to show off the writer more than the subject of the work.

GOD IN SUMMER AND IN WINTER.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

"Thou hast made summer and winter."—David.
"Tis the curse of mighty minds oppressed,
To think what their state is, and what it should be!
Impatient of their lot they reason fiercely,
And call the laws of Providence unequal."—Rowe.

THE volume of the year teems with interesting and profitable thoughts and suggestions. From its introduction to its finis, every page is radiant with beautiful sentiments. Each successive season opens to us a new chapter of reflections, all of which, like pencils of light converging to one common focus, centre in the great author of light and life above. No season is barren of important moral lessons. The little snow-flake of winter, coming noise-lessly down from "the firmament above the waters," is an embryo of pious emotions

and devout aspirations to the thoughtful mind, as fruitful as an April's shower, or a mild, clear, and bright morning in harvest. God is mirrored from his works, at all times and in all places. In the annual resurrection of Spring; in the freight of treasure that weighs down the harvest-field—in the decay of the foliage of Autumn—and in the apparent dreariness of Winter, when "every man's hand is sealed up," He is present with us in an eminent sense.

It requires but little effort to apprehend the providences of God in the season of summer. We all love its glowing mornings and calm evenings, and refreshing gales, and multiplied scenes, each of which, like the dissolving views of a moving panorama, breaks upon the vision with renewed life and beauty, at every step we take over the garden of nature. When our eyes are ravished with the lovely sights, and our ears are held spellbound with the music that distinguish summer-when our hearts, assimilating as it were with the fulness of the season, and answering responsively to the anthems of praise, that steal upon the senses from rills and rivers, forests and hills, mountains and dells, leap with joy and gladness: then we are at no loss to determine, to whose kindness we owe it all. Nature seems then to us a vast folio, crowded with holy sentences—teeming with sacred links. The earth carpeted with waving blades of green, and interwoven with flowers of a thousand hues, preaches providence to us. The tall grain, that crowns the harvest land, preaches the doctrine. Every acre-every farm, fences within its limits thousands of silent ministers of God. The waving meadows, and glowing sheaves, and cooling breath, and woodland shades, of this delightful period, all preach to us in a language that cannot be misinterpreted. The blooming garden is a sermon radiant with glowing thoughts-the genial shower is a baptism of love-the brilliant sun a mirror of beneficence-the morning dews are the tribute that night offers to the sum of our happiness;-the whole earth seems then like a vast temple, whose every ornament, every convenience, every feature, bears upon it the imprimatur of Providence. Then, like

the tall flower, whose face is ever towards the sun, from the time he peeps forth between the eyelids of the morning, until he languishingly sinks behind the hills of the west, so we naturally turn to God, and have no hesitancy whatever in ascribing our doxologies of gratitude to Him.

Wherever we look during the continuance of summer, we cannot but see God's hand. If we turn our eyes towards the heavens, what a magnificent panorama bursts upon our senses! To please the eye, and give variety to their scenery. He hangs them full of clouds. These are constantly changing their position, assuming new forms, and presenting to us new beauties. Like rich drapery, festooned by angel hands, anxious to arrange them with the utmost taste and gracefulness, the clouds of summer are ever assuming the gayest attitude. Sometimes they are tinged with sunlight, and then again with shade. Now they float along leisurely, fantastically, over the horizon, like silvery fleeces, then they majestically, slowly rise, and move up the blue dome above, dark and dreadful, like vapory giants coming from some secret conclave, where they had been cogitating a storm upon creation. Once they are illuminated by hope and love, and then, they seem to have been reduced to the blackness of despair and anger. At one hour during summer, the heavens are completely bared! the "azure sky like a broad sheet of light," is without a cloud to relieve the sight, and the hot rays necessary to warm into life the seeds of the earth, and to ripen its fruits, pour down without let or hindrance. So intense is the heat, and so oppressive the atmosphere, that we feel like begging heaven earnestly to issue a writ of injunction against the aggressions of the sun. At the next, however, the winds, the fleet pages of the Almighty, in accordance with the orders communicated to them, in a mysterious manner gather the curtains together again, and stretch their thick folds across its disk, and thus furnish for us a screen, a shelter, and then, lest the warmth of the sun and the shelter of the clouds contribute not enough to the welfare of both the animal and vegetable creation, these folds become,

as it were, vast, huge watering vessels. The water they contain, and which is furnished them by an evaporative process constantly going on in nature, becomes both a sheltering curtain and a floating fountain, dispensing vigor to every animate plant, from a blade of grass to a tall and giant oak. The clouds are to us "a volume of wisdom." Every flaming thunderbolt is a courier of the Almighty charged with a special mission: when

"Floods of flame in red diffusion burst, Frequent and furious, darting through the dark And broken ridges of a thousand clouds, Piled hill on hill,"

then, Godlike, a refiner sits upon the circle of the heavens, purifying the atmosphere from its miasmatic particles, removing its noxious ingredients, and preparing it for his creatures' inhalation.

Let us turn ourselves towards every point of the compass, during this agreeable season, and what countless evidences of a superintending Providence crowd upon our sight. Here is a field of corn, slowly yet luxuriantly springing up to maturity; yonder is a meadow of new-mown hay, breathing its rich fragrance upon the atmosphere; here is a patch of wheat, about to blossom into food for our hungry palates; yonder, an orchard of fruit is mellowing into ripeness; here, a forest gracefully waves its foliage in consonance with the winds of heaven; there, a rivulet chases one drop after another of its bright crystal waters onward towards the broad and majestic river; here, the cattle are quietly grazing upon their rich pasturage; there, others are pleasantly reposing under the shade of a kingly oak. In a word, all nature caters to all the senses. The eye, the ear, the smell, the palate, all are satisfied with the sights, sounds, and profusion of summer, or with the provision that every element then seems to supply every sense. With but little effort we can then sing,-

"For me, kind nature wakes her genial power, Suckles each herb and spreads out every flower; Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew; For me, the wine a thousand pleasures brings; For me, health gushes from a thousand springs."

To appreciate the presence and providences

of God in the season of winter is, however, with many a much more difficult task than it is in summer. To them winter lacks in beauty, pleasure, and profit. When the lovely sights of summer and autumn fade away in the distance, like the last breath that delights to linger among the withered flowers of the dell and plain, they still cling to the past, and refuse to divorce their affections from it. With the beginning of natural, there commences also with them a moral winter of unhappiness. That this gloomy and misappreciating tone of feeling should be discouraged, and a more healthy, vigorous, cheerful one substituted by those whose "vinegar aspect" adds to the cheerlessness of winter, who will deny?

God has made even winter beautiful, as well as profitable to us. There is much in it to inspire the heart with devotion-much that is cheerful to beget within us a corresponding emotion even amid its thickest gloom. Beauty and happiness are not so completely monopolized by spring, summer, and autumn, as to reduce winter to beggary on this score. Stern old winter can paint as well as any of his sisters. Although his sketches be of the crayon style, yet they are full as beautiful, and as artistically done as the delicate colored oil paintings of his better loved sisters of the annual family. Upon all his landscapes is written, just as intelligibly as upon the face of spring or summer, "God is love." Who does not take pleasure in viewing creation in the midst of winter? When the snow

> "Whiter than the mountain sleet, Ere from the cloud that gave it birth, It fell, and caught one stain of earth,"

comes softly and silently down on its errand of good. The hand that gilds the summer evening's sky, fashioned the tiny snow-flake that comes so unostentatiously from the heavens, freighted with a cargo of nitre.

The same Providence that robes one season in a vesture, whose gay colors even the unpoetic child can appreciate, robes another in one no less beautiful, because it is all of one piece, and which should be no less appreciated because it lacks variety of hues. The same heart that yearns to make man happy when nature teems with attractive

sights and harmonious sounds, is just as benevolent in its intentions when nature becomes dreary, monotonous, and dull, from their absence. What an interesting and instructive thing is this snow, against which many complainful ones arm themselves with nnmeaning prejudices! It descends in softest silence during the night or the day, and although its mission be one of the greatest importance to the world, it makes but little ado about it. The moral it teaches us in this view can hardly be misunderstood. It is impartial too as to the place where it will lay. It covers the hills to such an extent that at a distance you can but faintly discover them in distinction from the trees upon them. It clothes the rough hedges and the smooth roads in the same spotless robe. It falls as lightly upon the poor man's hovel as upon the palace of the rich. It makes no invidious distinctions whatever. It rests as calmly and spreads as smoothly over the acre of one farmer, as over the hundreds of a richer. It teaches us a lesson of equality. It covers the barren heath, the beautifully laid out lawn, the rough rocks, the smoothed rolled out walks, the log hut, and the mansion, the fields, the roads, the lanes, the avenues, and everything, in a word, with the same ermine garb. Although some of us are partial to the beauties of summer. can we find nothing to admire in winter? The lawn to my taste is as beautiful in its white as in its green dress. Although we cannot wreathe garlands of flowers from its snowbanks-although we cannot recline beneath the skeleton shadows of the trees that pensively fall upon the herbless earth around them-although we shiver in its cold winds, yet winter is beautiful notwithstanding. We do not estimate its hoary honors in a just light. Because our locks are crisped, and our fields powdered over, and forests, hills valleys, and all are buried in its icy embrace -because "the tongue of the rill is frozen to silence," and "the more masterly stream is bridged fast by an icy chain"-because the dull heavy winds moan around our dwelling, and harp a mournful requiem through the leafless trees-because all the merry sounds of summer are hushed and smothered even to the rustle of the dead leaves that

fitfully clustered and whirled around every corner, and in every nook, has God left us? Nay, says the Psalmist, "Thon hast made summer and winter;" and what God makes or authorizes, cannot but be good, useful, and beautiful in its place.

Let the winged choirs of the atmosphere sing their warbling doxology at winter's approach-end their final anthem, and spread out their pinions towards another clime, leaving us birdless, our forests tenantless, and our mornings songless-let the millions of insects that hum in the summer hush themselves in sleep, when the first chill blast scatters their swarms-let the croaking ponds cease their music-let the lowing cattle and bleating sheep breathe silently in their folds,-still there is music even in winter. The music of the winter's storm may be louder, it is true, than that of the gentle gale that tenderly plays upon the lilies of your garden, but there is no discord in it. No string is out of tune in the harmony of creation, when we hear the whistling roaring elements rioting around us. Storms and tempests are but the bass notes in the scale of natural music. Were these absent-were there no masculine winds to contribute to the euphony of creation's music, the symphony between the seasons, now so plainly and delightfully felt, would be completely destroyed. Like the absence of the F clef in a piece of music, the music of nature would be incomplete and imperfect without the bass clef of winter. Every wind that blows has its especial mission. "His way is in the whirlwind," says the Prophet Nahum. When the atmosphere seems turned into the greatest disorder-when the huge storm-giant, striding over hamlets, and forests, crushes them like reeds-making the proud children of the woods "sweep the soil they were wont to shade," and paralyzing the children of men with fear and terror, then God is in the storm—his hand pilots the devastating tornado; and though apparently irreparable injury is done to men and property, yet the good far outweighs the evil in the end. That same wind which in summer seems to be commissioned only to keep the foliage of the trees in graceful motion, in winter must blow harder and stronger, in

order to settle the foundations of those trees more deeply. That sun, which must during summer send down its rays more directly upon the earth, in order to sustain its vegetation, in winter must just as providentially sheer off to the south: he must walk along the edge of the southern sky, look upon us only with oblique glances, lest by his untimely heat he should dissolve the snowy robe of this season. Why should any persons regard winter as an enemy, when its purpose is fraught with good?

"Do not scorn
My age, nor think because I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use; 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth;
My frosts and snows do purify the air
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair;
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charity."

Those persons who murmuringly complain of the cold, and the length and the severity of this season—who cannot appreciate its physical benefits, who cannot or will not see any comeliness in it, but would rather that earth should always wear a summer dress, may learn a deeply interesting moral lesson from it. If they conceive that when the bright green leaf trembles and falls to the earth, when the verdure grows sear, and the smiles of the middle mouths are overshadowed by the frowns of the winter ones, then all is lost, let them learn from this to them unhappy change, the levity of beauty; let them learn that it

"Is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it begins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently.
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour,"

and their aspirations may then be directed towards the unfading beauties and glories of the upper world. Let them learn, that "all flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof like the flower of the field." As every fair form of summer droops, withers, and dies, so will our forms shrivel to deformity and be trodden under foot. Like that green herbage and beautiful verdure, which we lately admired so greatly, but which now lies under foot a mass of corruption, so must we wilt and decay. The most perfect form will be as cold, as mute—

the features of the fairest countenance will as effectually lose their gloss and beauty, as the queen lily of summer, who reigned as bride of the garden. The elevated mien of the proud will be humbled, like that ambitious rose of your right hand planting. The sparkling eye, that like a diamond shone upon the fair and the gay, will smile itself away, like the pearly dew that vanishes from the brow of the flower before the rising sum

If no other considerations could make winter acceptable to us than the morals it teaches, these would be an ample compensation for all its coldness and dreariness. Besides being the loving and kind nurse of vegetation-besides its physical benefits to men, it is fruitful in moral lessons to every class of persons. It is a season of contemplation for the aged especially. "No snow falls lighter," says one author beautifully, "than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts." "It never melts," says he, "no, never. Age is inexorable; its wheels must move onward; they know not any retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing 'I would I were a boy again,' but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secret of the alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy schemes of early years; but as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carrying him further and further away." "It never melts," says this moralizer. "The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blossoms upon the valley and the mountain, but soon the sweet spring follows, and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran; there is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to slay; its single flakes fell unnoticed, and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase, until the old man is laid in his grave; there it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness, for there is no age in heaven." In addition to this, I may add, no snow comes more unexpected than the snow of age. The winter is foreshadowed by the falling leaf, the fitful winds, the flight of birds to other shores and climes, the lowering sky, and the cold shadows that autumn flings behind the half-stripped trees. When the harvests are housed away, and the merry horn is no longer heard summoning the farmer from his sickle or his scythewhen the fields are stripped of their gay attire, and sit in sables, like a disconsolate widow-when we hear no more the chime of feathered songsters, save the lingering notes of some straggling one left by his companions to sing alone, -we look for winter-we expect it, and get ready for it. We make every arrangement for its approach with anxious precaution. Not so is our attention directed to the coming snows and lonely time of age, in a moral sense. We live, and live, and live, joyous, and happy, and busy, and moving among the scenes of life, as though gray hairs and we were ever to be strangers, pleasantly enjoying our summer-time, but spending searce a thought upon the coming winter; until at length, like the surprise we experience upon a morning in the beginning of winter, when rising from our beds we first discover, that the ground we left bare in the evening is all sprinkled with white; we become astonished to find that we are gray; we wonder at the first sprinkle of silver among our locks, and at the disappearance of the bloom and vigor and buoyancy of youth.

To the young as well as to the old, winter suggests many profitable lessons. Now, they are in the spring-time of life. Every note they sing is as merry as the mountain larks. Their little boat glides over the sea gay as the morn-their sky glows bright and clear, and hope swells the canvas of their light craft, and warm passion steers their course. Their feet hasten to the land of joy before them, only to find at each successive step, that they are following vanity. Upon the wheels of vehement desire, they ride from pleasure to pleasure, hope to hope, while their brains grow giddy, their judgment rash, and their folly runs mad, and their every thought is as vagrant as the winds of heaven. It is Mav-day time with them, and sprightliness and fire are in their features. Happy to-days and promising to-

morrows, crowd upon them in sweet confusion: tears and they are strangers-sorrows and ills are not read in the volume of their sports and pastimes, and the siren song of present pleasure enchains their attention and time. But-but-but the spring will pass away-the summer will pass away, and then the winter will come. If some rough wind does not shake off the darling buds of their May month-if some strong gale does not level their hopes even before the sunny season passes away; if they do not strike upon some concealed rock before they have fairly commenced their voyage over the boisterous ocean of life-if some sudden thunderbolt does not scathe their bark, strip off its sails, and settle them down, down into the great deep, still the winter will come. Youth and middle age are not eternal-they have their limits. The winter will come like an irresistible conqueror, crushing under foot their hopes, razing to the ground all their high-built expectations; he will come and lay waste their charms, spoil their treasures, strip them of their gay apparel, chill the heats of their passions, allay their temper, sprinkle them with honorable or dishonorable snow, and bury them in the past, just as the spring now about to open will push out of existence the winter, whose finis we are gradually nearing.

God has made the summer and the winter of the natural world,—the summer and the winter of the moral world. The times and seasons of life must be improved; or else a famine will starve us in the future. We must be sowing now, while young or while in middle life, not the seeds of vice, but of virtue; for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The Smile of Love.—Holy and beautiful indeed is the smile of fathomless and perfect love! Too seldom does it live; too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it gladden burdened hearts, and give refreshing dews to thirsty souls. Too seldom, indeed, does it have a birth; too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

RAILROAD REFLECTIONS.

No. 5.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPT.

If OW strange it is that men so differently estimate the comparative importance of time and eternity.

Some toil and strive for the meat that perisheth, and seek to amass wealth or gain renown, and verily they have their reward—it is all they seek for—it is all they get.

Others labor for the meat that perisheth not, and lay up treasure in heaven, beyond the vicissitudes of time—a safe investment, secure against fraud or danger, where it shall ever remain so long as eternity endures, and insuring to the Christian that rich inheritance laid up for those that love and fear God.

Who would not declare him to be a fool, who, with a journey of thousands of miles before him, should make no preparations for it—make no inquiries about the way or the dangers of it? How much more foolish then is that man who permits himself to start on that journey that shall never end, and hastens on towards that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," without any guide or preparation, or even manifesting a desire to know whither he is going, and what temptations or dangers he may meet with on his way.

According to the mythology of the ancient Greeks, every one, when his career on earth is ended, passes down to the river of death, and is ferried across to the shores of eternity, by Charon, in his boat.

May it not be more appropriate to regard eternity merely as a continuation of time, and death, the place where we change cars, to continue our progress through the unending future? Of how little consequence it is, what train we take in passing through this world, whether slow or fast, whether subject to delays or not, so that we connect at death, with the train direct for heaven, and have our title (ticket) elear to mansions in the skies.

But oh! to die, and having failed in time to procure a ticket to Heaven, to find ourself excluded from the train that leads up amongst the starry hosts to the Eternal City—how sad the inevitable alternative!

The different spheres of duty of individuals on earth, are but separate tracks, all converging to one point, and along which we are hurried with greater or less velocity.

What matters it by which track we arrive at death, so that our seat is secured beyond!

It may be that the path of one passes through scenes of plenty, wealth, and social and domestic peace, whilst another goes up through much tribulation, through rugged scenes, full of danger and trial; yet at death, if their passage to the skies is secured by the purchase of a ticket signed in the Redeemer's blood, they thenceforth journey on together, rich and poor, high and low, alike; thenceforth there is neither bond nor free, Jew nor Gentile, black nor white, but all are one in Christ; they pass through the same scenes to dwell together forever with the Lord.

With some, however, the passage through this world may have been in cars poorly furnished—they may have enjoyed but few of the comforts of life—may have been destitute of even necessaries to make their journey agreeable; storms and calamities perhaps have overtaken them by the way; but what matters it if when they change cars at death, they are transferred (as was Elijah) to the triumphal chariot of God, surrounded by attendant angels, to journey on throughout eternity without a care or sorrow, and with no tear to dim the eye as it looks out upon the ever-brightening future!

Others may have journeyed prosperously, surrounded with all the luxuries wealth could provide; they may have been clothed in fine linen and fared sumptuously every day; and yet of what avail will be all their worldly gratifications during their short journey here, if, when they come to die, they find their names are not on the way-bill, are not recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life; that they are not entitled to a seat with the righteous in the chariot of God, and are left to go down to endless despair with the multitudes, who, having neglected God's law and broken his commandments, and hence have no interest in the atonement of the blessed Saviour, shall be cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

The Christian does not die at death, "he still lives;" and though death be but a change of ears, yet what a change! who shall describe it? Upward and onward the redeemed soul takes its way, while winged messengers herald its approach and point its eager vision to the heavenly city, whose pearly gates swing open at the approach of the joyous train, whilst a multitude of the heavenly host greet the wanderer home, and welcome the weary to his everlasting rest.

Is there not encouragement in this view of heaven? Mother, look up amidst thy tears. Amongst that shining throng is one, who, but a few days since, reclined upon thy bosom, and gave back an answering smile to thy soft caress—he is not, for God took him; and he stands now, equipped with angel pinions, and with his little harp in hand, ready to strike a new note of praise so soon as the train shall arrive that brings his mother home.

Child of pious parents, turn not away from the sweet recollections of a mother's gentle admonitions, a father's kind remonstrance. Though they have passed away, they have but gone a little while before you, and are even now expecting you, where many mansions are prepared for those that love the Lord. Let not those kind admonitions fail to draw your heart on high, and hasten—I beseech you—to secure, through the Redeemer's blood, a passage to that better country where those loved ones dwell.

Husband, grieve not for that fond young heart that has ceased to beat at your side, but prepare to meet that loved one again in that far-off home, where there shall be no more separation.

Listen to her last whisper, "I am going to dwell with Jesus—will you strive to meet me there?" Let not that closing eye, eagerly fixed upon the opening glories of heaven, and that sweet smile and rapturous exclamation as the dying saint caught the first note of the unceasing anthem, and felt herself almost home—let not these be lost upon you; but now—before to morrow—prepare to meet your God.

Old man, there is a seat reserved for you. You have tarried long, 'tis true, but the train is still waiting, and there yet is room. "Delay not, delay not! Oh! sinner be wise!" A moment more and the trumpet may sound, the signal for the train to start, and you be left behind forever and forever.

DON QUIXOTE.

BY C. A. STORK.

THE fair face of Nature pleases every one, and in ways as diverse as the phases she assumes from day to day; for, accommodating herself to the different tastes and dispositions of men, she adorns herself for all, that from her wealth of varied scenery a deeper or lighter lesson may be learned. In one broad landscape we will find the test of every man's character; the practical observer, looking over broad fields and fertile valleys, luxuriates in visions of waving harvests and thriving cattle; the lover of the beautiful she delights with rich coloring and graceful proportions, with boldly swelling uplands and verdant plains; the philosopher beholds a place for the residence of men, and already in imagination peoples the land with a race who shall realize his speculations on morals and government; but in her truest and deepest meaning she appears alone to the Christian, who, wondering and admiring, looks up through her manifold forms to adore the wisdom and goodness that has ordered the fitness and beauty of all that lies before him.

So in the literary world there are writers of acknowledged power, who have charmed and instructed men of every grade of intellectual ability and taste, who, like Nature, have spread a feast and taught a lesson for all, where the utilitarian, the man of taste, the philosopher, and the philanthropist, may find each his appropriate sphere; but as in Nature it is the wide-extended scene, embracing in its ample sweep every beauty, and unfolding a field for every variety of thought, that pleases all, so it can only be writers of the highest order of genius—a Shakspeare, a Cervantes, a Bunyan, or a De Foe—who, thus writing for the world

and for every age, have alike met the demands of the most exalted intellect, and pleased the fancy of those who read merely to be amused. Such a work is the Don Quixote of Cervantes; from the school-boy who laughs at the broad humor of Sancho Panza, to the philosopher who sees expounded in its pages the great laws of the human mind, it has pleased and instructed, and will please and instruct, till literature is a forgotten thing, and wisdom has been lost from among men. In the readers of such a work we naturally see, in a marked degree, this diversity of appreciation; indeed, serving as a criterion of refinement and purity of taste, and ability to enter understandingly the world of thought, we need ask for no better test of the character of any man's taste, and his sensibility to the delicate yet truthful works of genius, than his answer to the question, "What he thinks of Don Quixote." Among the lower grades of intellect there is a class that is merely pleased with the story, and entertained by its truthful picturings of the humorous side of life, and the delicate yet vigorous wit with which it lashes the follies of men; others admire the discourses on morals, politics, and literature, that the sorrowful knight delivers with such unction to his wondering squire, discourses which, relatively considered, are ludicrous enough, but absolutely replete with wisdom, and enriched with original and most just criticism; by some it is regarded with approbation, as a faithful representation of life and manners in Spain; or as an efficient cause in checking the host of foolish works on chivalry, that then constituted nearly the whole, not only of Spanish, but even of European literature. Such are some of the degrees of estimation in which it is held, and in all these lights it is correctly viewed, but not truthfully in any one of them alone, inasmuch as a partial view of so comprehensive and exalted a work must necessarily be erroneous. A higher estimate, and one embracing all the stand-points above mentioned, must be set upon it, an estimate in which but few hold it, and necessarily but few; for as the Christian, to see in all the developments of Nature the beneficent and

powerful hand of his Maker, must have caught somewhat of that loving spirit, which has ordered all things of beauty and use for the good of man, so he who, relishing the wit and humor, and reflecting upon the terse sentences of truth, advances yet farther, appreciating the noble philosophy of life, and the genial spirit of love, that are the crowning glories of Cervantes' great work, must possess, in some measure, that genius which matured the lesson of wisdom and bequeathed it to the world. Such, then, is the mission of the loftiest genius, while it seatters in its path beauty and pleasure for all; while it makes all men to feel, though they understand not, its mysterious influences, it walks unseen, revealing its highest and purest truths only to the chosen few; even as Nature, pleasing and lighting up the existence of the whole race by her subtle spirit, teaches her most impressive lessons only to the few to whom it is given to understand the melody and wisdom that her voices utter. Nor is this an idle end, for those favored ones become interpreters, speaking through their plainer teachings those truths that they have learned from the great masters. Ah! if men only knew what has inspired the multitude of preachers and teachers, whom they rightly listen to and love, if they knew that from those lessons given to the chosen disciples, are drawn the beautiful and useful truths that have become to them as household words, they would doubtless pay their homage of wonder, admiration, and love, at the shrines of the master-spirits that have blessed the world, with yet deeper feelings of obligation and reverence. It were enough, however, for Cervantes to have written for such readers and thinkers alone, to whom this last best gift is in itself a library—their jestbook, treasury of proverbs, teacher of philosophy, and ineuleator of wisdom, friend and adviser, pleader for frail man and vindicator of his glory, yet splendid in ruins, it takes its stand as one of those few books that we wonder at as well as admire, for we turn from it, as the true lover of Nature must ever turn from her fairest scenes, with a feeling of sadness, from the consciousness that of the vast wealth of beauty and meaning before him, the better part is hid from his view; even as Lorenzo felt when he says,

"There's not the smallest orh, which thou behold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Some there are, however, who see neither anything beautiful or instructive in the whole work, who fail not only to discern the finer touches of genius, and the higher flights of thought, but in whose breasts the humor of Sancho and the ludicrous rhapsodizing of his master never stirs the emotion of laughter, and who in the whole character of the hero see nothing to admire. With such men it is useless to discuss the matter. for a mind that is so intensely practical, as to like no writing that does not set out with a preface and fair scheme of all that is to be taught, can never be brought by argument to apprehend that subtle and delicate essence that diffuses itself through every sentence of the works of genius; we may class them with such pickers of flaws and depreciators of the good and great as those sagacious critics, who, admitting the success of Shakspeare, deplore his want of judgment and the erratic course of his genius; who wonder that a politician so clear-headed as De Foe should have wasted his time in writing Robinson Crusoe, to whom Wordsworth is drivelling, and Dickens prosy and silly ;-or with those yet wiser, who, with crocodile tears, mourn over the mysticism of Coleridge's philosophy, and who, as their last great achievement, have brought into the world that exquisite couplet in which they oracularly suggest,

"Tennyson's Maud should be Tennyson's Maudlin."

All that can be said of the despisers of Don Quixote, is comprised in their classification with those upon whose criticisms and taste the world has long decided, and I need not attempt a defence of the work in question; indeed to attempt the analysis of a work so long before the world, the claims of which are so universally acknowledged, is almost useless, and might seem to savor some-

what of affectation; but the habit men fall into at college of neglecting these old authors, who have swept the wide circuit of experience, toiled in the deep mines of wisdom, and left volumes rich in every quality of genius, seems to call for a summoning back to the old landmarks.

Of the life of Cervantes much need not be said, for beyond his adventurous and chivalrous spirit as a soldier, little is known that would be explanatory of his writings, or give a deeper insight into his character. As it was with Homer, seven cities claimed the honor of his birth, but the world, we may say, was his dwelling-place. After long service against the Turks, visiting all the countries that border on the Mediterranean, and passing five years a captive in Algiers, he returned to Spain, poor, maimed, and advanced in life, but rich in glory, in experience, and in knowledge of the world. Like Ulysses he might say:

—"All times I have enjoyed Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades Vext the dim sea; I am become a name; For, always roaming with a hungry heart, Much have I seen and known; cities of men, And manners, climates, councils, governments."

And well for men did he spend the wealth that in these long years had flowed to heart and mind. His Galatea and exemplary novels, would themselves have placed him high among Spanish authors; but there was yet a higher work for him to accomplish: it was when left in prison to the pleasant company of his own thoughts, that, like Bunyan, he repaid the harshness of his fellow-men by pouring forth, from the rich stores of his mind, instruction for every age, leaving a work for which a world is his debtor. He lived but a few years after the completion of this his master-piece, closing up his earthly affairs, and preparing for his departure. On the 23d of April, 1616, he died, on the same day that Shakspeare, a genius of kindred, yet greater power, departed in England, both with the same Christian resignation and peace; adding to the glory of their writings the purer light of a life of Christian faith and love.

But to return to the book itself, perhaps

in its analysis we cannot do better than to follow, though not closely, the distinctions we have already made as to the various degrees of appreciation with which it has been received. The wit and humor then that characterize it as the most laughable book ever written, present themselves first for our consideration, as those qualities which, addressing themselves to the most superficial part of our intellectual nature, attract alike the philosopher and the clown. So ready has the populace been to acknowledge its claims in this respect, that the humor of Sancho and ludierous air of many of Don Quixote's speeches have become bywords, and Sancho bestriding Dapple, and his master mounted with dignity on Rosinante, are images that never occur to our minds without bringing a smile. For how much, then, on this ground alone, are we indebted to Cervantes; every work of true wit and humor is a blessing; for mirth, operating on all those genial and good feelings that are the true bonds of society, brings men closer together: so, on the other hand, grief, springing from those deep fountains of the soul that men only see when they are opened within themselves, asks for solitude, and in great afflictions we see society disorganized. If mirth, always calling for and finding sympathy, thus draws men together, we are also attracted to him who has caused the mirth; for we naturally feel that he who has introduced so harmonizing an element must have a love for the good of men, that there can be nothing about him repulsive or selfish. Now Sancho is eminently humorous, and notwithstanding all his grossness, and the earthly character of many of his habits of thought, there are in him those genial and kind qualities that please, and consequently attract us to him. This is an essential attribute of humor, for, springing from the deepest sources of the soul, disinterested and generous in its exhibition, it must necessarily create sympathy and regard in the hearer. Nearly related to this power that humor has of attracting and calling forth regard, is its power to individualize; it is mainly from the character of his emotional nature that a man has his individuality, evolving in its exercise nearly

all that separates and distinguishes men. But this must not be confounded with the personality of a man which is due wholly to the will; it may be difficult to draw the distinction, though every one must feel it, that while the will marks the being as a person who is in himself a complete whole, controlling all his actions from within himself; the emotional nature distinguishes one person from all others having personality, giving him individuality. Now humor is intimately connected with the emotions, so that in the humorist the emotional nature is specially brought to view, and we see clearly how he is related to and distinguished from all other men. Sancho is then to us a reality,-we recognize in him a particular individual, and feel that he is a fellow man: that it is his humor that thus marks him. Notice how he compares with Mercutio; we recognize his individuality far more readily than we do that of Mercutio, though the latter is a witty character drawn in Shakspeare's best manner; not that this want of individuality is any fault in the author, for he is always true to Nature, and he depicts him aright, for in life the wit is never marked and individualized as the humorist. Wit then is hard, and, we may say, selfish; it springs from the understanding as does humor, but while humor comes touched and mellowed by the gentler, kinder emotions, in wit it is malice, or envy, or some perhaps unconscious bitterness of heart, that arouses the understanding to that brilliant display, which, like the play of the skilful swordsman, dazzles while it wounds. We notice in Sancho that when the selfish passions are aroused, and the earthly part of the man appears, he drops his humor and becomes witty; at the wedding of Camacho, when his master interrupts his feastings by some discourses on valor, he is vexed, and replies, "Good your worship, judge of your own chivalries, and meddle not with judging other men's fears or valor, for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbors; and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides it is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world." This is wit; so, when he falls into some such perilous

situation as the shaking in the blanket, or the beating by the villagers for his braying, and his master tries to convince him that it is not knightly to rescue the squire, he in his anger, with exquisite wit, rails at the works of chivalry that upset his master's brain, and the follies of knight-errantry that brought him out on such desperate business. These are some of the few occasions on which wit is called forth from Sancho; generally his kindly nature shows itself in the genial humor that attracts all men. Cervantes understands this power of humor, for we continually find all the other characters in the bookinquiring after Sancho, and ever showing the warmest interest and regard for him. Shakspeare has recognized the same truth, I think, in making his humorous characters generous, kind, and loving of their fellows; Launce in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and Gratiano in the Merchant of Venice are such, while Thersites, the bitter railer, is a proverb for malignity, powerful in wit; and Falstaff, the prince of humorists, is an accommodating, kind old fellow, who suffers himself to be made the butt of all his companions' wit through sheer good-nature, though he might by his own wit have scouted them all; but humor is his characteristic, and it is only in some such scene as the battle-field of Shrewsbury, that, indulging in hard thoughts of men, or sneers at their principles, he bursts forth in such a sally of wit as-"the better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life."

On the ground of his humor we may clear Sancho from any charge of stupidity or mental incapacity. Who ever heard of a man of humor being stupid? Men of genius are always humorists, and humorists have always somewhat of genius, and though we may not dare to say that Sancho was a genius, yet there was something in him very much akin to it. Critics do assert that he is himself unconscious of his humor; if by this is meant that he does not know the name of the power he exercises, it may be so; but if it means that he is ignorant that he is evolving that which is calculated to create laughter, and generate good feeling, any who have noticed the slyness that pervades so many of his humorous passages can see the falsity of the charge: the very simplicity and seeming unconsciousness with which it flows from him, is one of the most potent and essential elements of his humor. Even if he were unconscious of it all, it would merely show that at times the connection between his earthly and his more spiritual being was cut off, still allowing that he had a more spiritual nature; and, having such a nature, it would be folly to suppose that he should live giving no intimation of its existence in his daily life, having it totally cut off from all the duties and labors, the feelings and actions that make up the man among his fellows, and give him a character for good or evil. But we see in him the accompaniments of the humorist, for he appreciates all the worth of character and the real wisdom of his master, and often does he show a keen sensibility to all the noble and generous qualities that even ennoble his madness, and make us to see him in the light that he appeared to Cervantes. I contend that no man not possessed of a genial nature (and that is as near to genius as any one can come without actually possessing it), and a mind naturally quick, and alive to all the influences of the beautiful and fitting, could have originated so many and so exquisite comments on all around; could have fashioned an answer for every question so readily and pertinently as Sancho did. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the very disposition in him that has brought him more ill opinion than any other thing, be not an evidence of something higher in his nature than is generally accorded to him; I mean his inclination to follow the train of thought that has misled his master, his crazy notions upon chivalry. Don Quixote, from the nobility of his nature, is actuated by a high and generous principle, for he proposes to go forth to benefit the world, and this nobility of purpose Sancho feels, though he may not understand it: but while Don Quixote's reason is right, he is misled as to the means that should be employed—here his understanding is at fault, and Sancho, though his own understanding is good, suffers the reason of his master to pass beyond its sphere, assign-

ing (unconsciously though it may be,) the same sanity and wisdom that he felt was exercised in it, to the understanding; thus the reason, as it always does when in strife with the understanding, by its inherent superior majesty and might, overbears it; and especially is this so in a genial nature such as Sancho's. You notice that Don Quixote's housekeeper and niece, and the bachelor Carrasco, never appreciate the motives that led the knight forth to his wanderings; their understandings are as good as Sancho's, though I think clearly shown to be no better, but there is wanting that dash of genius that makes a man to see farther and clearer, and which, as by intuition, recognizes and bows to genius in others.

All that is laughable which we find connected with Don Quixote himself, is the relation of his speeches to his position, and the air with which he delivers them: often he discourses on government, on morals, on literature, on society, with consummate ability and taste, and we are struck and pleased with all that he says, till, in closing, some remark of Sancho's, or conclusion of the knight's, some quaint, subtle comment of the author, or even the suggestion of our own minds as to his appearance, throws over the whole an air irresistibly ludicrous. We might mention, as an instance of this, the long talk of Don Quixote with his squire on the night they were near the fulling-mills, and the comical light into which the truly eloquent thoughts of the knight are thrown by the conclusion of Sancho, to the effect that all this seeking of adventures and perils was of no use, and indeed wicked, as tempting God. In these numerous discourses, we notice that the truthful development of Don Quixote's character in this way, has given an ample field for the exhibition of that exquisitely refined taste, that genial appreciation of the beautiful and good, both in the literary and practical works of men, and in the broad truths that Nature stamps on all her works and creatures, which was the royal birthgift of Cervantes.

Yet these talks, and oftentimes soliloquies, of Don Quixote, on all the relations and duties of life, on all that men hold worthy of thought and labor, are, to certain classes of thinkers, the prime excellence of the work, redeeming all the folly that, in their eyes, characterizes the rest; and if more than commonly acute, they think they discern an incongruity in making a madman discourse so sensibly and eloquently; not perceiving that all this is but a means to the end that Don Quixote may be shown in his true character, a noble genius, whose understanding is blinded, but whose reason towers pre-eminent in glory and in strength. But to go higher (as some would say, though I question whether the attainment of some practical end be, in a man of genius, much higher than the development of the witty and humorous), we may notice the wonderful effect that this work had upon the publication and reading of novels on chivalry. Cervantes says himself, both at the beginning and end of his work, that the counteracting of their influence is the sole end he has in view, and perhaps it was well for him to say so then, for who recognized those higher claims which, at the present day, make its avowed object a dim recollection of the historic past? Shortly after the publication of the Don Quixote, the issue of all works on chivalry was completely stopped, the reading of them was given over, and into such disrepute did they all come, good as well as bad, that no branch of literature is now so little known, and no books are so rare, as the romances of the Middle Ages. As in all reforms, too, some evil was done, though none commensurate with the good. Some novels, gems of art, quaint and beautiful, opening up the dream-life of our forefathers in a dreamy age, with a clearness that to us makes their visions almost realities, have been lost amid the rubbish; but the literary field was cleared, an open arena for a new, a fresher literature was afforded, and Cervantes himself, in the very weapon that crushed the hosts of chivalry, has given a model for the new school of novel, and the more genial, life-like works, that have since then brought literature into more intimate connection with the lives and labors of men. As a presentation of the manners and customs, and the whole life of Spain at that day, it is unparalleled; and this it does, not by putting into the mouths of the speakers, descriptions, or more awkwardly still, by giving didactic essays upon the habits of the people; but incidentally, in the characters of the persons introduced, in the little traits and peculiarities that we hardly notice as belonging to them, but which, when we close the book, have left an impression of national characteristics more truthful and graphic than could be obtained from any number of books of travel, or dissertations directly upon the subject. The proverbs of Sancho, by themselves, would let us into the mental life of the Spaniards, to an extent that nothing else could do; for if the ballads of a people do more towards the determining of their national character than their laws, the proverbs of a people no less mark what has been their mental development, and the thoughts that their intellects seize upon in nature, and in the relations existing among men.

There now remains to be noticed only the philosophy (if we may so express it), that we assert is to be found in this work, and which, when found, is the chief excellence, to which the wit and humor, the beauty and eloquence of the whole, its effect upon literature, and its artistic merit, are but as attendants, that indeed give majesty and splendor to the train, but which neither add to nor take from its essential worth and power. But we have neither time nor space in this article to speak of it at any length, or attempt its analysis: we can merely assert its existence; for, notwithstanding the sneers of Hallam at Sismondi and Bontermerk, in their attempts to explain this deeper meaning, and though Ticknor may laugh to scorn the pretensions of "metaphysical critics," yet to every man of delicate taste and analytic acumen, the philosophy of the Don Quixote has ever been a subject of admiring study and delight. Coleridge, in his hasty and careless manner, has given an imperfect sketch, that, like all his criticisms, and all his labors, has served as a foundation for many varieties of speculation and acute analysis of this work; but it is not for us to go further in it. We only notice, in conclusion, the Christian and genial spirit that breathes through every

part of this book; its purity, and freedom, in a great measure, from the grossness of that age. True, it is open and free, avoiding not, with false delicacy, the statement and discussion of any honest fact that is necessary to the development of the plot; but none, save a perverted and impure imagination, could ever glean, from all the blunt speeches of Sancho, or the more elegant discourses of his master, anything to minister to the baser passions. In short, it is a book that calls for some such spirit in the reading as Shakspeare; that demands an implicit trust in the author, confidence that from the true principles of his nature, and his purity of heart, he will not and cannot lead us astray, and to whom, when

we cannot understand, we can only look, in the assurance that he must be right; for, as a fine writer has said, "the gifted spirit is the noblest oracle of God." Such was the feeling of Coleridge, when he said that whatever he found in Shakspeare that conflicted with his own preconceived notions, or shocked his sense of propriety, he knew must, in the end, place Shakspeare higher, and convict himself of error. Such is the spirit that these mighty men of old demand, and such they will have, or their high thoughts and beautiful conceptions, their genial, generous natures, must be to us all hidden mysteries.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, MASS.

Home Circle.

NATURE.

"I read his awful name, emblazoned high,
With golden letters, on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic character I see,
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree:
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees."

MRS. BARBAULD.

"For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."—PAUL.

THE Apostle tells us in these remarkable words, that nature is a revelation of the character of God. Nature, as viewed by inspired men of olden time, by the Saviour of the world, and by every true Christian soul now, is not an unmeaning catalogue of senseless creatures, but a living organism, in every part vital with the life of its Creator. In the grand expression of the greatest of modern poets, it is "the garment by which God is seen."

But nature is not alone related to the Deity. It has also an intimate and profound sympathetic connection with humanity. On one side fading away into infinity, on the other, boldly projected into life of finite existence, it must ever be a medium of communication between the two—the

magnetic telegraph of the universe, along which pass and repass the eternal thought of God and the auswering thought of man.

We were led to these reflections, by a book which we have just received, entitled Gatthold's Emblems, by Christian Scriver, minister of Magdeburg, in 1671. This Christian Scriver, pastor of St. James, Magdeburg, was eulogized by his contemporaries, as the most richly gifted minister of his age. For piety and a certain kind of genius, he had no parallel.

Spener says—"In him I am sensible of a much richer measure of grace, than has been allotted to myself." Chr. Eh. Weismann designates him—"as an excellent instrument of God, a man of genuine piety, holy eloquence, spiritual discernment, and fascinating power." His numerous writings were read and almost devoured, wherever the German language was known, and the Evangelical Church possessed living members.

Brauns, in the most recent Biography of Scriver, speaks of him in a strain of almost hymnal panegyric—"From that (Bible) the stream of his discourse flows forth, clear as the crystal spring of Siloa, and strong as the flood of Jordan, descending from Lebanon through the flowery borders of the Holy Land. His preaching is a tempest in the sky, a gentle May-shower dropping through the sunshine upon the parched land, gleams of lightning that terrify the night."

The emblems (according to their original title, "Incidental Devotions,") form a costly set of pure and genuine diamonds, and each of them reflecting heaven. "With a strangely child-like eye, and charming lips, Scriver leads us forth into nature, as into a vault of mirrors, from which the image of God everywhere shines forth."—Berlin Literarische Zeitung, Dec. 1843.

In these emblems, Scriver sees something in the leaf of the tree and the flower by the wayside, to lead us to thoughts of God's goodness and glory. And there is an artless simplicity, and devotional beauty and tenderness, which has no parallel in the whole circle of devotional books. The book is too high for general circulation. We expect soon to see an American edition. In the meantime, we intend to adorn the Home-Circle with some gems from this book.

T. S.

(From Dyer's Songs and Ballads.)
O NO, I AM NOT BLIND.

MUSIC BY W. J. HEFFERNAN, ESQ.

I.

THEY tell me that my face is fair,
And pleasant to behold,
And oft they stroke my silken hair,
That falls in many a fold;
And then such tender words they speak,
Indeed, it is so kind;
They whisper, as they kiss my cheek,—
Alas, that she is blind!

II.

I hear the birds in woodland bowers,
Their forms I may not see;
I smell the fragrant vernal flowers,
How beauteous they must be;
They say the stars shine every night,
To gladden all mankind;
But not one ray breaks on my sight,—
Alas, that I am blind!

III.

I hear the tread of merry feet,
But slow my step must be;
And when the joyous group I meet,
Their smiles I cannot see;
And if I mingle in their plays,
Anon I m sure to find
I am debarred such sportive ways,—
Alas, that I am blind!

lV.

Yet doem not that I e'er complain
That sightless orbs were given,
For He who formed them thus doth deign
The purer light of heaven;
And though these eyes in darkness roll,
The visions of the mind
Like sunlight lie upon the soul,—
O no, I am not blind!

THE FATHER.

PRIAM.

(A free translation of Chateaubriand's Poetical Characters.)

LANCING from the character of the mother, we pass onward to the paternal relation: we will look at the father in the two most touching and sublime aspects of human life-old age united with misfortune. Priam, this fallen monarch once so glorious, and from whom the grandees of earth had again and again sought favors, and at whose nod they trembled; Priam, alas! thou art fallen! The hair sprinkled with ashes, the cheeks bedewed with tears, alone and at the midnight hour has penetrated to the Grecian camp. Humbled and kneeling before the merciless Achilles, kissing his terrible hands, those destructive hands which were so often stained with the blood of his sons; it is from them he would redeem the body of his son Hector. "Remember your own father, oh! godlike Achilles! he is like myself, bending under the weight of years, and he is with me trembling upon the verge of the grave. Perhaps even at this moment he is overwhelmed by powerful neighbors, without having any one near him to defend him. And yet when he hears that you live, his heart will rejoice; every day he will watch to welcome the return of his son from Troy. Woe is me, most unfortunate parent that I am, from among my numerous sons sent to the great battle of Ilion, but one is left to me. I counted them by fifties, when the Greeks descended upon these shores; nine issued from one family, and the remainder were brought to me through different captives. The greater number became victims of cruel Mars. There is one alone, who by the might of his brave arm defended his brothers and Troy. Him you have also killed fighting for his country. Hector, it is for him that I approach the Grecian fleet; I come to redeem his body, and I bring you an immense ransom. Respect the gods, oh, Achilles! Take pity upon me; recollect your own father! Oh! how unhappy I am! No unfortunate has ever been reduced to such an extreme wretchedness! I kiss the hauds which have killed my son!"

What a beautiful prayer! What a striking scene is presented to the reader! Nightthe tent of Achilles; this hero weeping with the faithful Automedon over Patroclus; Priam suddenly emerges from the dusky shadows, and impulsively precipitates himself at the feet of the son of Peleus! Beyond, in the darkness, wait the chariots, which are laden with the presents of the Trojan sovereign, while at some distance upon the banks of the Hellespont, are the mutilated remains, abandoned without honor, of the generous Hector. If you study the discourse of Priam, you will observe that the second word uttered by the miserable monarch is that of father, and the second thought presented in the same verse, is a eulogy upon the proud Achilles, Achilles comparable unto the gods. Priam has obtained a great victory over his own feelings, thus to address the murderer of Hector; herein he has shown a deep acquaintance with the human heart. The most touching remembrance that could be brought to the son of Peleus after being reminded of his own father, was undoubtedly the age of this venerated parent. Until this period, Priam has not dared to speak a word with regard to himself; but as this opportunity presents itself, he impulsively seizes it with affecting simplicity: like myself, he says, he trembles upon the verge of the tomb. Thus Priam only alludes to himself in union with Peleus: he compels Achilles to behold only his own parent in

the person of a suppliant and unhappy king. The image which is presented of the helpless and forsaken old monarch, perhaps overcome by powerful neighbors during the absence of his son; the description of his sorrows changed to joyfulness, upon learning that this son is still rejoicing in life and health: this comparison of the possible griefs of Peleus, with the irreparable ills of Priam, is a well-managed address of heartcrushing sorrow with propriety and dignity. With what venerable and holy skilfulness does the old man of Ilion imperceptibly lead the splendid Achilles to hearken patiently to a eulogium even upon Hector! He at first carefully refrains from naming the Trojan hero; he only says, there yet remained one; and he names not Hector to his conqueror, but after having told him that he had killed him while fighting for his country; he then adds the simple word, Hector! Thus the son of Peleus is satiated with vengeance ere his enemy is recalled to him. If Priam had at first named Hector, Achilles had thought of Patroclus; but it is no longer Hector that is presented to him, but a disfigured body; these are but the wretched remains that had been outcast to the dogs and the vultures; still less would they show them to him now but with this apology: he was fighting for his country. The haughty Achilles is satisfied with having triumphed over a hero, who had stood alone as the defender of his brethren and the walls of Troy. In concluding, Priam, after speaking of men to the son of Thetis, reminds him of the justice of the gods, and he finally leads him back again to the recollection of Peleus. The concluding passage of the prayer of the monarch of Ilion is of the highest order of pathetic sublimity. E. B. S.

Editorial Book-Table.

OLSHAUSEN'S COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT: DR. KENDRICK'S First American Edition, revised after the fourth German edition, vol. ii. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York.

The appearance of the first volume of this incomparable Commentary, was noticed in extenso, in a previous number of the Home Journal. We took occasion then to designate the peculiarities of Dr. Kendrick's American T. S.

edition. Of the Commentary itself, received with such universal admiration, by all students of the Bible, it is unnecessary to speak. If we were restricted to one Commentary on the Gospel, we should unhesitatingly select Olshausen. With a few unimportant exceptions, it is unquestionably the best Commentary in English on the New Testament. No minister should consider his library complete without The promptness with which the publishers have issued the second volume will obviate an apprehension entertained by some, that it would be a tedious process to wait for the completion of the work. The assurance to the contrary, given by the prompt issue of the second volume, more than any other incidental circumstance, will facilitate and extend the circulation of the work. This edition by Sheldon & Blakeman, is not only cheaper than Clark's Edinburgh edition, but greatly superior in all that pertains to the mechanical execution of the work, and in accuracy and literary taste.

SONGS AND BALLADS. By SIDNEY DYER. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

It was a beautiful myth that feigned Apollo with his lyre, as the early tamer of savage men. The first dawn of intelligence in the infant face, owes as much to the mother's song as to the mother's face. The voice, even more than the look, is the primitive awakener of the mind and heart. Every mother ought to sing. A song will outlive all sermons in the memory. It is important that memories that begin with life, should be pure and hallowing.

The music of ballads and songs, is of immense importance as a means of early culture. To multitudes in days of yore, songs were their only literature—their history, their romance, their fireside eloquence, giving utterance and perpetuity to sacred affections, and to noble thoughts. Such influences have not lost their power. They still add purer brightness to the joys of the young, and are a solace to the memory of age. How dear, amidst life's cares and toils, are the songs which were music to our infant ears, the songs of our hearth and our home, the songs which were our childhood's spells, a blessedness upon our mother's lips, a rapture and delight.

A good song is a public benefit. These songs of Dyer, in their sphere, are as really useful as a work on practical piety. They are songs of the heart, of home, of the memories of childhood. Music is the language of emotion—its grammar, rhetoric eloquence. Feeling in music is a memory, a sympathy, an impulse. Nothing can so vividly recall a departed consciousness, or a past emotion—words are but the history of a bygone thought; music is its presence. All our profoundest feelings are in their nature lyrical. These

sweet lyrics of Dyer ought to be in every family. They are so pure and musical—so full of home affections and memories—that they renew within us the feelings and joys of childhood. Taking up this volume after the toils of the day, late in the evening, we went on reading and reading, unconscious of the passing hours, until, roused from a sweet reverie, I found it was past the hour of midnight. I most heartily thank the publishers for sending me this volume of songs and ballads. We have put several of these songs in the Home Circle, that the reader may judge for himself of their simple and touching beauty, and at once get the book.

T. S.

AFRAJA, AND ERIC RANDAL. By Dr. Mügge. Translated from the German, by E. Joy Morris, Esq. Phila., Lindsay and Blakiston.

Dr. Mügge's Afraja, I read some time ago, with intense interest. It gave me glimpses of Norwegian life, social, political, and religious, such as I had never known before. It is justly characterized by Bayard Taylor, as "one of the most remarkable romances of this generation." The following notice of these works, and the author, by Bayard Taylor, will be read with interest:

"I was fortunate in having a letter to Theodore Mügge, the author of 'Afraja,' and 'Eric Randal.' When I called at his residence, according to a previous appointment, a pretty little girl of seven or eight years old, opened the door. 'Is Herr Dr. Mügge at home?' I asked. She went to an adjacent door and cried out, 'Father, are you at home?' 'Ja wohl,' answered a sturdy voice; and presently a tall, broad-shouldered, and rather handsome man, of over forty years, made his appearance. He wore a thick, brown beard, spectacles, was a little bald about the temples, and spoke with a decided North-German accent. His manner at first was marked with more reserve than is common among Germans; but I had the pleasure of meeting him more than once, and found that the outer shell covered a kernel of good humor and good feeling.

"Like many other authors, Mügge has received hardly as much honor in his own country as he deserves. His 'Afraja,' one of the most remarkable romances of this generation, is just beginning to be read and valued. He was entirely unacquainted with the fact that it had been translated in America, where five or six editions were sold in a very few months. I could give him no better evidence of its success than the experience of a friend of mine, who was carried thirteen miles past his home, on a New Haven railroad train, while absorbed in its pages. He informed me that the idea of the story was suggested to him during his residence at Tromsõe, on the Norwegian coast, where, among some musty official re-

cords, he found the minutes of the last trial and execution of a Lapp for witchcraft, about a century ago. This Lapp, who was a sort of chieftain in his clan, had been applied to by some Danish traders to furnish them with good wind during their voyage. He sold them breezes from the right quarter, but the vessel was wrecked and all bands drowned. When asked, during his trial, whether he had not furnished a bad instead of a good wind, he answered haughtily: 'Yes, I sold them the bad wind, because I hated them, as I hate you, and all the brood of thieves who have robbed me and my people of our land.' I referred to the character of Niels Helgestad, and spoke of his strong resemblance, in many respects,

to one of our Yankee traders of the harder and coarser kind. Mügge assured me that I would find many of the same type still existing, when I should visit the Lofoden Isles. He spent a summer among the scenes described in 'Afraja,' and his descriptions are so remarkably faithful that Alexander Ziegler used the book as his best guide in going over the same ground this year."

"Afraja" has had an immense sale, and there is still a fresh demand for the work.

"Eric Randal" is now in press, and will soon be issued by the publishers. Let all who want something that will both instruct and amuse them, get these works.

T. S.

Editorial Miscellung.

REV. J. VOGELBACH, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Allentown, has been called to take charge of the new German Lutheran Church recently erected in Philadelphia, to succeed Rev. Benjamin Keller, resigned. We learn from the Allentown papers that Mr. Vogelbach has accepted the call. Father Keller was greatly esteemed and beloved by the congregation, which has been gathered by his arduous and unremitting labors, and they would have gladly retained his invaluable services as pastor. Owing to his declining health, however, the feebleness of his voice, the vastness of the audience chamber of the new church, and his consequent inability to make himself heard in every part of it, he was induced to relinquish the charge, and his congregation, although with extreme reluc-We trust tance, accepted his resignation. Brother Vogelbach's labors may be crowned with the same success. God bless both pastor and people!

VACANT.—The Lutheran Church at Cumberland (Md.), lately in charge of Rev. J. F. CAMPBELL, is vacant. The Lutheran Church at Jefferson (Md.), is likewise soon to be vacated, by the resignation of Brother Appleby.

Depository in Harrisburg.—We are gratified to learn that Mr. S. E. German, has established a depository of religious books at his residence in Chestnut St., two doors below Second St., in Harrisburg, Pa. In addition to the publications of the Lutheran Board of Publication and those of the Tract Society, a large

assortment of school books and stationery can be purchased at Philadelphia prices. This is a great convenience to our pastors and churches in Central Pennsylvania, and we trust he will be liberally encouraged in this excellent work. Mr. German has kindly consented to receive subscriptions for the Lutheran Home Journal in Harrisburg and vicinity.

GENEROUS DONATION.—We learn from the Lutheran Standard, that the German Lutheran Church of Rev. Dr. Stohlman, in New York City, have forwarded a contribution of \$1000 to the treasury of Capitol University, in Columbus, O., towards the endowment of the German Professorship in that Institution.

A THOUGHT FOR THE TIMES.—"Let us dare to be guilty of the great singularity of doing well, and of acting like men and Christians, and then if we can have the liking and approbation of the world, well; if not, the comfort is we shall not much want it."

PRESENTS.—The congregation of the German Reformed Church at Gettysburg, Pa, recently presented their pastor, Rev. Jacob Zicgler, with a splendid carriage and set of harness. The Rev. Dr. Todd, the rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Stamford, Ct., received a check for \$600 as a Christmas present, from fourteen of his parishioners. The Rev. Dr. Osgood, of New York, it is said, has received \$1700 in money from some of his parishioners to build him a country house.

Lutheran Home Journal.

MARCH, 1857.

THE HALLIG: OR, THE SHEEPFOLD IN THE WATERS.

BY REV. C. W. SCHAEFFER.

FOR ourselves, we have no hesitation a novel, or is it a veritable history? The sad story of the affections it contains, its descriptions, so deeply thrilling, and its scenes, sometimes tragical in the highest degree, might seem to mark it as a work simply of the imagination. But the personal character and history of its author, the minuteness of its details, its harmonious exhibition of acknowledged facts, and the high-toned religious principle that pervades the whole, constrain us, at once, to decide in favor of its authenticity.

As we find it before us, it has been translated from the German, of Biernatzki, by Mrs. George P. Marsh; and is published, in a handsome 8vo. volume of about 300 pages, by Gould and Lincoln, Boston. It has long been a favorite amongst German Christians; and we have known German scholars and divines, who, from their personal knowledge, could testify to the truthfulness of the scenes and customs depicted in the Hallig.

Along the western coast of the Duchy of Schleswig, embosomed in the waves of the North Sea, lie several islands, the remains of a portion of the neighboring shore that has fallen a prey to the waters. The larger islands are protected, partly by artificial walls, partly by natural hillocks of sand, against the waves, which, with the daily tides, seem to be incessantly making renewed efforts to sweep the last fragments of their mighty spoil into the great abyss of the ocean. By way of distinction from these larger islands, the smaller ones are called halligs. A hallig is a flat grass-plot, scarcely two or three feet higher than the level of the ordinary tides, and consequently, being protected neither by nature, nor by art, is often overflowed by the rolling sea. The largest of these halligs are less than half a German square mile in extent; the smaller, often inhabited only by a single family, are barely a couple of thousand feet in length and breadth!

Of all places upon earth, occupied as the abodes of men, these halligs seem to be most uninviting, most inhospitable. They afford no patch of garden-ground, not a bush to yield refreshing berries, nor a tree to supply a resting-place in its shade. The one sole production seems to be a pale, green sod that covers the plains around, where the frugal sheep may find a scanty sustenance. The very fish shun the shallow sea; and whithersoever he may turn, the inhabitant of the hallig may see the waves from which he has nothing to hope, and everything to fear-waves, poor in gift and rich in plunder. Sometimes tempest and tide together break upon the trembling hallig. The sea rises twenty feet above its usual level. The posts of the houses, burried as deep in the ground as they project above its surface, are bared of their support, and washed and shaken by the sea. The frightened peasant hastens to secure his

best sheep in the houseloft, and then himself and family retire to the same shelter. The waves roll on; they break through the framework below. The boards beneath their feet are raised by the swelling flood; the roof is shattered by the dashing waters. A shriek of terror is followed by a few moments of torturing suspense; the floor settles away; the mountain-wave breaks in, and the last death-cry dies off amid the storm.

We have heard much of the attachment of the Greenlander to his native home, and perhaps have wondered at it. We may be more surprised at the existence and strength of this sentiment in the inhabitant of the hallig. He loves his home, loves it above everything; and he, who has just escaped from the flood, always builds again upon the very spot where he has lately lost his all, and where he may so soon lose his own life as well.

It is through such scenes, that the attractive story in the book before us, winds its wondrous way.

Godber and Maria, both natives of the hallig, are betrothed. For nine years of his advancing youth his sturdy enterprise is diligently put forth in other lands; and so, securing sufficient capital to redeem his paternal homestead, he hastens back to his hallig and his Maria. She, meanwhile—not with impatient passion, but with calm and true affection,—has been directing and fixing every thought and sentiment upon her duty as the betrothed bride of Godber.

A small vessel, driven out of its course by a fearful storm, comes to anchor within sight of the hallig. Its distress is seen and lamented by Maria and her mother. Upon this vessel Godber acts as pilot. Its company consists of Mr. Mander, a merchant of Hamburg, and his grown son and daughter, Oswald and Idalia. During the dark and anxious hours of the night the storm increases with such terrific violence, that it seems to be certain death to remain on the ship. Mander, with his son and daughter, and two of the sailors, resolve to attempt reaching the hallig in a boat. They obtain the consent of Godber, to act as their pilot. With immense labor, and through many

dangers, they reach the hallig, and are accommodated in a hospitable dwelling. The service thus rendered by Godber fills them all with grateful admiration. Idalia especially, is profuse in her expressions of thankfulness; and the graces of her person, as he sees her now, for the first time, in the borrowed costume of a hallig maiden, produce such an impression upon the heart of Godber, as proves, at once, fatal to his love for Maria.

Godber and Maria meet on the morning after the wreck; she, in all the earnestness of pure and virtuous love, he, in all the coldness of a selfish heart, and scarcely able to suppress the trembling that belongs to the consciousness of guilt. Yet so accustomed was she to subdued and quiet expressions of affection, that his very reserve itself awakened no suspicion in her true and confiding heart. In a very short time Godber, Idalia, and Maria meet, and the sad truth is at once revealed. Godber has been faithless to his vow, and Idalia now stands unrivalled and alone in his affections.

The effect upon Maria is the more distressing, because it is less violent in its outward expression. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. Now, at this point it is that we meet with one of the most admirable features of the whole book; we mean its lofty and decided religious principle. distress of Maria, quiet and subdued though it is, arrests the attention of Hold, the hallig pastor. He gently wins her confidence, learns all the circumstances of the case, mourns with her, soothes her, directs her to the Author and Finisher of our faith, in whom the sufferer may see united a heaven of peace and an earth of trial, prays with her and encourages her at length to say, "Here, Lord, is thy handmaid, thy will be done. Amen." It was not because Time had prevailed to soothe the pain and heal the wound, but because Grace had triumphed; and so Maria's conduct became the mirror of a heart given to God. She passes along, through the remainder of the story, with the meekness of one who has been bowed down low in sorrow, and yet with the strength and conscious dignity of one who has become more than a conqueror.

The current of Godber's history, after having been disturbed for a season by the agitations of an accusing conscience, from which he sought no release in prayer, flows on gently and cheerfully, in the light of Idalia's smiles. Their affection is fond and mutual, and circumstances bid fair for a happy consummation.

Meanwhile the intercourse between Hold, the pastor, and the shipwrecked family grows more familiar; and, in respect to the father, at least, seems to look to consequences altogether important. Idalia is too flippant, too much engrossed with Godber, to place herself in any attitude of respectful attention to religious truth. Oswald, her brother, though worldly and impulsive, is nevertheless courteous and communicative; but Mander himself, with a philosophic and inquiring mind, cherishes the privilege of intercourse with Hold, patiently and faithfully examines the false foundation upon which he has hitherto been resting, and soon confesses, "I would willingly inquire what I must do, to inherit eternal life." The direction which his heart receives, to behold the Lamb of God, and the exposition of the nature of faith, in due time produce their desired effect, and Mander longs for the day when he may confess Christ.

Upon the occasion of a professional visit to a neighboring island, Hold is accompanied by Oswald, whose vivacity, though it does not displease, yet it excites the anxious solicitude of the zealous pastor. The state of the tide, upon their return, requires them to anchor the boat at a considerable distance from the hallig, and to seek their home on foot. Meanwhile a heavy fog arises, the tide rolls up, they lose their way, the night comes on, and soon, utterly bewildered, they yield to the dire circumstances that surround them, and with various feelings address themselves to meet their end. The conflict between natural affection and Christian submission is powerfully exhibited in the case of Hold. At last the Christian triumphs, and so, having himself virtually passed the bitterness of death, he seeks, by the words of the Spirit, to strengthen and encourage his companions. Amongst these Oswald, quivering with terror, and nervously convulsed, presents the perfect picture of a man who has become a martyr to his own want of faith and forgetfulness of God. Onward and onward rolls the tide—wave mounts upon wave, each one reducing the few moments that now seemed to remain to the unhappy victims of the sea.

In those very moments, a strange presentiment of her husband's danger, agitates the Pastor's wife. She hurries to the house of Mander, she calls upon Godber to leave the society of Idalia at once, and row out upon the sea. Natural heroism, conjugal love, Christian faith, each highly excited, plays a prominent part in this terrific scene; and it is a blessed relief that is felt in the discovery of the result,—the rescue of Hold and his companions.

After the complete prostration that followed the agonies of that terrible night, several days are required for their complete recovery. When Oswald is able to walk in his chamber, he seems inclined to take to his former gay and trifling tone, though not without an inward struggle. He is, however, candidly and promptly exhorted by his father, not to strive against the Providence of God. His father announces his own determination no longer to strive against Grace, and expresses the prayer, that he might be able to say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." This strikes a cord in Oswald's heart that had not been wont to vibrate; and when the father gently reveals a fact that had hitherto been concealed from him, that the horrors of that fearful night had turned his hair completely gray, he goes to the glass, his whole heart exclaims, "God, I acknowledge thee!" and he sinks fainting into his father's arms.

Hold, the Pastor, again appears upon the scene. For a season he finds Oswald, now tortured by despair, and now languishing for consolation from above. At length the new-creating word is spoken, with its note of triumph, "Old things pass away, behold all things become new," and Oswald rises from the anguish of his soul, to the joys of salvation, like a child that has just waked

from a frightful dream, and sees the bright display of his Christmas pleasures all spread out before him.

His first inquiry is like that of Saul of Tarsus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He seems to anticipate the answer. He must be a preacher of the Gospel—a missionary to the heathen. He must stretch out his hands to those who are wandering in darkness, and call out to them, "Enter into the peace of your Lord;" for the love he felt for Christ, would consume him if he did not share its glow with others. Here, however, Hold advises great caution.

Shall we stop at this point, and leave the characteristic doctrine of the book, the fate of Godber, Idalia, and Maria, and the usages of the Church or the hallig for another time?

The length of this article admonishes us to adopt this course.

The importance of the matters that remain may justify the continuance.

A GREAT GIFT.—Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put his finger on his eyelids. True, there are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well-nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God; he bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night; draws the curtain of darkness, he bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow, and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; but still you see; and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain. Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physicians on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to all. God does not give it merely to the noble or rich, so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be any difference, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

THE HONEST MAN'S REWARD. (Translated for the Lutheran Home Journal.)

BY B. M. S.

HONESTY is the best policy. "If I was to deliver a long homily to you on this maxim," began the old Blacksmith, one evening, "it would not enforce it as much as does a story, which I read somewhere lately, and still remember. I will tell it to you. But as it happened in England, I must first inform you of an arrangement which is generally customary there. There are in England very many wealthy noblemen, who possess immense landed estates; and as they do not cultivate them themselves, they lease them out to industrious farmers. Dwellings, barns, and all the outhouses belonging to the lands, are included in the lease. If the farmer is an honorable faithful man, his children, and his children's children, can continue to hold the lease. Thus, these English tenants are often wealthy, although they do not possess a foot of the soil.

On one of these small farms in Yorkshire, lived, as tenant, a young man, Thomas Bird, with his bride, to whom he had not been married a year when the hunting season came on.

Tom, as he was familiarly called, had sowed his lately-rented land with wheat for the first time, and the fields looked so promising that his heart leaped for joy; for if that crop were once safely housed, it would suffice to pay his rent, and all his other crops would be his own clear gain. All this he told to his dear wife, one evening, at the time when the first snow slightly covered the grain, and their hearts were full of gratitude to God for so successful a beginning of their housekeeping.

Adjoining the estate, on which Tom was a tenant, was a country seat of Earl Fitz William, a very wealthy young nobleman, who was passionately devoted to the chase.

You know that the love of the chase becomes so controlling a passion, as to make men indifferent to eating and drinking, and often even to the injuries which its pursuit inflicts upon others.

Earl Fitz William was a sportsman of

this kind, and when the first snow fell, had invited a company of about thirty persons to a chase. In England the chase is usually pursued on horsehack, and the wealthy lords bring their mounted huntsmen and servants with them, with whole packs of hounds.

Without asking any questions as to whose ground he was on, Earl Fitz William called the company, consisting, beside the keepers of the dogs, of seventy mounted persons, together on Tom's wheatfield. There they paced their horses about until at last all were assembled.

Tom, startled by the noise and the sounding of the horns, went out and saw, to his dismay, how the Earl had allowed his wheat to be trodden down, and thus destroyed at once the hopes which had filled his soul with joy.

Pale with fright and displeasure, he went to the Earl and told him, in a tone calm and respectful, but still expressive of the feelings the injustice done him had awakened, that he was on his leasehold, and had utterly destroyed the fruits of his industry.

The Earl was startled, and said that it had been done altogether unintentionally, and that he would gladly pay the full amount of the damage, and asked him to name the sum.

This greatly embarrassed Tom, for he had not yet had experience enough to estimate the damage. It happened, very opportunely for both, that at this moment another tenant, an older farmer, came up.

"Are you willing that he should estimate the damage?" asked the Earl.

Tom having consented, the man was asked to undertake it, to which he willingly consented. He rode over the field, examined it carefully, and declared that the damage amounted to at least fifty pounds sterling, or two hundred and fifty dollars of our money.

Without a word the Earl immediately paid the fifty pounds to Tom, and rode off with his companions.

Tom was frightened as he held the money in his hand, and said to the old farmer, "You have surely estimated the damage too high; it is too much."

The farmer laughed: "Perhaps you would

rather give it back, and quietly suffer the wrong? The Earl can easily pay it, and you can find use for it. Don't be a fool, Tom. If it had gotten into court, he would have been much worse off, for he would have been punished in the bargain."

Tom took the money home, but it was a thorn in his bosom, because he thought, all the time, that it was too much. In the meantime he had need of the money; for his dear wife gladdened him with a son, and there were many expenses of which they had not thought.

The winter soon passed. The snow had laid its warm flaky mantle over the field, and when spring came, with its warm rains and its life-giving sunshine, Tom's wheat-field recovered beyond all expectation, and the summer yielded him a harvest abundant even beyond his first hopes. He paid his rent out of the proceeds of his wheat, and there was not in England a happier pair than Tom and his wife.

The autumn came on, and Earl Fitz-William returned to his castle to enjoy, once more, the pleasures of the chase. The next morning already his servant announced that Tom Bird, the farmer, wished to see him.

The Earl had long since forgotten the incident,—did not even remember his name any more.

But he allowed the man to come in. As soon as he saw him he recognized him again, and, reaching for his purse, cried out, "So, my good fellow, you have come to tell me that the damage you sustained exceeded the amount I paid you. I was extremely sorry for it; and the more, as I learned from my huntsman that you are but a beginner, and I caused your crop to be trodden down. Tell me, at once, how much you want. I shall still be particularly obliged to you, because you behaved so sensibly. Another would have complained of me before the court."

"Pardon me," honest Tom modestly said, "that is not my object; indeed, on the other hand, my conscience forces me to pay back the fifty pounds, and I shall be so free as to lay them here on the table. It was too much, under any circumstances; the ap-

praiser made too high an estimate. And at harvest-time it appeared, not only that the treading down had done no injury, but that on the parts most trodden, the wheat looked best, and bore the heaviest ears. And the money, of which I was unjustly in possession, has been troubling my conscience, and I shall not feel at ease until I see it again in the possession of him to whom it belongs, and from whom, against right and justice, I have been withholding it."

The Earl listened to these words with deep emotion, then approached Tom, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "Have

you any family, Tom?"

"One son," he answered with joy; "may

God preserve him."

"Yes, may God preserve him to you," said the noble Earl; "for it would be a pity that so honest a father should not leave his principles as a heritage to his children. Listen, Tom," he proceeded; "this money shall be yours, and, as a reward to such unusual honesty, I add fifty pounds more to it. Put it out at lawful interest, and when your son attains his majority, and wishes to settle, give it to him as an outfit, and tell him where it comes from, and how you came by it."

Tom did not wish to accept it, but the Earl forced it on him so urgently that he had to yield.

All honor to honest Tom and to the noble Earl.

Tom's son had a valuable outfit, but a still more valuable inheritance was that which his father doubtless gave him, namely, the principle in which he was trained, of a steadfast adherence to honesty.

Tell the story to your children, and teach them to follow the example, and follow it yourself. Even if honesty seldom receives such a reward from men, it has always still a double reward, which no man can take away,—that of your own conscience, and that which the Lord will never fail to give to the good, the true, and the honest.

W. O. v. H.

If you wish to go to heaven, have as little to do with philosophy as possible. Ships loaded at the head always steer badly.

GRIEF TURNED INTO JOY.

The following article was penned for a mother, after having passed through the events delineated.

BY A COUNTRY PASTOR.

If E is a chequered scene. It has light and shade. None so favored as to know no sorrow; none so unfortunate as to taste no enjoyment. The tear, at times, drops from the eye of the blessed; the loud laugh is heard even amid destitution and want.

What to some is a source of good, is to others the occasion of evil. What at one time excites pleasure, may at another cause sorrow. Blessings may come in disguise. The things we covet might be our ruin.

Who has not watched the fond mother, pressing her infant to her bosom? As she gazes upon his innocent face, her heart is full of joy. She pictures the happy future, when in manhood he shall be her comfort and her pride. She hopes he may be great and good, and already imagines every hope realized. Her unwavering and undying love suffers no fear to arise. Her visions are all of joy-her dreams are peace. But time, that everrunning stream, hastens onward. It carries her babe speedily through boyhood and youth, and ere she thinks, he enters upon the duties of life. In the pursuits of life, he is forced from his home, from the shelter of his early days. Home influences are removed, new dangers arise, untried temptations beset his path, and in an evil hour he falters, falls. 'Tis then his mother's heart is tried; 'tis then she knows the bitterness of grief. Her hopes are blasted—her desires unrealized. With what sad dejection she now reviews the past, the sunny past, whose lingering light is all that remains, to break the overhanging gloom. How she wishes that in infancy her son had died, so as to have saved him from this crushing shame, and her from this fearful, consuming agony. Rather would she see him a lifeless corpse, than a staggering inebriate. More willingly would she walk to his grave, than to behold him thus fallen. To her the future is now as dark and portentous, as it once was bright and promising. She knows the power of habit, she sees the strength of appetite.

With nought left to comfort, she bows to her sad condition, looking only to death for relief. But despair not; all is not lost, that is in danger.

Sometimes when clouds have overcast the sky, and all is dark and cheerless, the sun suddenly darts his cheering ray to enliven the face of nature. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." That son, like another Prodigal, arises-returns-reforms. Where once was sorrow, now is rejoicing. That mother long made to mourn, now weeps for joy. Like the Roman mother, she proudly points to her son, saying, "This is my jewel." A new world opens to her delighted vision. Former sufferings are forgotten-the past is blotted from existence. In the fulness of her joy she recalls not his once cold neglect; thinks not upon his cruel deeds. Her full heart cannot contain its emotions. In every look and in every word, she speaks her inward

Would that all who mourn o'er erring sons might thus rejoice.

PICTURES .- A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows-and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls, and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the human soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and perhaps, Idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed, and delighted. Is it winter in your world?-perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermonswhich can be read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

HABIT-CHEERFULNESS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

THIS is a subject deserving our serious attention. A benign and cheerful temper is one of the greatest blessings of this life. It may be regarded as a jewel of inestimable value. Its influence is salutary upon ourselves. The benefits it confers upon others are almost boundless. We are, generally, too indifferent with regard to the coldness or bitterness of our intercourse with one another; we too often forget the influence which a querulous or petulant disposition exerts upon ourselves. We do not sufficiently consider, how much a happy spirit is the evidence of a noble nature, and how great its power for good over those with whom we are brought into contact! It is our imperative duty, to cultivate a contented, happy disposition, to acquire equanimity of temper, an even and tranquil frame of mind for every position of life. The virtue, which we recommend, whilst it is opposed to all moroseness, impatience, and fretfulness, has, on the other hand, no sympathy with levity, unbecoming gayety, foolish jesting, or with what is inconsistent with the dignity of a rational being.

Cheerfulness is a trait of character, susceptible of high culture. Even when it exists by nature in a feeble state, it may be greatly strengthened. For the want of exercise, the opposite tendency is often powerfully developed. Some men seem constitutionally sullen and peevish. They are misanthropic, and are disposed to look continually upon the dark side of life. These proclivities may, in a great measure, be corrected, and, by the proper appliances, the incubus thrown off. A petulant, dissatisfied spirit slowly and insidiously creeps upon us, and, unless successfully resisted, becomes incrusted into a habit. Before we are aware, it takes possession of our nature, and, as years pass by, indurates into obstinacy and irritation. If the habit once become fixed, it is difficult to conquer its power. It carries within the seeds of growth. It will increase and multiply. It will prove as a canker to the soul. If we make the effort, however, we need not despair of the result.

The conflict may be protracted, but success is certain. "The achievement is glorious, and blessed is he who attains it!" The improvement of our character should be our earnest and constant aim. Although we may have many an inward contest, we should not desist from the struggle. "In the tendencies least marked and least visible in life," it has been remarked, "we have most to strive with. It is in the depth and retirement of the soul, that the great battle must be fought. It is with resistant forces, that come never to the surface." Yet with the proper exertions, victory is ours, and the sequel will show that we have lived to some

purpose. We referred to the influence exercised by this temper upon the individual himself. The discontented spirit is always unhappy. At every step, in his progress through life, he looks upon things through a false medium. As he travels onward, all he sees is barren. Every occurrence is an occasion of complaint. No society is adapted to his taste; no character suits him; no efforts win his approbation; no condition satisfies his wishes. Always desponding, always dissatisfied, always disappointed, always finding fault, whether adversity frown, or prosperity smiles, he is the same discontented and unhappy creature, and appears to take delight in asserting that the earth is more full of evil than of good. The world, in his judgment, abounds with imperfections, and he loves to dwell upon these imperfections. Suspicious and misanthropic, he reposes no confidence in his fellow-men. How can such a one be happy? Whither can he flee for enjoyment or relief? There is no refuge for his spirit. His peace of mind must necessarily be disturbed all the time. Whithersoever he goes, his unfortunate disposition accompanies him.* This feeling, too, grows upon him, until it becomes morbid. The tendency of habitual despondency is most disastrous. The health is undermined, and life is shortened. Our energies are destroyed, and the strength of our mental faculties broken down. The proper direction of our thoughts is impaired, and all unity of purpose dissipated. Cheerfulness of disposition exerts a favorable influence upon mind and body. Under its influence our intellectual powers are made to act with greater clearness and vigor; efficiency is imparted to all our efforts, and our usefulness is greatly increased.

But, as already intimated, the cultivation of a cheerful spirit is worthy of our attention on account of its influence upon others. There is something infectious in a happy disposition, which may be communicated to all who come within its reach. We are creatures of sympathy; and we have, in a high degree, the power to render one another happy or unhappy. You have often seen and felt the influence of a bright face in the family. What a charm it has exerted at the fireside, and upon all the members of the household! How it has dispersed every cloud, and spread a clear light all around, penetrating the whole surface of existence, and giving even to the dinner of herbs an unrivalled sweetness. You have witnessed, too, the influence of an opposite spirit. You have seen silent and sullen indifference convert luxury into the food of misery, and send a chill over the assembled group. How often has it thrown gloom, where there ought to be light; withered the half-formed smile; silenced the half-spoken word, and robbed life of its loveliness, and frozen in the soul all generosity and frankness! What a gall does such a nature cast into the cup of How it fills to the full the pleasure! measure of our wretchedness, bruising the heart, and embittering existence; transforming home into a prison, and freedom into slavery! Such a being seems to destroy rather than create; to live for the purpose of showing how much an individual may mistake the object of life, and how much misery he may inflict upon another, without receiving any benefit or pleasure himself. If we could behold the pain which we thus occasion, we would be amazed and terrified. Under this influence, we may commit sins, the guilt of which we may not fully realize, until many days and years have elapsed; sins of unkindness, of which we may repent, but which we can never forget; sins, for which we may weep, till the foun-

^{*} Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.—Hor.

tains of our tears are dry, but which will never fade from our painful recollection. Even when our bodies are sleeping in the grave, and our bones are in ashes, we shall live in the remembrance of survivors. Just as our kind or harsh expressions will still linger upon the ear, so our benign or clouded countenances will be seen again and again, and exert an influence for good or

But indulgence in the spirit which we condemn, is sometimes justified on the plea of constitutional infirmity, want of health, previous training, or wrong example. Some assign, in extenuation of their course, great provocation, which could not be resisted. But all such reasons are inadequate for these unhappy and bitter moods. They furnish no real ground for this perversion of life. Men should learn to exercise control over their disposition and temper.

One fruitful source of this evil is, that many persons entertain erroneous views of life. They make a mistake in giving to their thoughts the gloom of melancholy, in throwing a sombre hue over all their reflections. There is, doubtless, much misery in the world, but we too often forget that it is chiefly brought upon us by our own want of consideration, and aberrations from duty. Moreover, if we are sometimes called to drink the cup of sorrow, and encounter difficulties and trials, how infinitely do our pleasures transcend the miseries we experience! Paley tells us, "That after all, this is a happy world," and who will call into question the truth of the sentiment? Life has been given us by our Maker as a blessing, designed for our benefit. We should regard it as a great and a good possession, good, notonly as the means of fitting us for another and a higher state of existence, but as good in itself-as a path conducting to another country, but still a pleasant path, strewn with many flowers. We should not cherish views of life dishonoring to our Creator, unworthy intelligent beings, and, in their tendency, destructive to our usefulness and fatal to our happiness. God is no tyrant, but a Father of infinite love, who would make his children happy, who gives to them every facility and assistance for this purpose, whose "tender mercies are over all his works," and who "preserveth all them that love Him."

Religion possesses a hallowed power which will enable us to subdue the complainings of our spirit, to be cheerful under all circumstances, in every relation and vicissitude incident to this life, and to go forth bravely in the discharge of duty. Paul said, that he had "learned in whatever state" he was, "therewith to be content." It is most probable, that he had naturally a disposition as prone to impatience as others, but taught in the school of Christ, he had acquired valuable lessons, which he daily sought to put into practice. The philosopher of old, who lost his library which he had been all his life collecting, exclaimed—" My books have done me little service, if they have not taught me to live happily without them!" So our religion is of little service to us, if those precious truths drawn from the Word of God, which holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, do not exert upon our life their proper influence. Trust in God, and his promises will make us happy! There is peace in believing. The enlightened and devoted Christian patiently endures his lot, and bows with humble resignation to the dispensations of God's providences. Amid all the external losses and the inward trials, which he may be called to bear, he is able to "possess his soul." Calmly acquiescing in the appointments of Heaven, he gratefully recollects that "He, who strikes has power to heal," and that comfort is never denied to those who reverently pray, "Not my will but thine, O Lord, be done!" He feels that his afflictions are intended for his highest good, and that they will work out for him "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "If you would witness the power of the Gospel, go with me to yonder narrow lane. There lives a poor humble woman, of whom the world knows nothing. She has but learning enough to spell out God's promises, but she knows his will. She is a wife, but (oh, what misery!) a drunkard's wife. Brutal in maniac fury, he comes from the hell of the tippling shop, to make, if he could, his home, another. Idle himself, he seizes upon and wastes her

little earnings; blows, and worse than blows, cruel, unholy, shameless words his only return. She is a mother, and gather as closely, as she will, her little ones around her, she cannot save them from their father's violence, and worse than violence, his blasting tongue and foul example. Yet she never murmurs. Her brow is as calm as an angel's. Her tears flow fast when she hears the language of the Comforter. Her prayer is fuller of thanksgiving than mourning, save when she mourns for sin. She is meekly patient, resolute in every duty, firm against all temptation, and kind of speech and act. What gives her this valiant virtue? Is it not the influence of the Gospel?" This power may be ours. This coutrol over ourselves may be gained by all. The "same mind" which was in our Divine Master, when he sojourned upon the earth, his followers should possess. Then would they be as "the salt of the earth," exercising a conservative influence, as "the light of the world," radiating holiness all along their path.

If we aspire to the purity and bliss of which our nature is susceptible, our life must be a perpetual exhibition of the spirit acquired by communion with Him who has left us a perfect example of excellence. Thus will we enjoy the Father's gracious protection while here, and hereafter we will mingle in the pure society of the redeemed in Heaven. God will smile upon our efforts, and strengthen us in our endeavors to become wiser and better, with every successive day, and ere long He will take us up to dwell amid the glories of his own eternal beneficence.

THE HIGHER JOY .- We are told that the angelic choir chanted a morning psalm, when the heavens and earth, at the fiat of the Almighty, sprang from the deep. Oh, I am sure the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God begin to shoutyes, that a morning psalm resounds 'mid heaven's arches, when a poor sinner, through the new birth, becomes a child of God, a new citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem!-Tholuck.

THE PUBLIC POOR.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPT.

"Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth; So shall thy friendships be sincere though few, So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking cheerful."

DOVERTY—how full of meaning is the word!-how ofttimes fraught with wretchedness and guilt. Many persons seem to have imbibed the idea, that poverty must necessarily be associated with squalor, filth, and rags. It is true, we see much of this amongst the degraded beings that hang upon the outskirts of our cities, peopling damp cellars, or clustering in garrets, often famishing for bread; but this is usually the result of drunkenness and idleness, on the part of the individuals themselves, and merits not the name of poverty.

There are, however, in every community those who, by misfortune, have been reduced to want; scores of females, who maintain a scanty subsistence by the use of the needle, and who, in times of sickness, which alas! are not unfrequent, are reduced to the very extremity of destitution; but still they complain not: the outward world wags on in its busy routine, and knows not, and indeed, cares not, that some poor soul is famishing, or that children are freezing in the midst of plenty and affluence.

It may be, that their destitution has been entailed upon them by the excesses of those upon whom they were dependent; and perhaps their last cent has gone to defray the expenses of a decent funeral, for one who, having robbed their life of all its pleasures, has at length sunk, unhonored and unwept, into a drunkard's grave, leaving a wife, worse than widowed, and children, more than fatherless. There have been, there still are many such. "The poor ye have always with you," said the Saviour.

Honest poverty does not beg in our streets, or clamor at office doors and alleygates; it does not throng our thoroughfares and with uneasy whine ask for a penny-too often but a pretence for com-

mitting some petty theft.

On the contrary, it is often found shivering at home, whilst the chill fingers ply the busy needle; it is found, poorly fed and poorly clad, watching beside the sick couch

of some dear one, whom death has claimed as his own, or wasting away beside the midnight lamp that flickers at its side, in the hope of carning a few pennies, after the little ones are abed, and the hungry mouths, that have all day been clamorous for bread, are closed in sleep.

It is often argued, that the want of employment, the high price of provisions and fuel, are the grand originating causes of this evil. That these have something to do with the increase of pauperism, in our large cities, is undeniable; but that it is the main, or even a principal cause, is not true.

Drunkenness is of all others the most prolific source of the poverty that now stalks unblushingly through our streets; and were all the grogshops and hotel bars closed, thousands who now are objects of disgust and loathing—worse than useless members of society—would be found clothed and in their right mind, and instead of incumbrances, would be ornaments to society, useful citizens, honest men.

Next to drunkenness, I believe the principal cause of pauperism to be the injudicious and indiscriminate distribution of public charity, either by individuals or societies organized for that express purpose.

This evil is twofold: it is injurious to society at large, inasmuch as its tendency is vastly to increase beggary and crime, and of course the expense of supporting it—it is also injurious to the individual himself, by encouraging his want of thrift and habits of laziness.

To give a little judiciously, is far better than the wholesale distribution to all classes, because it is almost invariably the case, that those who obtrude themselves upon the benevolence of our Soup, Dorcas, and Relief Societies of various kinds, are, of all other classes of the community, the most undeserving.

Were the deserving poor hunted out, and they only relieved, the number of filthy and wretched beggars, that now fill our streets, would be very greatly diminished.

To give to those who solicit charity at our doors, merely to get rid of them, is to offer a premium to vagrancy; for, instead of stimulating the poor to help themselves, they are induced to depend upon the precarious subsistence they thus obtain; their self-respect is gradually undermined, and finally, completely destroyed, when they give themselves up to mendicity as a trade, prostituting all the high and noble qualities of their nature, and becoming voluntarily the mere scum upon the surface of society.

That the poverty, that exists now everywhere among us, is attributable in a great measure to the injudicious relief afforded during past years, may also be gleaned from the reports of benevolent societies, which state, almost with one accord, that every succeeding year multitudes, who never before had sought charity, and did not need it, finding it easy to procure gratuitous relief, neglected to provide for themselves; and as the rigors of winter came on, this number was rapidly increased, and included even many who were in circumstances, not only to need no relief, but some of whom even had deposits in various Savings Institutions.

There are thousands of able-bodied men and women in all large cities, but especially, perhaps, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans, where the tide of immigration throws the degraded of other nations upon our shores-who, instead of seeking regular and remunerative employment, which is always to be had, seem to prefer the hap-hazard life of street beggars, trusting to luck for a scanty subsistence, and daily becoming more idle and vicious. Their children, encouraged in theft and prostitution, become early inmates of our houses of refuge, prisons, and penitentiaries, and, of course, as such, must be supported from the public fund by taxing the industrious and virtuous.

By far the larger proportion of the wretchedness of a country is to be found centred in the large cities and towns, especially along the seaboard. The city seems to have attractions for the indolent and vicious, which they are not willing to forego, even for the prospect of permanent, healthy, and remunerative employment at a distance, preferring to run the risk of starvation here than to live in plenty elsewhere, and this, too, in the face of constant

advertisements for laborers on our public improvements, farm and factory hands, which remain sometimes for weeks and months unheeded.

If each city were divided and subdivided into districts, sections, and subsections, embracing, say fifty families each, and one visitor appointed to visit each of them regularly, and only relieve those who were really industrious, frugal, and sober, then, and I believe, then only, the evil could be remedied.

Let houses of industry be established by the city for those willing to work; these could shortly be made remunerative; and as for the idle and vicious, they would either be compelled to work or starve.

Into all these establishments, the savor of divine truth should be thrown; education and religion must go hand in hand in all our efforts at reform; otherwise they will not only be futile, but will react as curses upon the community they were intended to benefit.

No reliable statistical information is to be had, either in this city or state, by which we can get at the real cost of pauperism in Philadelphia or Pennsylvania.

We all pay a heavy tax for the support of the poor annually, and hence every good citizen should see to it, that the amount thus levied is not only all applied to that object, but that it is bestowed upon none that are unworthy.

The almshouse at Blockley, which is almost exclusively a city institution, shows a constantly increasing population; the monthly average, in 1854, was 1828; in 1855 it was 1937; in 1856 it was 2112. At the close of the year, the house contained 2295 inmates, who must all be supported by the honest and industrious.

The statistics of New York State are much more reliable, and are concisely set forth in the able and interesting Report of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, for the year 1856. From this report it appears that in twenty years, ending in 1851, the population of the State increased 61 per cent., and the pauper population 708 per cent. "In 1831, there was one pauper to every 123 persons; in 1841, there was one to every 39 persons; in 1851,

there was one to every 24 persons; and in 1855, there was one to every 17 persons."

The State of New York contains 42,000 more public paupers than Ireland, and according to the ratio of population, there are two paupers in New York to one in Ireland.

And yet these are but the public paupers, outside of the thousands, relieved by the various ecclesiastical organizations, every church being engaged to a greater or less extent, in providing for its own poor, in times of excessive cold or great need.

There is one remarkable fact, in connection with the records of all our public and private charitable organizations, as well as the criminal calendars of the country, "that the great mass of our paupers and felons are of foreign birth or parentage, and chiefly Roman Catholics."

As stated in the report above referred to, "all our Protestant churches are charitable institutions, from their foundation to their top stone. They so care for their indigent members and families, that none are allowed to be relieved by public alms, or to be thrown upon the cold charities of the world. The same is true, as a general fact, of the Jews amongst us. But the Roman Catholics of this city, excepting the relief of a few orphans, make no corresponding provision for their poor, neither by their churches or otherwise; nor yet assist by their contributions, those who are engaged in this Christian duty. Their adult poor and children, the sick, the aged, and the impotent, are alike neglected by them. Of those who subsist on alms and overrun our city as mendicants, there is reason to fear that thousands would perish every year, if unrelieved by Protestant charity.

"Remonstrance with them on the subject is uniformly met with the plea of poverty. But it does not appear how such a plea is reconcilable with the admitted wealth of many of their members—their boasted numbers—the millions of money annually remitted by them from this country to Europe—the millions invested in large and costly church edifices,—and their numerous convents, confraternities, schools, academies, colleges, &c., which they have founded amongst us, for educational uses and the

propagation of their faith. Facts show that they have much wealth." "Large sums are annually contributed by members of that communion, which are not again disbursed for the relief of the needy, nor for objects of general utility or benevolence; but are absorbed by the Church, to increase its own wealth and power, or mainly applied to purely sectarian uses—while their suffering poor are left to be cared for by others, or to perish."

From what is here quoted, it stands to reason, that there is some obvious connection between the excessive poverty and crime among the adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, and the religion they profess. And without wishing to involve their religion in reproach, or to say aught that may militate against their particular mode of faith; yet I do not hesitate to say, that this great disparity in the proportion of paupers and felons between the Roman Catholic and Protestant denominations is to be found in the fact, that the former as a class are kept in the grossest ignorance of the Scriptures, and are not permitted to see and enjoy that light of natural and revealed truth that is absolutely essential to a sanitary condition of their mental and moral organization, and I cannot better close this essay, than by an extract from the same report.

"No public or private charity, however profuse or exact-no legal enactments, however just-no educational advantages, however great, or philanthropic contrivances, however wise, can of themselves elevate to the dignity of self-support and rational comfort, those who are enslaved to evil habits, and too idle, reckless, and vicious to help themselves. Such being the testimony of facts, and teachings of experience, philosophy, and religion on the subject, it matters but little what funds may be disbursed from the hoards of the affluent, nor how often property may be equalized among such by social reorganizers; for the slothful, the thriftless, and dissolute, having no honest aspirations for a purer and better social condition, would remain poor and degraded, and continue to subsist by pirating on the industry of others. Reform, in short, without the regenerating element of Christianity, will be

ever beginning and ever compassing its own defeat."

THE DUELLISTS.

(Selected for the Lutheran Home Journal.)

A TALE OF THE "THIRTY YEARS' WAR."

HILE Lower Saxony was oppressed and exhausted by the Austrian and Bayarian troops in the Thirty Years' War, the Circle of Upper Saxony had been preserved for a considerable period from military outrage by the cautious or timid policy of the Elector, John George. At length the advance of the savage Tilly into his States, in consequence of his refusal to recede from the Treaty of Leipsic, and the successive capture of Merseburg, Naumburgh, and other places of strength, compelled the Saxon Prince to relinquish his temporizing policy, and to embrace the proffered alliance of Gustavus Adolphus. This unexpected accession of strength determined the Swedish monarch to abandon the defensive system he had for some time pursued, and to advance immediately upon Leipsic, which had also opened its gates to the Catholic General. At this dreadful crisis, when intelligence of the rapid advance of Tilly had spread consternation throughout the Electorate, and the dread of Austrian barbarity overbalanced the hope of deliverance by the Swedes, I had been officiating several months as curate in the populous village of B., in Upper Saxony. The atrocious cruelty of Tilly at Magdeburg was still fresh in our recollection, and the consternation of the villagers impelled them to seek relief from incessant and devout attendance at church. The bells were tolled hourly, and fervent prayers for Divine assistance were succeeded by the sublime hymns of Luther, while around the portrait of the immortal Reformer, large tapers were constantly burning, as before the altar of a saint.

One day, while the congregation was singing with fervent devotion the fine hymn, beginning, "The Lord is a tower of strength," the church-door was abruptly thrown open, and a dusty courier, in the Electoral uniform, rushed into the middle aisle. Immediately the organ ceased—the singers were mute,

and every head was turned in anxious anticipation of some momentous intelligence. The stranger advanced rapidly to the altar, ascended the steps, waved his hat thrice above his head, and exclaimed in tones of loud and thrilling energy—"Rejoice, my dear fellow Christians, rejoice! The brave Lutherans have conquered—the battle of Leipsic is fought and won—7000 Imperialists lie dead on the field—Tilly has fled—and the great Gustavus Adolphus and his army have returned thanks to God Almighty on their knees."

At this joyful and unexpected intelligence every knee was bent, and every lip moved in thanksgiving; the pealing organ put forth all its volume, and the assembled villagers concluded the hymn with streaming eyes and grateful hearts.

About three weeks after this happy day, I was sitting alone in my humble apartment, and contemplating with a grateful heart the improved condition and prospects of the great Protestant cause, when a stranger entered the room unannounced, and seated himself opposite to me in silence. His tall person was enveloped in a military cloakhis countenance was bronzed with exposure to sun and storm, and his eyes and forehead were overshadowed by a dragoon helmet. I gazed for some time upon this mysterious intruder; but my earnest perusal of his features, although it roused some remote reminiscences, led to no satisfactory conclusion, until an arch smile, which curved his wellformed lips, revealed my old friend and fellow-student, Seifert. Joyous exclamations of Dear Charles! and Dear Albert! were followed by a cordial embrace, and many eager inquiries concerning our respective pilgrimages since our separation a few years before at the University of L. My surprise at this unexpected meeting was no little increased when my friend threw aside his cloak. At the university, he was distinguished by the classic elegance of his tall and slender person, by his temperance, diffidence, and taciturnity in mixed society, and by his unceasing devotion to study. I now gazed upon a robust and military figure, whose light yellow jacket and polished steel cutlass, announced the Swedish officer of dragoons. His former diffidence of tone and manner had vanished forever, and was replaced by a loud voice, an air of military frankness, and an imposing self-possession, which, however, became him well, and developed advantageously his powerful and well-cultivated understanding. I congratulated him upon his improved appearance, and upon the rank he had attained in the service of the noble Gustavus.

"I need not explain to you," he replied, with the air of a man who is not ignorant of his own merits, "by what process I have become a captain of dragoons. When the great drama of European politics grows serious, and the thrones of princes totter beneath them, the sons of nobles, and the minions of kings and ministers, yield to the force of events, and give place to men of talent and energy. At the present time there are few field officers in active service throughout Germany who have not carried muskets in early life. This rule holds good even in the Imperial and other Catholic States, which are pre-eminently aristocratic. Tilly and Wallenstein, although of noble birth, are sprung from indigence; as are also Bucquoy and Dampier. Johann Von Wert was a peasant; General Beck, a shepherd; Stahlhautsch, a footman; and Field Marshal Aldringer, a valet-de-chambre."

He now arose, threw open the window, and whistled. The signal was soon explained by the entrance of a tall blue-eyed and fair-haired Swede, who covered my deal table with a napkin of white damask, placed upon it a bottle of wine with two green glasses, and disappeared. Seifert filled two bumpers of costly Hochheimer, and exclaimed with glowing enthusiasm—"Long live Gustavus Adolphus!"

"Since I have known this great and admirable man, Albert," he continued, "I have ceased to indulge my fancy by building models of superhuman excellence. My day-dreams are dissolved, and my understanding and affections are occupied by a splendid reality. What has not the heroic Gustavus conceived and accomplished! A better man, in every sense of the word, walks not the earth; nor has any soldier, of ancient or modern times, made so many dis-

coveries and improvements in military science. The Swedish regiments formerly comprised 3000 men, and were helpless and unwieldy as elephants. By reducing their numbers to 1200, he has enabled them to perform the most complex manœuvres with facility, and to move with the bounding energy of Arabian coursers. Four surgeons of approved skill are attached to each regiment. Before the introduction of this humane and politic improvement, the wounded were left groaning on the field of battle, a prey to the vulture and the wolf. In the Austrian army there is no provision of this nature; and Tilly, himself, when marked with a Protestant sabre, was obliged to send to Halle for a surgeon. The brigading of the troops,—the firing en polotons,—the dragoon service,-the short cannon, which carries farther than the long one,—the new pike, and the cartridge-box, are but a portion of the invention which we owe to Gustavus Adolphus. Every field officer in the Swedish service is a worthy pupil of our heroic master, who fights alike in summer and in winter, and who proved himself the best engineer of his time, by his skill in the conduct of sieges, batteries, and entrenchments. When he drew his sword in the Protestant cause, and advanced like a hurricane into Germany, the military fops of Vienna called him the Snow-King, and predicted that he and his troops would melt in the summer heats. They little knew the formidable enemy they had to encounter. But the more sagacious Tilly shook his head when he heard this favorite jest of the Vienna circles, and was heard to say, that the Snow-Ball would probably roll up into an avalanche. He had sufficient knowledge of human nature to foresee a possibility, that the fresh and ardent religious zeal of the Swedish and German Protestants would eventually triumph over the worn-out fanaticism of the Catholic soldiery. To return to Gustavus, I could utter volumes in praise of his eloquence, and of the talent displayed in his letters, treaties, and manifestoes. His character, in short, exhibits a splendid combination of intrepidity and selfpossession; of temperance and industry; of affability, elemency, and candor. To crown all, he is a good husband and father, a sound

and fervent Christian; and may I fall into the talons of old Tilly, or of the devil, who is the best of the two, if I would not shed my blood for him as cheerfully as I now pour out a bumper of old Rhine-wine to his health."

I listened with growing amazement to my enthusiastic friend, whose language and deportment had experienced a change as striking as the alteration in his person. I could not discern in the martial figure that stood before me, a vestige of the modest, taciturn, and temperate youth I had formerly known. The fire of his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips, indicated a resolute and decided character; his language flowed like a torrent; and he had so entirely subdued his dislike to the bottle, that, in the ardor of his eulogium, he swallowed successive bumpers, without observing that I had limited myself to a single glass.

After he had entered into some farther details of his military career, he rose to depart, and thus addressed me:- "My object in calling upon you, Albert, was not merely to embrace an old friend, but to make his fortune. You are irrecoverably spoiled for a soldier; but a King, who pillows his head upon the works of the immortal Grotius, can appreciate learning as well as valor. He loves the book of Grotius on War and Peace, as much as Alexander the Great prized the Iliad of Homer; and has often declared that he would make this highly-gifted man his Prime Minister, if he would accept the appointment. He has also a fine taste, or, I should say, an impassioned feeling for poetry. After the surrender of Ething, but before the definitive treaty was signed, the King walked into the town unobserved, and purchased the Latin poems of Buchanan. You, Albert, are a scholar and a poet, but, more than all, you are descended from the family of Luther. I have often bantered you for attaching importance to this accident of birth, but I now foresee that it will greatly promote your advancement in life. Gustavus is a zealous Lutheran. He venerates the great Reformer as a second Saviour; and he will certainly bestow upon you an honorable appointment, when he learns, that in addition to more

solid merits, you are a scion, although but collaterally, of the stock of Luther. And, now, my Albert, vale et me ama! The moon will be down in an hour, and I must to quarters. We are encamped three leagues hence, near the small town of R—. The King and his Staff occupy the adjacent castle. Visit me the day after to-morrow, and I will introduce you to his Majesty."

With these words he embraced me, and summoned his dragoon. Two noble chargers were brought to my cottage door, and the active riders, vaulting into the saddles, bounded rapidly across the churchyard path into the highroad. The night was still and beautiful; the moonbeams shone brightly upon their nodding plumes and steel cuirasses; and, as I gazed upon their retreating figures, and listened to the loud ring of their sabres and accourtements, I fancied them two knights of the olden time, sallying forth in quest of nocturnal adventure.

On the morning of the day appointed for my introduction to royalty, I felt a natural impulse to adorn the outward man, and surveyed, with some trepidation, the contents of my scanty wardrobe. Alas! the best coat in my possession displayed a surface more brown than black; and, while endeavoring to improve it with a brush, I discovered more nebulous spots and milky ways than ever met the gaze of astronomer through his telescope. At the risk of giving dire offence to the royal nostrils, I obliterated many of these celestial systems with turpentine, converted an old hat into a new one by the aid of warm beer, took my walking-stick and bundle, and commenced my journey to the Swedish camp.

About a quarter of a league from the town I encountered groups of soldiers, seated at the entrances of tents and cottages. They were men of comely aspect, well-clothed, and of peaceable deportment. To an officer of some rank, who inquired my object in approaching the camp, I mentioned the invitation of Seifert. He treated me with the respect due to my sacred office, and in terms of courtesy and kindness told me, that my friend was quartered near the castle gate. Anticipating a kind and hos-

pitable reception from Seifert, I was no little surprised by his altered look and manner. He was sitting with folded arms, and clouded aspect; and did not immediately reply to my cordial address, nor even acknowledged my presence by look or gesture. At length he coldly replied,

"Good morning, Albert!—Excuse my reception of you, but I thought our appoint-

ment had been for to-morrow."

Suddenly the stern expression of his features relaxed into kindness and cordiality; he started from his seat, seized my hand affectionately, and exclaimed, with visible emotion,

"It is well, however, that you have arrived to-day, for possibly you had not found

me in existence to-morrow."

"Good God!" I ejaculated, "what calamity has befallen you, Seifert? Have you, by any fault or misfortune, lost the royal favor?"

"On the contrary," he replied, with a smile of singular meaning, "the King has just granted me a signal and unprecedented favor."

He then closed the door of his apartment, and continued in a lower tone :-"Every human being, Albert, has his weak side, and even a great King is but a man. The failing of our heroic Gustavus is that of inordinate devotion. He is the high priest as well as the general of his army, and no superannuated devotee can surpass him in praying, weeping, and psalm-singing. I give him full credit for zeal and sincerity, for it is impossible that Gustavus Adolphus can stoop to hypocrisy; but, amongst various unmilitary regulations which have sprung from this religious enthusiasm, he has forbidden duels under penalty of death."

Here I would have interrupted him.

"Excuse me, Albert," he continued, "I know all you would say on the subject; I know that, as a clergyman, you must vindicate this absurdity of Gustavus; but kings and curates are privileged men. The latter are not very tenacious of the point d'honneur; and when a king is insulted, he wages combat on a large scale, and arrays nation against nation to avenge his private

quarrels. For instance, what was the battle of Leipsic but a duel between Gustavus Adolphus and Ferdinand III, or rather Maximilian of Bavaria? I must, however, do him the justice to acknowledge he has at length relaxed the severity of this regulation, and has permitted me to measure swords with Captain Barstrom; but on condition that the duel shall take place in the baronial hall of the castle, and in presence of the king and his staff-officers. gallery will be open to the public, and I will procure you a good seat and an intelligent companion, that you may have the pleasure of seeing me avail myself of his Majesty's gracious permission to humble the pride and insolence of my opponent. You are a classical man, Albert, and may readily suppose that you are beholding a mortal combat of gladiators, for the encounter will only terminate with the death of one or both. In return for this gratification," he added, with a careless smile, "you must pledge yourself to read the service of the dead over my remains, should I fall, and to compose for me a Latin epitaph in flowing hexameters. And now, my beloved Albert, farewell. I must go and apparel, for it would be a breach of etiquette to perform tragedy before spectators of such exalted rank in any but full dress."

"Strange being!" I here impatiently exclaimed, "you speak of a deadly combat as you would of a pageant! Cease this unhallowed levity, and tell me, in plain language, what is the nature of this insult, which can only be atoned for by the sacrifice of human life."

"Last night, at supper," he replied, "Barstrom called me a German coxcomb, and I returned the compliment by calling him a Swedish bear. A defiance to mortal combat immediately ensued; the king's consent was obtained; and this day will prove, whether the bear shall give the coxcomb a mortal squeeze, or be compelled to dance to the coxcomb's fiddle."

With these words he left the apartment; and shortly returned with a Saxon subaltern, of mature age and intelligent physiognomy. He told him to accompany me to the gallery of the castle-hall, and to procure for me a

commodious seat. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, I left the quarters of Seifert, and approached the castle-gate in silent consternation. My companion gave me a look full of humorous meaning, and remarked, while he offered me a pinch of snuff.—

"All this is, doubtless, above your comprehension, reverend sir! It is almost above mine, although I have lived above half a century, and made some use of my opportunities. Perhaps, however, you, who have studied at the University, can explain to me, why no man likes to be called by his proper name. I have known Captain Seifert for a twelvemonth. I have seen him in battle; and, God knows! he wields his sabre as well as he does his tongue-which is no small praise, because he surpasses most men in wit and knowledge. But I maintain, nevertheless, that he is somewhat of a coxcomb. Captain Barstrom is also a man of distinguished bravery, and he had once the good fortune to save the king's life; but, in manner, he is a wild beast, -- and why he should take offence at the very characteristic appellation of a 'Swedish bear,' puzzled me exceedingly."

I followed my conductor into the gallery, which was crowded with citizens; who readily, however, made way for me and my escort, and we gained a position commanding a good view of the arena below. The Royal Guards, a fine body of men, in light blue coats and steel cuirasses, lined both sides of the spacious hall, and their polished battle-axes flashed brightly from the tops of their long black lances.

"I suppose," said I to my companion, "that these fine body-guards are the King's favorite regiment?"

"Gustavus is a father to all his soldiers," answered the subaltern; "and, incredible as it may appear to you, he knows personally almost every Swede in his army, has conversed with most of them, and addressed them even by name. The entire Swedish force is as well equipped as the men before you. On this point the munificent Gustavus differs widely from Corporal Skeleston, as he always calls Tilly. The old Bavarian maintains, that a polished musket and a

ragged soldier set off each other. The Swedish monarch studies the health and comfort of his soldiers collectively, and indulges no preferences for the Guards. Indeed, he has been often heard to say, that he trusted not in body-guards, but in the Providence of God."

During this discussion, the eastle hall had become gradually crowded with officers in Swedish and Saxon uniforms. Suddenly the loud clash of spurs and voices ceased, and was succeeded by a deep and respectful silence. The lofty folding-doors were thrown open, and with beating heart and aching eveballs I awaited a first view of the mighty A tall man entered the hall, Gustavus. spare in body but stout and muscular in His forehead was lofty and commanding; his eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and his nose had the curve of a hawk's. Good feeling and intelligence were finely blended in his physiognomy; but the powerful glance of his deepset eyes was softened and shaded by an expression of settled melancholy. He saluted right and left with much urbanity, proceeded to the upper end of the hall, and stood with folded arms and abstracted gaze, evidently unconscious of the passing scene.

"That is a personage of high rank," I observed; "but it cannot be the King. I have understood, that Gustavus is robust in person, and has a full and jovial countenance."

"That field-officer," replied the subaltern, "is the King's right arm, the admirable Gustavus Horn, whose division was immediately opposed to Tilly in the battle of Leipsic. He is at once a terrible warrior and a noble-minded man. I could relate many instances of his humanity and forbearance."

"But why," said I, "that expression of sadness in his countenance?"

"He has recently lost an excellent wife and two lovely children," answered my companion, "by a contagious malady. He clasped their dead bodies in a long embrace, and sent them in a silver coffin to Sweden for interment. But you must not overlook the Chancellor Oxenstiern, the tall and majestic figure approaching General

Horn. Observe his fine open countenance, exactly what the Italians call a viso sciotto. He is no Cardinal Richelieu-no Machiavel; and yet as cunning as the devil. He is of a mild and tranquil temperament, and affords a noble proof that an honest man may be a clever fellow. Observe how cordially he presses the hand of his son-in-law, and endeavors to console him. The wife of Gustavus Horn was his favorite daughter, but his grief for her loss is not outwardly visible. The King, who is a man of quick feelings, could not refrain from remarking this singular composure on so trying an occasion, and called him a cold-blooded animal. But, what think you, was the chancellor's reply? 'If my cold blood did not occasionally damp your majesty's fire, the conflagration would become inextinguishable.' Gustavus did not hesitate a moment to acknowledge the justice of the remark; nor does any man in Sweden better understand the value of Oxenstiern's cool judgment and comprehensive understanding. Had the chancellor's feelings been more acute and obvious, his mind would have been proportionably deficient in that consummate power and self-balance which have enabled him to accomplish so much for his king and country. Look at that impetuous young soldier, who is striding rapidly up the hall,-I mean the one, whose locks are combed half over his forehead, after the newest mode, instead of being brushed upwards in the lion-fashion, like the hair of Gustavus and the chancellor."

"Ha!" I exclaimed; "that is my own illustrious sovereign, Prince Bernard of Weimar. I have often met him, when we were children, on the stairs of Luther's Tower near Eisenach, and he always honored me with a friendly greeting. He has shot up into manly strength and beauty; and, if I read correctly his impatient gesture and flashing eye, he is a man of daring and impetuous character."

"Right!" answered the subaltern. "He is young and inexperienced; but there are within him all the elements of another Gustavus. Observe how eagerly he approaches General Horn, and how cordially he embraces him. The General has many claims upon the esteem of this headlong youth,

who has sometimes in the field dared to dispute the judgment and the orders of the veteran commander; but at length saw his errors, and redeemed them nobly, by proving himself soldier enough to submit to his superior in rank, and man enough to acknowledge in public his own rashness and inexperience."

"Who is that grave-looking field-officer," I inquired, "who has just entered, and is so

cordially saluted by every one?"

"Ah, my good and reverend sir!" exclaimed the old man, "you see there a striking proof of the advantages of war over peace, and especially in the Swedish service. In peaceable times the signal merits of that man would not have raised him from obscurity. He is Colonel Stalhaus, a Finlander. In his youth he was a footman, and now he is the equal, in military rank, and the personal friend of Duke Bernard. But he is a highly-gifted man, and, amongst other accomplishments, is well acquainted with the English language. He gained this knowledge when in the service of Sir Patrick Ruthven, and it has enabled him to render some valuable aid to the king, who speaks German, French, Italian, and Latin, as fluently as his native tongue, but is ignorant of English."

My companion was here interrupted by the loud cheers of a numerous assemblage in the castle yard. The window being immediately behind us, we had only to reverse our position to obtain a good view of the spacious enclosure, crowded with a dense mass of human beings. The pressure was terrific, and yet no soldiers were employed to clear the way for the approaching monarch and his retinue. The assembled people showed their sense of this forbearance, by uncovering their heads, and giving way respectfully as he advanced. I now beheld a large man, on horseback, plainly attired in a suit of gray cloth. He had a green feather in his hat, and was mounted on a large spotted white horse, of singular beauty and magnificent action. I required no prompting to tell me that this was the Great Gustavus.

"Behold," exclaimed my cicerone, "how slowly he rides across the castle yard. He

is a fraid that his mettlesome courser may injure the thoughtless children perpetually crossing his path; and, being nearsighted, he shades his eyes with his hand."

"The king is very plainly attired," I remarked; "but a man so distinguished by nature needs not the aid of dress. His features are finely moulded and full of dominion; but his person, although majestic and imposing, is somewhat too corpulent."

"Not an ounce too much of him," replied, somewhat abruptly, the subaltern. "He is not a heavier man than the heroic Charlemagne, or Rolf the Galloper, who founded the powerful state of Normandy; and, in activity of body and mind, he is, at least, their equal."

Unwilling to irritate this partisan of Gustavus by pursuing the subject, I remarked the uncommon beauty of the king's horse.

"A fine horse," he replied, "is the hobby of Gustavus, and by the indulgence of this foible he has too often exposed to imminent peril a life on which hinges the fate of Protestant Europe. On all occasions, and even in important engagements, he persists in riding horses easily distinguishable from all others. A few days before the battle of Leipsic, a horse-dealer brought into the camp a noble charger, very peculiarly marked and colored. This fellow was a spy, employed by the base and cowardly Austrians, who calculated that Gustavus would ride this fine animal in the approaching engagement, and become an easy mark for their bullets."

"And who," I inquired, "is that broadshouldered hero, with a clear, dark complexion, accompanied by a fine youth in the garb of a student?"

"That man of bone and muscle," he replied, "is the brave and chivalrous Banner, a name admirably characteristic of the man. He is truly a living standard, and, in the wildest tumult of the battle, stands firm as a castle tower, rallies around him the bewildered soldiers, and leads them on again to combat and to victory. His noble daring cannot, however, be unknown to you. How much I regret that I cannot show

you those valiant soldiers, Collenburg and Teufel. Alas! they fell on the field of Leipsic. That fine-looking youth," he continued, in a whisper, "is a natural son of the king, born, however, before his marriage. Such an accident may happen to the best of men in the days of youthful riot; and to kings, who are greatly tempted, we should be greatly tolerant. When Gustavus married, he undertook, in good faith, to become the husband of one woman, and he has ever been a model of conjugal tenderness and fidelity."

During these details, the King had entered the hall, and taken a chair upon a raised platform at the upper end, his chancellor and staff officers standing on each side of Suddenly the lively and beautiful march, which had greeted the entrance of Gustavus, ceased; the King nodded to the band, and the wind instruments began to play the solemn dead march, usually performed when a condemned officer is going to execution. The large folding doors again opened, and two black coffins were brought in by soldiers, moving in slow time to the saddening music, and followed by a tall and harsh-looking man, with uncovered head and vulgar features. He wore a red cloak which but partially concealed a glittering blade of unusual breadth, and resembling rather a surgical instrument than a weapon. "What does all this portend?" I eagerly inquired from my old companion, who had hitherto answered all my queries with singular intelligence, and in language far above his apparent condition. Without, however, removing his eager gaze from this singular spectacle below, he briefly answered: "Those are two coffins, and that man with the red cloak and sword is the provost marshal." The coffins were placed in two corners of the hall, the headsman retreated behind the body-guards, the music ceased, and Gustavus spoke to the following effect, with an impressive dignity of look, voice, and language, which no time will erase from my recollection.

"My beloved soldiers and friends!—It is well known to you, that after mature deliberation with my faithful counsellors and field officers, I have forbidden duels in my army, under pain of death to the offending parties. My brave generals expressed their entire approval of this regulation, and recorded their unanimous opinion, that there is no essential connection between duelling and the true honor of a soldier, and that a conscientious avoidance of single combat is perfectly consistent with heroic courage and an elevated sense of honor.

"The soldier must be animated by a just cause, or his courage is worthless as the embroidery of his uniform; an ornament, but not a virtue. During the middle ages, the practice of duelling was perhaps expedient, to counterbalance the enormous evils which grew out of a lawless state of society; and it must be allowed, that the rude and chivalrous habits of that savage period were redeemed by no small portion of honorable and devotional feeling. Let us then prefer the substance to the shadow, and model our conduct by the better qualities of our ancestors, instead of copying their romantic exaggerations and absurdities. The lawless days of chivalry are gone by. They have been succeeded throughout Christian Europe by settled governments and institutions, which, however imperfect, afford comparative security to person and property. Why, then, will civilized men cling to the savage customs of a savage period? And why are we Protestants? Why are we in arms against Catholics? Is it not solely because they forbid us to keep pace with an improved state of knowledge, civil and religious? Some of you will perhaps contend, that an occasional duel is favorable to discipline and good manners; but, are you prepared to prove that the Catholic officers, who fight duels with impunity, bear any comparison with mine in urbanity and discipline? And do you attach any value to that base and cowardly complaisance, which springs from the fear of death? Believe me, gentlemen, in a well-disciplined army, there will always be an immense majority of brave men, whose courtesy is prompted by good feeling and common sense; and, where the great majority is civilized, rudeness becomes the exception to the rule, and meets with merited contempt and avoidance. Why, then, will even men of tried courage

apply a remedy so strong as mortal combat to an evil so trivial?"

Here Gustavus pansed, and fixed his eagle eyes upon the duellists, who stood with folded arms and sullen mien, in the centre of the hall. Their very souls seemed to quail under his searching glance; their eyes fell, and the dark red hue of conscious guilt suffused their cheeks and foreheads. The royal orator resumed:

"And yet we this day behold two officers of acknowledged bravery, who have yielded to this insane impulse, and who, perhaps, flatter themselves, that their readiness to stake life will excite admiration and astonishment. I had given them credit for better heads and better hearts, and I lament exceedingly their infatuation. There are some individuals, whose gloomy and ferocions temperament betrays their natural affinity to the tiger and the hyena; whose pride is not ennobled by a spark of honorable feeling; whose courage is devoid of generosity; who have no sympathies in common with their fellow-men; and who find a horrible gratification in hazarding their lives to accomplish the destruction of any one whose enjoyment of life, health, and reason, is greater than their own. I thank the Almighty, that this demoniacal spirit prevails not in my army; and should it unfortunately animate any of my soldiers, they have my free permission to join the gipsy camps of Tilly and Wallenstein."

The Swedish generals here exchanged looks and nods of proud gratification, and Prince Bernard of Weimar, whose fine eyes flashed with ungovernable delight, advanced a step towards the royal orator, as if he would have expressed his approbation by a cordial embrace. Controlling, however, with visible effort, this sudden impulse, he resumed his place. Meanwhile, the King exchanged a glance of friendly intelligence with his chancellor, and continued in a tone of diminished severity.

"You will, probably, gentlemen, charge me with inconsistency in thus sanctioning a public duel, after my promulgation of a general order against the practice of duelling. There are, however, peculiar circumstances connected with this duel, to explain which, and to vindicate myself, I have requested your presence on this occasion. The gentlemen before you, Captains Barstrom and Seifert, are well known as officers of high and deserved reputation. Barstrom has evinced heroic courage on many occasions, and he saved my life in the Polish war, when I was bare-headed and surrounded, Syrot having struck off my iron cap, which heretic headgear the Austrians sent as a trophy to Loretto. I knighted Bastrom on the field of battle; and, relying upon his good sense and moderation, I promised to grant him a free boon. He never availed himself of this pledge until yesterday, when he solicited my permission to meet Captain Seifert in single combat.

"Seifert has studied chivalry at German universities, and to good purpose, if we may judge from the brilliant valor which made him a captain on the field of Leipsic. He has endeavored to prove to me, by numerous Greek and Latin scraps, that I ought to sanction this duel; but it would not be difficult to bring forward old Homer himself in evidence, that the Greeks were not very fastidious in points of etiquette. For instance, Achilles called Agamemnon 'a drunkard, with the look of a dog and the valor of a deer.' Seifert, however, is not a man to be influenced by either classical or Christian anthorities; his reason lies in prostrate adoration before the shrine of false honor, that Moloch of the dark ages, around which the chivalry of that period danced, until their giddy brains lost the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong.

"Thus solemnly pledged to two irreconcilable obligations, how can I extricate myself from a predicament so embarrassing? I have exhausted my powers of reasoning and persuasion in vain endeavors to effect a reconciliation. My promise of a free boon to Barstrom I cannot honorably retract; nor can I, for his sake, infringe upon the salutary law so long established. Happily one alternative remains. These misguided men are determined to fight, and, if possible, to destroy each other. Be it so! Their savage propensities shall be gratified, and I will witness their chivalrous courage and heroic contempt of life. Now, gentlemen! draw,

and do your worst! Fight until the death of one shall prove the other the better swordsman; but mark well the consequence! Soon as one of you is slain, my executioner shall strike off the head of the other. Thus my pledge to Barstrom will be redeemed, and the law against duelling will remain inviolate."

Here Gustavus ceased to speak; the solemn dead march was repeated by the band, the coffins were brought nearer to the duellists, and the grim-visaged executioner again came into view, with his horrible weapon. At this awful moment I beheld Seifert and Barstrom suddenly rush forward, throw themselves at the feet of Gustavus, and supplicate for mercy.

"Mercy depends not upon me, but upon yourselves," mildly replied the King, soon as the band had ceased. "If you do not fight, the executioner will find no occupation here." These words were accompanied by a glance at the headsman, who immediately quitted the hall by a side door. "But if you are sincerely desirous," continued Gustavus, to regain the good opinion of the brave men and good Christians here assembled, you will at once relinquish every hostile feeling, and embrace each other as friends."

The duellists instantly flew into each other's arms. Gustavus raised his folded hands and kingly features in devotional feeling towards heaven, and the chancellor gave a signal to the band, which played a fine hymn on reconciliation and brotherly love. I now heard with inexpressible delight the King, Oxenstiern, Horn, Banner, Stahlhaus, and Prince Bernard, with the assembled officers and guards, singing the impressive verses of Luther, with beautiful accuracy of time and tone. The magnificent bass of Gustavus Adolphus was easily distinguishable by its organ-like fulness and grandeur; it resembled the deep low breathing of a silver trumpet, and although forty years have rolled over my head since I heard it, the rich and solemn tones of the royal singer still vibrate upon my memory.

The hallowed feeling spread through hall and gallery, and every one who could sing joined with fervor in the sacred song. Even my old subaltern, whose voice was painfully harsh and unmusical, drew from his pocket a hymn-book and a pair of copper spectacles; his tones were tremulous and discordant, but, in my estimation, his musical deficiencies were amply redeemed by the tears which rolled abundantly down his hollow and timeworn cheeks.

Thus was this terrible camp-scene converted, as if by miracle or magic, into a solemn, and, surely, an acceptable service of the Almighty.

YOUNG ABIJAH.

BY REV. E. GREENWALD.

WERY reader of the Bible is acquainted with the history and character of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat. He was a bad man himself, and he used all his influence to corrupt the nation over which he ruled. He is called "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." He made images and erected temples for them; he worshipped them himself, and commanded his subjects to worship them; and he exerted himself, in every possible way, to overthrow the true religion of Jehovah, and bring back the Israelites to the idolatrous practices of the heathen around them.

In the midst of his plans for the corruption of the people, and the destruction of the true religion, his favorite son, Abijah, became sick; and all the efforts of his physicians to restore him, were unavailing. As Abijah was the flower of the family, the eldest son, and heir to the crown, not only his father, but the entire nation, were overwhelmed with anxiety and distress on account of his dangerous illness. Infidelity and sin constitute a very poor resource in the time of trouble and sorrow. Although their votaries express full confidence in them in the time of health and prosperity, yet they immediately renounce them as unsatisfactory when great perils arise. So the conduct of Jeroboam, on this occasion, proved, that he had really no firm confidence in his own idolatrous principles. As he could find no help for his son nor any relief for the anxiety of his own mind concerning the issue of the malady, he looked around him to

discover some prophet of the true God, to whom he might apply either for a miraculous cure, or for some information concerning the issue of the case, which would relieve his mind from the suspense which it then suffered. He bethought himself of the prophet Abijah, who lived many miles off, within the bounds of the kingdom of Judah; for he had banished all the prophets of God out of his kingdom. But it would have been too humiliating to the pride of Jeroboam, both in the view of the prophet, and of his own people, for him to make application to Abijah publicly. He, therefore, adopted a device, by which he hoped to attain his wishes, without having his application known. For this purpose he despatched on the errand, his wife, the queen, and mother of his sick son, with the direction to disguise herself, that she might "not be known to be the wife of Jeroboam."

The wife of Jeroboam was disappointed, however, in the hope of remaining concealed; for the disguise she assumed was too thin, to prevent the penetration of the Omniscient eve. Abijah was very old, and could not see, for his eyes were dim because of his age; but the spirit of God made all things clear to his mental vision. When he heard, therefore, the sound of her feet at the door, he said, "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; -why feignest thou thyself to be another? For I am sent to thee with heavy tidings." The prophet, then, proceeded, at length, to deliver the dreadful message with which he was charged. The heart of the Queen of Israel must have been rent with sorely conflicting emotions, whilst listening to it; but, painful as it was, the prophet performed his duty faithfully. He directed her to go, and tell Jeroboam, that, in consequence of his outrageous wickedness, it was the purpose of the Almighty to bring a terrible woe upon his house; that He would utterly exterminate his family; those of the family that would die in the city, the dogs should deyour, and those that would die in the field, the fowls of the air should eat. He then dismissed her with these severe words,-"Arise thou, therefore; get thee to thine own house, and when thy feet enter into the city, the child shall die. And all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him, for he only of the house of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam." After having received this terrible message, the wicked wife of a wicked king turned, with a heavy heart, though with an unchanged nature, to her home; as was foretold, her son drew his last breath as she came to the threshold of the door.

There are three things in the character of young Abijah, to which the attention of all our young readers may be profitably directed.

1. He was pious.

"In him was found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel, in the house of Jeroboam." The "good thing" that was found in him, was piety. True piety toward God is a good thing. There is nothing better in the world, for its object is God, the best of beings; its nature is pure and holy; its design is eminently commendable and proper; and its tendency is to make him better who exercises it. It is a "good thing," because it secures a good friend in God our Father, and prepares the soul for the enjoyment of the good things He has reserved for it in heaven. It is a "good thing," because a pious man is necessarily a good man, and the dispositions it infuses into the heart, are good, and holy, and gentle, and kind. It is a "good thing," because it enjoys the approbation of God, the love of angels, and the esteem of the wisest and best men on the earth. It is a "good thing," for whenever the principles of piety are believed, and its precepts are obeyed, the greatest amount of true comfort and happiness necessarily exist. It is not only a good thing, but, yet more, it is the good thing; and more still, it is the best thing which can engage man's attention in the world.

It is further worthy of notice, that Abijah's piety consisted of an inward living principle. The "good thing" was "in him." It was, no doubt, also without him—seen in his conduct and life; for, if there is anything in a man, it will also appear outwardly. What he is in his disposition and character, will be manifested in his external actions.

But a religion of externals alone, can never be permanent, nor will it meet the ends for which religion should be sought. Piety must have well-grounded internal principles to sustain it. It has principally to do with the heart, and aims at rectifying what is wrong within; rightly judging, that if the fountain be pure, the streams that issue from it will be wholesome. It must first be right within, if it would be right without. A truly pious man is right in the heart, and right in the life; right with God, and right with man; right in doctrine, and right in action; right in feeling, and right in practice; right in life, and right in death,—all is right.

It is still further deserving of remark, that Abijah's piety had respect to the great God. "In him was found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel." God is both the source and the object of true religion. The knowledge of God is its foundation, and the glory of God is its end. Duty to men must proceed from duty to God. He loves man best, who loves God most. He has most of a "good thing" within him toward man, in whom is found the largest amount of a "good thing" toward God.

2. He was pious in early life.

Abijah's precise age is not known; but it is known that he was yet quite a youth. He is called a "child;" but it is probable, that the expression is not to be taken as signifying that he was a mere infant, but that he was a young man growing up to maturity. He was, of course, of sufficient age to manifest the "good thing toward the Lord God of Israel," that was "found in him." In his case, we have a beautiful instance of early piety. Religion engaged his youthful affections, and he gave his young heart to God. Sin presented to him, no doubt, the same enticements which it presented to other young men around him; but he had grace and sufficient character to resist them, and maintain a reputation that will render his name honored and loved through all time. By his early piety he secured the favor of God, and the best reputation in the view of good men; he was spared the shame and wretchedness which youthful depravity always produces; and amidst the wreck of his family, he alone came to his

grave in peace. True religion is lovely in all; but it is especially lovely in the young. The warm affections of a young heart, devoted to Christ, are particularly precious in his sight. Every young man ought to be religious. God desires that every young man should be religious. For a young man to be irreligious is to possess a character, and occupy a position, contrary to the entire design and purpose of God in creating and redeeming him. No young man has a right to be irreligious, for he takes upon himself the dreadful responsibility to contravene the express will and purpose of God in reference to himself. No young man can afford to be irreligious; for he is exposed to too many perils, and he too greatly needs the protection, guidance, and saving power of religion to do without it. Every young man ought to be religious; for he secures thereby the greatest blessing to his own soul; he provides for himself the surest resource of comfort and happiness; he throws around himself the most effectual protection and guard against the evils of life; he places himself in a position to be most eminently useful to others; and he prepares for himself a peaceful deathbed and a blessed eternity. With these inducements before him, what young man will not imitate the example of young Abijah, and cultivate, in early youth, "some good thing within him toward the Lord God of Israel?"

3. He was pious amidst irreligious influences.

This is represented as the distinguishing glory of his character. His was a solitary case of piety and virtue, in the midst of general idolatry and wickedness. His parents, brothers, and all the other members of his own family, as well as all the courtiers that thronged the palace, were corrupt and profligate persons. He had no one to encourage him in his pious determinations, but he had the influence of hundreds to incite him to sin, by their vile example, and to deter him from virtue, by the ridicule they heaped upon all that is good. It is comparatively easy for a young man to be pious and virtuous, when he is aided by the advice and example of religious parents and friends, and the general high tone of religion and

morals prevailing in the community in which he lives. Many young persons are irreligious, however, who are surrounded by all these helps. Abijah was pious and good although he enjoyed none of them. He had no current of piety to bear him onward to holiness and heaven, almost without any effort of his own. In his case the current was all in the other direction. A young man may well be pious when he has before him constantly the sweet and lovely spirit of goodness displayed in a venerable father and an affectionate mother. But instead of this inviting picture, Abijah had a spectacle of a very different kind always before him. He saw

nothing but gross idolatry, profanity, profligacy, and wickedness of every kind, practised by his father and mother, brothers and friends, princes, officers, and subjects. If his pious heart could have been corrupted, these base influences were well adapted to effect it. It is marvellous that he was able to resist them all, and preserve his integrity to the end. He was a solitary flower in the midst of a desert—a single star twinkling amidst universal darkness. This circumstance produces unbounded admiration for his character, and he becomes an example worthy of the respect and imitation of young men everywhere.



yome Circle.

MUSICAL STONES.

HAPPY the life, which, exempt from public haunts,

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Bonar, in his recent work, "Desert of Sinai," alludes to musical stones in Pennsylvania, to which we would call the attention of those who live in the vicinity of that phenomenon. He says, there is a place called the Singing Valley, about three miles from Pottstown, where there is a large number of misshapen stones, which look as if

flung together by some great upheaval. The stones emit, when struck, all manner of tones; and it is said that the chimes of the finest bells cannot surpass in variety the sounds thus produced.

It is nothing new to hear of music in stones. Baron Humboldt heard the strangest subterranean sounds among the granite rocks on the Orinoco; and at the palace of Karnac, some of Napoleon's savans heard noises exactly resembling the breaking of a string. It is curious, says Dendy, that Pausanias applies exactly this expression to the sounds of the Memnonian granite, the colos-

sal head of Memnon, which was believed to speak at sunrise. He writes: "It emits sounds every morning at sunrise, which can be compared only to that of the breaking of the string of a lyre." Many of the fables of the ancients sprang, no doubt, from some mysterious sounds of nature, assisted by the imagination, moulding them into living things. In this way, perhaps, we may explain the classic fable of "the Sirens," two solitary maidens, who by their dulcet voices so enchanted the navigators who sailed by their rocks, that they forgot home and the purpose of their voyage, and died of starvation. Ulysses, instructed by his mother Circe, broke the spell, and the ladies threw themselves into the sea with vexation. There is no doubt but that many of the classic mysteries, admit of some such topographical explanation.

If Bonar refers to Pottstown, Pennsylvania, we hope Brother MILLER will take a walk to this "Singing Valley," and strike those musical stones, and after he has heard their sweet and mysterious melody, tell us something about the matter in the Home Journal.

To the lovers of poetry and music, and mother memories, we give the following, from Dyer's Songs and Ballads. It may be sung to that universally admired tune, of The Old Arm Chair.

THE OLD EASY CHAIR BY THE FIRE.

HE days of my youth have all silently sped, And my locks are now grown thin and gray; My hopes, like a dream in the morning, have fled, And nothing remains but decay: Yet I seem but a child, as I was long ago, When I stood by the form of my sire, And my dear mother sung, as she rocked to and fro, In the old easy chair by the fire.

O, she was my guardian and guide all the day, And the angel who watched round my bed; Her voice, in a murmur of prayer, died away, For blessings to rest on my head. Then I thought ne'er an angel that heaven could

Though trained in its own peerless choir, Could sing like my mother, who rocked to and fro, In the old easy chair by the fire.

How holy the place, as we gathered at night Round the altar where peace ever dwelt, To join in an anthem of praise, and unite In thanks which our hearts truly felt. In his sacred old seat, with his locks white as snow, Sat the venerable form of my sire, While my dear mother sung, as she rocked to and

In the old easy chair by the fire.

The cottage is gone which my infancy knew, And the place is despoiled of its charms; My friends are all gathered beneath the old yew, And slumber in death's folded arms; But often, with rapture, my bosom doth glow, As I think of my home and my sire, And the dearest of mothers, who sung long ago, In the old easy chair by the fire.

THE BLUSHING CHILD.

(From Gotthold's Emblems.)

YOUNG girl was one day censured A by her mother for some fault, upon which she deeply blushed, burst into tears, and retired into a corner. Gotthold was present, and observed to the mother: "How beautiful your reproof has made your daughter. That crimson hue, and those silvery tears, become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. These may be hung on the neck of a wanton, but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full-blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

CHILD'S PRAYER.

(From Dyer's Songs and Ballads.)

LAS! when years were still so brief, A I scarce could lisp a name, My tongue was taught the notes of grief, For clouds of sorrow came. And now I seck a mother's grave, At every eventide; O! could I have the boon I crave, I'd slumber by her side.

I leave the birds that sing so sweet, And flowers of richest bloom, And all the pleasant friends I meet, To weep beside her tomb. The earth has many things to love, And once I thought them fair,

But, since my mother dwells above, It's brighter, far, up there.

I know they'll dig a place so deep,
Down where the willows wave,
And lay me sweetly there to sleep,
Close by my mother's grave.
But yonder, with the spirits blest,
Her radiant form I view:
O, let me on her bosom rest,
And be an angel too!

THE OPEN SMELLING-BOTTLE.

(Gotthold.)

OTTHOLD had, for some purpose, U taken from a cupboard a vial of rosewater, and, after using it, had inconsiderately left it unstopped. Observing it some time after, he found that all the strength and sweetness of the perfume had evaporated. This, thought he within himself, is a striking emblem of a heart fond of the world, and open to the impressions of outward objects. How vain it is to take such a heart to the house of God, and fill it with the precious essence of the roses of Paradise, which are the truths of Scripture, or raise in it a glow of devotion, if we afterwards neglect to close the outlet; that is, to keep the Word in an honest and good heart! (Luke 8:15.) How vain to hear much, but to retain little, and practise less! How vain to excite in our hearts sacred and holy emotions, unless we are afterwards careful to close the outlet by diligent reflection and prayer, and so preserve it unspotted from the world. Neglect this, and the strength and spirit of devotion evaporates, and leaves only a lifeless froth behind.

Lord Jesus, enable me to keep thy word, like a lively cordial, in my heart. Quicken it there by thy Spirit and Grace. Seal it, also, in my soul, that it may preserve, forever, its freshness and its power!

ANECDOTE OF ROTHSCHILD.

BURKHARDT, in his clever sketch of the Money Kings, thus gives the chief step in the rise of that now historical family. It is a very striking illustration of "Honesty is the best policy."

The season was September, 1795. The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel saw the French revolutionary banners approaching his dominions, and waving at his very frontiers. Hastily he packed up his jewels and valuables, together with between two and three millions of thalers, and took them to the ancient city of Frankfort, hoping there to find means of placing his wealth and the jewels of his house in security.

Arrived at the city which had for centuries sent forth the rulers of the "holy Roman Empire," the fugitive Landgrave knocked at the door of an humble Jewish banker, Meyer Rothschild, richer in children than thalers, but withal a distinguished and experienced archæologist and numismatologist.

The sovereign, who himself was an expert in these sciences, paid much respect to the knowledge of the Jew banker, and had actually, a few years before, bestowed upon him the distinction of the title of "Medailleur to his Court."

"Meyer," he began, as he handed him his well-filled case, "I know you to be honest and conscientious. Here is all I possess; take it, and return it to me when this tempest shall have blown over, and when better days dawn upon us!"

"Such vast confidence does me great honor," replied the Hebrew, "but your Highness must not forget that the republican army is almost before our doors."

"We are in the hands of Providence," replied the Landgrave. "I ask you for no receipt."

The Prince re-entered his vehicle and hurried off, without listening to the renewed protestations of the man of business.

What Meyer Rothschild had anticipated, came to pass. Before a week was over, Frankfort was in the possession of the French troops, and the banker, who had been denounced as an anti-revolutionist, and an ally of the tyrants, found his domicile sacked, and his cash box plundered in the name of liberty and the people.

No sooner, however, had the victors left Frankfort, than Meyer Rothschild re-opened his banking house, finding, at first, credit among the Jews, and ultimately with all the business world, and soon was reputed richer than ever. In 1802 he was once more considered as one of the most reliable bankers in Germany.

About this time there came a short period of rest for the crowned heads of Germany. The Princes of the Rhenish Confederacy rested under the high and forced protection of Napoleon. Raised by the will of the great commander to the dignity of an Elector of the German Empire, the Landgrave of Hesse received permission to return to his dominions. On his way he passed through Frankfort. The journals had before informed him of the plundering of Rothschild's house, and he naturally believed his own wealth long since a prey to the Jacobins. Still he determined to visit his numismatic friend, if only to assure him of the continuance of his confidence.

"Good morrow, Meyer," said the Elector, with a frank and hearty shake of the hand. "At last we have peace, old friend, but it costs us dear enough. Before you stands a ruined man; as poor as Job."

"What! you poor, your Highness?"

"Certainly, for have not those lawless sans culottes stolen my wealth along with yours? If I do not now too much inconvenience you, I should like to borrow a small advance upon the indemnity which I receive in Hesse Cassel."

"An advance is not needed for your Highness, for all that you confided to my care is safe and untouched."

"What!" exclaimed the Prince, "and were you not plundered, then?"

"The French have taken everything I had, and I was very careful not to excite them by resistance; otherwise they would have searched more thoroughly, and might have found your diamonds and money where they were hidden in the cellar.

"Yes, my surrender was a stratagem. They never found what I had hidden. For the last nine years, in order to indemnify myself for the moneys I had lost, I have taken the liberty of using some of yours. All my enterprises have proved successful, and without embarrassing myself in the least, I can now return you the entire sum with five per cent. interest."

The Prince was deeply moved.

"Meyer," he said, "you are the most

honorable Jew I ever heard of. Keep my money, and continue to operate with it. From to-day for two years I want no return of it, and only two per cent. interest."

And thus Rothschild became a million-aire.

Memories of Bethany, by the author of "Words of Jesus," &c. This is a book for the Home Circle. Those who have read this author's little book—"The Words of Jesus,"—need not be told how precious this work will be to the household in times of domestic trial and bereavement. It is dedicated to Mourners in Zion, with whom Bethany has ever been a consecrated name.

T. S.

THE EVENING ANGEL.

THE snowy day was sinking down
To gloomy eve without a star,
And winds wild-moaning from the sea,
Crept inward o'er the harbor bar.

Half dreaming, by the twilight fire,
Of vanished loves and snow-piled graves,
I sang a weird-like song that stole
O'er all the waste of memory's waves.

The curtains o'er the windows fell;
The clock ticked softly on the wall;
The firelight gleamed; but in my heart
What drifting snows enveloped all!

Now deeper grew the shadows' play; The wind blew wilder from the sea; When a warm hand was laid in mine, And lo! an Angel sat with me!

A murmuring music filled the room;
The air grew sweet with spring-time flowers;
The clock ticked softer on the wall
As loath to count such heavenly hours.

No word the Angel spoke, but love So tender-true was in his smile, And on his brow such perfect peace, That I, who sighed and wept erewhile,

Grew calm and strong beneath his glance; It was no atmosphere for tears; And heaven unfolding to my view, Illumined all my darksome fears.

I did not breathe a single prayer; I did not ask for love or joy; But all my quiet heart was full Of faith and trust without alloy.

Now sank the snowy evening down To midnight gloom without a star, And winds, wild-moaning from the sea, Crept inward o'er the harbor bar.

But neither snow nor walling wind Could shade my heart's celestial morn; The Angel's holy peace was mine— The starlight from the storm was born?

HOW TO CONQUER AN ENEMY.

WE have heard an interesting story of a little girl in New Hampshire. We will call her Mary, because—as the minister, from whom we received the incident, said—that is "a beautiful name;" and he sometimes almost wished all little girls were called Mary.

Mary went to school in company with another pleasant girl of her own age. On their way to school, they frequently met a girl from a poor family, who used to insult them. She would kick them, push them down, and throw snow-balls into their faces.

There seemed to be no reason for this treatment, except that this poor girl was ugly, and appeared to find delight in tormenting others—even though they had

never done her any harm.

This unkind treatment these little girls bore as long as they could. At length Mary felt that she could bear it no longer, and told her mother all about it. Her mother was very sorry to hear of any child that would be so wicked as to insult and injure other children, when they are going quietly to school. After thinking of the matter awhile, she told Mary how she thought she could conquer that bad girl, and make her kind and friendly.

"How, mother?" inquired Mary, anx-

iously.

"You go to the cellar and pick out the largest apple you can find. Get a red one if you can. And the next time that girl tries to injure you, give her the apple."

The countenance of Mary, in a moment, was the most perfect picture of unbelief and scorn. Oh, how could she do such a thing as to give an apple to such a wicked girl, who had so many times abused her? But after a few more soft words from her mother, Mary went for the apple. She carried it three days in her pocket, before she met that girl again. The next day, as she and her friend were on their way to school, they met her. No sooner did she see these girls than she seized a great piece of hard snow, and ran and threw it directly into Mary's face. Just as soon as the poor child could recover from the shock, her face

all smarting as it was with pain, she stepped up to the wicked girl and held out to her the beautiful rosy-cheeked apple, at the same time saying,

"You may have this."

The girl instantly shrunk back in astonishment. Mary approached her again, and with a very mild voice, said,

"I will give you this apple."

The girl took the apple and immediately said,

"I won't throw no more snow-balls to you—nor to that other girl neither."

Now, was not this a noble victory? It was a true Bible victory—it was conquering by love—returning good for evil. It was, indeed a double conquest. Mary not only conquered the little girl who had been acting as an enemy; but she had conquered herself. She, at first, wanted something done to punish that wicked girl. But she gained such a victory over her desire to be revenged, that she met her with a gift of love. And such a course, the minister thought, in relating the story, would always result in a similar conquest.—Oberlin Evangelist.

HOME MUSIC.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS recently delivered a lecture on music in which he dwelt with much effect upon the advantages of teaching vocal music in common schools. He said, that parents who had their children learn to sing, and who had them practise at home in the evening, exercised a greater influence over their feelings and affections than by almost any other means. He recommended vocal rather than instrumental music; yet if a child has a talent and taste for an instrument, he should learn to play upon it. He thought the melodeon an excellent instrument for a family. The piano, he believed, is cultivated too exclusively; the harp and guitar he preferred for home music. We recently heard a distinguished preacher say, that good singing is about as strong a shield against the temptations of the devil as a man can use.

LIFE consists not in mere existence, but in the well-spending of our time.

Editorial Book-Table.

LUTHERAN OBSERVER AND THE MISSION-ARY INSTITUTE. -- Of the scheme for establishing a Missionary Institute, in the abstract, we are prepared to speak in unqualified commendation. There is we think an obvious, imperative necessity for something of the kind. Scores of men, whose talents and piety would otherwise be comparatively lost to the Church, might, through the instrumentality of such an institution, be brought out into the active duties of the ministry. But we do not intend to discuss the expediency of the enterprise. We refer to it, simply to express our feelings in relation to one point, suggested by the editor of the Observer. Dr. Kurtz, in stating the nature and design of the Institute, says: "We shall aim at training faithful ministers, who will preach the Gospel, not read it. On this point we intend to be inexorable, as we think that a man who cannot be taught to preach a sermon without reading it, had better turn his attention to some other calling.'

Now this is rather more than we can bear, even from the Doctor, whose learning, piety, usefulness, and age, inspire us with reverence, and whose personal friendliness and social amenities have won our sympathy and affec tion. The Doctor, who is so instinctively repugnant to all human standards in faith and practice, ought not to be so intolerant to all who may differ from him-on a point which certainly is not clearly defined in the word of The best method of presenting the great truths of the Gospel, is a question upon which the wisest and best men differ. question, which the ablest writers on homiletics have left to be determined by the idiosyncrasy of the minister, and the peculiarities of his position. As the great Head of the Church has not defined the method of preaching the Gospel, it savors too much of dogmatism and exclusiveness, to say, that every minister who reads his sermon ought to relinquish the ministry. We presume the Doctor would hardly venture his reputation as a Biblical exegete, by affirming that the words employed in the original commission to preach the Gospel, necessarily involve the idea of extemporaneous delivery, and preclude by necessity all written and read communication of the truth. It is therefore a debatable question. We should not fear a comparison of the practical results of the two methods. There are facts on both sides of the question. The sermon, which some years ago, in New England, was instrumental in the greatest number of conversions, of any one discourse, since the day of Pentecost, was READ by President Edwards.

We confess that preaching without the manuscript, is according to our own ideal of preaching, and if we could preach as the Doctor can, without notes, we would never read another sermon. But there is diversity of gifts; and we hardly think it charitable, that we should be thrust from the pulpit, because we cannot preach according to the Doctor's standard of power and eloquence. We forbear further discussion of the matter now. We speak in all kindness and charity, when we say, that we are pained at these repeated attacks upon the class of ministers to which we belong. They impair our usefulness among the people. And we believe, that if the principle assumed by the Doctor be made a prominent feature in the proposed Institute, it will alienate many from his cherished and otherwise commendable object, who would love to co-operate with him most heartily in the work.

LUTHERANISM IN AMERICA. An Essay on the Present Condition of the Lutheran Church in the United States. By W. J. Mann, D. D., Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran St. Michael's and Zion's congregation in Philadelphia.

This work is just issued, and reached us too late for anything more than this announcement of its publication. It is, as indicated in the Preface, a "portraiture of the Lutheran Church in America, as it exists at the present time."

Although we have not had time to read the book, we feel authorized, from our personal and somewhat intimate acquaintance with Brother Mann, to recommend the work to all who desire a comprehensive, as well as an accurate and impartial view of the subject discussed. He has all the requisites of mind and heart, learning and generous sympathy with the Church, to qualify him in a pre-eminent degree for the work. We feel justified by a priori reasoning, to indorse the book from what we know of the man. He is learned without ostentation, churchly without intolerant bigotry, with a heart that clings to his Church, as a child to its mother, and yet glows with a generous and catholic sympathy for all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. As Carlyle says of Luther, he is one of your most loveable men. We shall speak of the work itself, in the next number of the Home Journal.

The above was written for the last Journal, but omitted for want of room. We have in the meantime read the book, and can truly

say that in this instance the a priori method of reasoning has been fully verified. The book is just what we had reason to expect from the man. As a literary and historical production it is admirable. In reading the chapter on the "Mission of the Lutheran Church," and "Pia Desideria," we experienced a pleasure, like that felt in reading Dr. Schaff's article, on the central position of religion in Church history. The book, we think, will be eminently useful at this particular time, in giving the reader a coup d'æil view of the different sections of the Church, as well as in suggesting the true policy of the different parties, in seeking to advance true and essential unity, so that the Lutheran Church may fulfil her great mission to America and the world.

With all our admiration for this work, there are some things in it we do not like. all the Doctor's commendation of the Puritans, we can see an indirect disparagement of those noble men and their principles. We glory in the name of Puritan. "It is a synonyme for all that is sacred in piety, unbending in moral rectitude, patient in self-denial, illustrious in patriotism, precious in liberty and truth." It is true, they were defective in what the Doctor styles the esthetics of religion. But for all that, they were men, who, under the touch of the iron sceptre of the Stuarts, laid upon a pure, religious conscience, achieved glorious things for spiritual liberty-men, who planted in America the germ of civil and religious liberty, the elements of the purest religious faith, and the best political institutions in the world. In the presence of such men, and such an inheritance from them, it seems almost puerile to complain that they did not leave us the altar and the gown, instead of a table and a plain black coat, in our houses of worship. Indeed, the Puritans had seen enough, and suffered enough from a superstitious exaltation of such things in the old country, to make them heartily sick of them. And besides, the esthetical propriety of an altar in a Christian Church is to my mind questionable.

The Doctor has no personal knowledge or practical experience of what he styles new measures and revivals in America, and should, therefore, have spoken with more moderation and less sarcasm of these things. Some of our most intelligent and useful ministers are identified with such measures, and God forbid the Church should ever, as he hopes, outlive them, and as a consequence revert to a cold and orthodox formalism, in which the very life, of which he speaks as one of the elemental features of the Lutheran Church, would become extinct. We regret the frequent allusions to " new measures" in language adapted to present them in an odious light. The Doctor has given a just and noble vindication of the Old Lutherans in the West, and placed them in their true position before the Church, for which we feel personally thankful. We regret the insertion of that Prayer in the Formula of Baptism, by Dr. Helmuth, on page 115. We could never use such a prayer in the baptism of a child. But with all these exceptionable points we admire the book. It is a noble effort, and worthy of universal commendation. No Lutheran should be without this book.

T. S.

THE DESERT OF SINAI. By H. BONAE. New York. Carter & Brothers. This is a book of notes of a journey from Cairo to Beersheba, by an eloquent writer. Bonar is both a poet and Christnan minister, and these notes sparkle with poetical beauty, and graphic descriptions of places and things, with moral reflections, and classical and scriptural allusions, which make this a most charming and instructive book.

It may be little credit for us to say, that we prefer a book like this to Robinson's Researches. For whilst we have literally devoured this work of Bonar, we have never yet had patience enough to plod through the interminable figures, and dry mathematical measurements of Robinson. And then, we like Bonar, because he does not attempt to clip and pare off all the edges of miracle, in order to make it look like a natural event. How differently Bonar speaks of the passage of the Red Sea by Israel, from the compromising way of Robinson, who falls in with the rationalistic method of reducing a miracle to the very smallest degree of the supernatural, according to the maxim, "If we must have a miracle, let us have as little of God in it as possible."

Rosenmuller, in his Scholia, says of the walling up of the waters in that miraculous passage, "Everybody knows that this expression was by no means to be taken in their proper sense; they are merely the description of an ebb-tide." Robinson speaks very much in this way about that stupendous miracle. And it is but little credit to our great American orientalist, that Lepsius commends him for his dignified protest against too much of the miraculous in Scripture. Such praise from the lips of rationalism is poor comfort to the conscience of a Christian scholar. Bonar thinks it was no mere ebb-tide in the sea, but a vast miracle, that was celebrated with such songs and shouts of praise by Israel on the shores. And we feel that he is in fullest sympathy with Moses and David, and Asaph and Isaiah, who certainly believed the cleaving of the Red Sea to be one of the greatest miracles ever wrought on earth. What sort of man does Dr. Robinson and his school take Moses to be, to make such a glorious song about an ebb-tide and shoal water, turning that sublime hymn into mere bombast, or poetical rhapsody! What miserable cavilling, to be hesitating about a

miracle, in a book which relates a thousand! Why should a man, who believes in a God, be afraid to believe in a miracle? How refreshing to turn from Researches, in which you are told the exact number of feet from Jerusalem

to Bethany, instead of giving you the poetical effusions and religious sentiments, inspired by scenes consecrated by the footsteps of the Godman. Give me such books as Lamartine and Bonar, on Palestine.

T. S.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE GENERAL SYNOD of the Lutheran Church of the United States will hold its next biennial session in Reading, Pa., commencing on Thursday, May 14th, 1857. The sessions are to be held in St. Matthew's Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. J. A. Brown. The Church Extension Society, Board of Publication, Education, Missionary, and Historical Societies, will hold their anniversaries at the same time. The occasion will doubtless bring together a large number of the Lutheran Clergy and Laity from all sections of the country, as a number of interesting and important subjects will claim the attention of the body. A more delightful place of meeting than Reading could not have been chosen. It is accessible from every direction by means of railroad, a healthy and beautiful city, and the hospitality of its citizens has long since passed into a proverb.

WE acknowledged, in a recent number of the Home Journal, the receipt of forty-six new subscribers, with the cash accompanying for them all, sent us by the Rev. J. WILLOX, the esteemed pastor of the Lutheran Church at Riegelsville, Bucks County, Pa. Since then, we have been informed, that for this truly encouraging accession to our list, we are mainly indebted to the active and generous exertions of the excellent wife of our dear brother, and that the credit belongs, not to Mr. but to Mrs. Willox. We return our most grateful acknowledgments to this dear sister in Christ, for her truly praiseworthy and successful effort to circulate the Home Journal among the people of that charge. May her example find many imitators.

OUR GENERAL AGENT.—We announced recently, that the Rev. BENJAMIN KELLER had been appointed the General Agent of the Lutheran Board of Publication, to collect moneys for the establishment of a Lutheran Publication House and Book Depository in Philadelphia. Father Keller has entered upon the Agency, and has already partially prosecuted

the same, in the churches at Barren Hill and Germantown, and will next continue his work in Philadelphia. Thus far, we are gratified to state, the appeal of our most worthy and efficient Agent has been nobly responded to, and we cannot cherish a doubt that the enterprise will be crowned with complete and abundant success. The first report of Brother Keller will appear in the next number of the Home Journal.

H.

Calls Accepted.—Rev. G. Heilig, late of Taylorsburg, Monroe County, Pa., has accepted a call from churches in and near Tamaqua, Schuylkill County, Pa.

Rev. J. F. CAMPBELL has accepted a call from the Lutheran Church at Waynesboro', Franklin County, Pa.

H.

"Gospel Platform of the Lutheran Church, allegorically illustrated," has been unavoidably deferred to the April number of the Home Journal.

Rev. Dr. De Witt, the esteemed pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Harrisburg, Pa., has been reappointed State Librarian, by Governor Pollock, and confirmed by the Senate.

DEATH OF DR. BUTLER.—The Rev. Elizur Butler, M.D., the missionary among the Cherokees, whose imprisonment in Georgia, sufferings, and subsequent release after a decision in his favor by the Supreme Court of the United States, made him so well known, died of pneumonia, on the 4th day of February last, at Van Buren, Arkansas, in the 62d year of his age.

THE REV. ROBERT WILBERFORCE, second son of the late Mr. W. Wilberforce, and late archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire, died at Albano, near Rome, on Tuesday, February 3d, of gastric fever. Some years ago he joined the communion of the Church of Rome.

You add tenfold to the weight of your troubles by impatience: "Be still, and know that I am God."

THE

Antheran Home Journal.

APRIL, 1857.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

SCENES FROM SPENER'S BOYHOOD.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LUTHERAN HOME JOURNAL, FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV. G. A. WENZEL.

SCENE I.

THE DEAR GODMOTHER.

"Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God." MATT. 19: 17.

THOEVER has travelled from Kehl to Basel cannot but have been charmed with those open and extensive plains which lie along the opposite side of the Rhine, and the blue ridge of the Vosges, which forms the boundary of that country, so beautiful, especially during the summer season, in the exuberance of its fruitfulness. This delightful region is denominated by the French-who, by the way, did not acquire possession of it in the most creditable manner—the Departments of Upper and Lower Rhein; but to the German it is better known and fondly cherished by the name of Upper and Lower Elsase. It at one time formed, together with Franconia and Suabia, a dukedom, and had, in the unfortunate Conradin of Suabia, its last independent sovereign. But, though subject for more than a period of two centuries to French laws, the German character of its inhabitants has remained unchanged, and the German language, though here and there disowned, still continues to be used by them as their mother tongue.

A short time prior to the conclusion, at Muenster, of the treaty of peace which ceded Elsase to France, there resided in the an-

cient castle of Rappoltstein, not far from Colmar, in Upper Elsase, an elderly and very pious widow, the Countess Agathe von Rappoltstein, whom widows and orphans revered like a mother. Her piety was as far from mere cant and hypocrisy, as her benevolence was from Pharisaical pride and ostentation. Being imbued with a genuine Christian spirit, her faith was living and active, and her godliness the reflection of the life of Christ, for Christ lived in her. Her life was a continued renewal and regeneration of the heart and mind in her Redeemer. And as the members of a family generally adopt the views and assume the habits of their master or mistress, so also were the heart and mind of the widowed countess reflected by the several members of her household.

Our sketch commences in the autumn of the year 1846, when on a pleasant and serene morning the Countess was surrounded in her own apartment by her domestics, engaged with them, as was her daily custom, in family devotion. Worship ended, the domestics were in the act of leaving, to enter upon their respective labors, when she called back one of her maids, stepped up close before her, raised her chin, and, casting a searching glance into her downcast eyes, said:

"Martha, what ails you? You have been weeping. Has any misfortune befallen you?"

"Alas, yes! a very heavy one," replied the maid; "my mother is lying dangerously sick." "And do you tell me this only now," continued the Countess, in a mildly chiding tone; "and that, too, only after I have obliged you to do so?"

"Pardon me, gracious Lady Countess," she replied; "it is but a very short time since I myself received the information, and besides, the distance to my mother's residence is fifteen miles."

"And can this prevent you from administering consolation to your mother in her dying hour?" suggested the Countess. "Of course not. Go at once, and return to us only after it shall have pleased God to determine the destiny of your mother, either for life or death. Here, take this purse; you may need it. And you, George," turning to another domestic, "see that she is well provided with refreshment."

Martha approached the lady, sobbing, and making a motion as if she wished to kiss the border of her dress; but the Countess rose

up, and exclaimed:

"What are you doing, my child? Do you not know that such honor belongs alone to God? If you wish to manifest any gratitude towards me, do it by entering on your journey homeward in humble submission to the will of the Lord. And in order that you may be able to do this, come here—for I know you are able to read—and read this; it precisely suits your present condition."

And whilst saying this, she handed to the girl the True Christianity of John Arndt, which at that time was the favorite book in every Christian family, pointed with her finger to the concluding prayer of chapter 49, second book, which bears the superscription: "God's infallible truth is designed to work patience within us." The girl read as follows:

"If it please thee, O God, to lead us through the dark valley and shadow of suffering and death, we will fear no evil; for thou art with us, thy rod and thy staff they comfort us. Our souls are quieted within us, for thou art our rock, our fortress, our God; we shall rejoice in thy deliverance; for thou dost not forsake those that put their trust in thee. May all the situations in which we are placed accomplish in us the purposes of thy love, and advance us on the

way to a blessed eternity! May thy grace be our consolation in the day of adversity! Do not frown on us in the day of trouble, and we will, through the aid of thy Spirit, rest satisfied; for we know that all things shall work together for good, to them that love the Lord. Amen."

"Did you understand, Martha?" added the Countess; "'We shall rejoice in thy deliverance.' Do not forget, my child, that God delivers also where we cannot understand it, and that even death is one of God's deliverances. Now go, and God be with you, and bring you back to us in safety."

The girl departed in silent thankfulness, and no one remained with the Countess but

JOHANNA, her personal attendant.

"Have you not seen Philip yet?" asked the Countess.

"No, gracious lady," was the reply; "it is rather too early for that. He is doubtless engaged reciting his lessons to the minister just now."

"I do not know how it is," continued the Countess, "but that boy certainly exerts a more than ordinary influence over me. It seems as if something was wanting, as long as he has not said 'good morning' to me. If I was not too far advanced in years, I certainly might have a great deal of pleasure with him."

"Pardon me, gracious lady," interposed Johanna, smiling; "you may enjoy that pleasure already now." And saying this, she took from her side-pocket a folded paper, having the appearance of an opened letter.

"What have you there?" asked the countess; "something from Philip? Ah, a letter, it seems! To whom?"

"I do not know whether I am permitted to disclose everything," replied Johanna. "However, the entire affair is so innocent, so very childlike, and withal so affectionate and tender, that I may be pardoned for disclosing it. There has been staying for several weeks in Rappoltweiler, with her relatives, a pretty and amiable little girl, of the age of nine or ten years. Her name is Agathe—a namesake of my gracious lady—and she is a daughter of a Senator of Strasburg. Philip frequently meets with

her; but the lively girl appears to have been mistaken in him; she expected to find in him a playfellow, but has, as it seems, found a schoolmaster. I saw her last evening at the house of Philip's father, where she, of her own accord, gave me this letter, because, as she said, it did not at all please her."

"What!" exclaimed the Countess: "this is the first word I hear of it. Let me see

the letter." And she read:

"Dear Agathe:—You were last night, whilst on a visit with me to Mr. Stoll, guilty of an act of disobedience, which greatly offended both Mr. Stoll and myself. I will not mention particulars, hoping that you know to what I refer. But this much I would tell you, you are a vain, proud little girl, and you are old enough to know, that such girls are not liked.

"I remain your friend, "PHILIP."

"Why here we have a youthful moralizer!" continued the Countess, with a cheerful smile. "I shall retain this letter. But, how old may this little schoolmaster be?"

"He will be twelve years of age on the

13th of January," replied the maid.

"Well, I only love him the more for it," she added. "This only affords an additional proof, that his parents were not mistaken when they resolved to set him apart for the ministry from his infancy. But I should think by this time he ought to have finished his recitation at the Rev. Mr. Stoll's. Go and inquire, Johanna, whether he is still there."

Whilst the maid hastened to the adjoining dwelling of the Rev. Joachim Stoll, chaplain to the Countess of Rappoltstein, and Philip's tutor, the Countess exhibited a considerable degree of impatience in awaiting the arrival of her little favorite. She would every moment look out of the window to see whether he was coming; then she would re-read the letter, and become almost frightened. At last Johanna returned with the message, that Philip had left the minister's house an hour ago, and had gone in the direction of the castle, for the purpose of saying "good morning" to the Countess.

The Countess immediately summoned all

her domestics, inquiring of them concerning Philip, and after having learned that none of them had seen anything of him, she despatched a messenger to his parents, in Rappoltweiler, whilst Johanna, meanwhile, was to search for him in the garden.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Countess, with deep anxiety, "I hope he has met with no mishap! The naughty boy knows that I cannot live well without him; he knows that it is his duty to come here and say good morning to me, and to see how I am, if for no other purpose than to let me see how he is. I shall give him a good scolding when he comes. I shall tell him that I no longer love him; that it is sinful to cause me such anxiety. I shall tell him, that, as a punishment, I will not see him at all to-day."

But her complaints were fruitless; her domestics returned from the town, with the information that Philip was not with his parents. Johanna came back from the garden, and declared that she had seen nothing of him.

"Something has happened to him!" exclaimed the Countess. "God preserve him! Go once more, and search everywhere. I will myself assist you."

At this, the sound of steps was heard in the hall. "That is him," exclaimed the Countess, with joy. "I know his walk."

The door suddenly opened, and a light-complectioned, blue-eyed boy entered, holding a large and ponderous volume under his arm.

"Philip, where do you come from?" the Countess called out to him. "We have been hunting you with intense anxiety. Naughty boy, how can you cause us so much apprehension?"

"Do not be angry with me, my gracious godmother," replied the boy, at the same time reverently kissing her hand.

"How often must I tell you not to call me gracious godmother! There is none good and gracious but one, that is God. Man's graciousness is at best only a very selfish love, and is therefore undeserving of praise; for we should love God in our brethren. If you call me dear god-mother, you show me honor sufficient, and more than I

deserve. But, first of all, where have you been? and where did you get this book?"

Philip colored over and over, and cast down his eyes.

"Have you an evil conscience, my son?" asked she.

"Yes, madam," said the boy, almost in a whisper; "but be not angry with me; I will tell you everything. As I was coming up the stairs, with the intention of calling on you, I happened to see the door of the upper room open. I therefore entered, and found that it contained a great many books. Feeling anxious to know what was in them, I first took down this one, and discovering that it was a Bible, commenced reading in it, and have done so till now, forgetting all about the rest."

"But," suggested the Countess, "to-day is surely not the first time that you have been reading the Bible."

"No, dear god-mother, it is not that," replied the boy. "I have been accustomed for a number of years to reading the Bible daily, and know all its histories by heart; but whenever I read any passage again, it always seems as if I was reading something entirely new, which increases in interest, the oftener I read it. Yes, I even begin fully to understand one of these histories, only after having read it eight days in succession; and this often makes me think, that it is by no means an easy matter to read the Bible."

"Neither is it, my son," added the Countess. "If we do not take up this holy volume with a sincere and believing heart, we will find upon its pages nothing but enigmas. Only he who ardently seeks salvation, discovers in it no difficulties; for to him, all it contains is 'profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.' But, what portion have you been reading this morning?"

Philip opened the book, and replied: "I was reading the passage, where Jesus says, by way of conclusion: 'Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.' This I cannot understand; for it seems certainly very cruel and inhuman to deprive

the poor man of the little he has, and give it to the rich, who has already more than he needs."

"Well," replied the Countess, "perhaps I may be able to explain this to you. And first, my son, you must not apply this passage to temporal possessions; for of these the Lord does not here speak; he refers, exclusively, to spiritual possessions, and among these, more especially to the chief among them all,—to a living faith. A pious and believing heart is a treasure which daily increases; because we are continually becoming better acquainted with God's ways; because we are constantly growing in humility and self-denial, and because we are daily receiving Christ anew into our hearts, till he finally becomes the actual and real life of our souls. But whosoever does not believe, will gradually lose whatever good he possessed. For if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

The boy remained motionless, and apparently engaged in a profound revery, as if the word of the Lord seemed still a mystery to him. The Countess continued. "My son, you have, by the grace of God, made a beginning in acquiring a knowledge of the saving truths of the Gospel, at a much earlier age than is the case with most children. Now, the very fact that you have not neglected this beginning, this first treasure of your heart, but on the contrary, have faithfully preserved and delighted in it, is what has aroused the desire within you to know still more about it. Now, it is perfectly consistent with the wisdom of God, to give to him that asketh, to let him find that seeketh. You have continually increased in knowledge, and if you continue to delight in the Gospel, you will increase in it still more, until you finally obtain whatever God, through his grace, designs to confer upon us poor beings. But, if any one does not possess that little and imperfect knowledge of God's grace and truth, which, by reason of the instruction received, he might possess, and who, moreover, manifests no desire of acquiring the knowledge of God, from him is, in righteous judgment, taken the little which the Divine forbearance had hitherto vouchsafed to him.

Let us see," the Countess continued, whilst turning to her own Bible, "what LUTHER

says on this point."

And after having quietly turned to the passage in Matthew, she read as follows: "Wherever the word of God is understood, there it also increases and improves man. But, wherever it is not understood, there it decreases and offends man. Do you now understand this passage, Philip?"

"There is only one little word that I am not yet able fully to comprehend," replied the boy. "The Lord says, Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken awayeven that he hath. Now, who is it that takes it from

him?"

"In the first place," answered the Countess, "God himself, in accordance with his righteous judgment. The tree, which, spite of all the patience and care of the gardener, bears no fruit, is cut down. In the second place, and that also as a divine judgment, the world, and all that is in the world, namely, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; for all the world gives, it will take again. The heart of the unbeliever is like a public inn, for the entertainment of all that is unrighteous and vain in the world, and where whatever promises earthly gain meets with a welcome reception. again it may be compared to an assailed enemy, who is destitute of the weapons necessary for his defence; such as patience in suffering, hope in tribulation, trust in God, under severe trials; in short, that godliness which is profitable unto all things. Silent submission and hope give us strength; but the unbelieving heart is disquieted with a thousand anxieties, and is unable to hope for anything, simply because it believes nothing. Thus you perceive, my son, that the world takes from us, little by little, all that has hitherto bound man to his God, till finally he is deprived even of hope."

"You may be correct, dear god-mother," said Philip. "I now understand this part of God's word, and I will watch and pray, that what I, by the grace of God, possess, may not again be taken away from me, and that I may daily increase in all wisdom."

"Only add, in the Lord," suggested the Countess. "My son, you intend becoming

a minister of the Gospel, and I commend you for your intention. But, first of all, dear Philip, learn, that Christian knowledge does not merely consist in much learning, and in a scientific arrangement of the truths of our holy religion, as at the present time almost all of our divines seem to think, whoare contending about words and definitions, while they disregard a holy and godly life; who write a multitude of large and learned books, in which they assail one another, not for the sake of Christian life, but are contending about the letter. However, what I wish to tell you is weak in comparison with what a very pious man has said, a man with whom you too must become acquainted, and one who has long since been walking by sight and not by faith. Here, read what he says in reference to this subject."

And Philip commenced to read from the book which the Countess had handed him, as follows:

"Many suppose theology to be simply a science, and a knowledge of words, whilst it is in reality, living experience and exercise. Every one now studies with a view of gaining a high and distinguished position in this world; but to become truly pious, no one appears anxious to learn. Every one, nowadays, runs after erudite men, of whom he may acquire a knowledge of the arts and sciences, the languages, and other branches of education; but no one is desirous of learning from our only teacher, Jesus CHRIST, meekness and lowliness of heart. notwithstanding his holy and living example is the only safe rule of our lives, yea, the highest wisdom, so that we can truly say, the life of Christ can teach us all things."

"Who is the man that writes this?" exclaimed Philip, interrupting himself, his eyes flashing with deep anxiety, whilst a holy tremor overspread his countenance.

"Only read on, Philip," said the Countess; "you shall know it afterwards."

And the boy continued. "Every one would like to be Christ's servant, but none are willing to be Christ's followers. Yet, he declares, according to St. John, 12: 26: If any man serve me, let him follow me. In order, therefore, to be a true friend and servant of Christ, it is also necessary to be one of his

followers. Whoever loves Him, also loves the example of his holy life, his humility, meekness, patience, his cross, his ignominy, and dishonor, however painful it may be to the flesh."

"Dear god-mother," again exclaimed the boy, interrupting himself a second time. "I pray you, tell me who it is that writes so beautifully."

"Only this one sentence," continued the Countess, "then you shall know it."

And Philip read once more. "Christians nowadays, want a stately, magnificent, rich and worldly Christ; but the poor, meek, humble, despised and lowly Christ, no one wishes either to confess or to follow."

"This is not true, dear god-mother," exclaimed the boy, interrupting himself a third time. "No one? No, you have him and I will have him too. But, now tell me; who is the author of this beautiful, dear, and most excellent book?"

"This book is called, TRUE CHRISTIANITY," replied the Countess, "and its author was JOHN ARNDT, a sincere and truly pious minister, in the City of Celle."

"Is he then not living any more?" asked Philip, with visible sorrow.

"No!" said the Countess. "It is now about one hundred years since he was born, and about twenty-six since it pleased the Lord to remove him to a happier and better world."

"Oh," continued the boy, "how the people must have loved that godly man!"

"Poor Philip," exclaimed the pious Count-"How little are you as yet acquainted with the world! Will you believe me, dear son, when I inform you, that this very John ARNDT, whom, by reading these few words, you have learned to esteem so highly, and who was the first one who taught me what it is to believe in Christ, and to pray,-that this same dear man, was not only removed from his office, in consequence of his doctrines, but even banished from the country, within which he had preached for a period of seven years, the pure and unadulterated Gospel, and that this book was as violently denounced as if it contained nothing but heresies."

When the boy, whom God had given a

tender and feeling heart, heard this, his eyes filled with tears. But the Countess continued in a solemn tone: "Philip, this godly man is dead; but he can rise again. Will you become this man's successor?"

"I will, with the help of God," replied

the boy, and wept aloud.

The Countess, without noticing this, rose from her seat, her eyes beaming with unusual brightness, and folding her hands and looking upwards, said: "My son, like John Arndt, you too shall hereafter walk on thorns; ignominy and scorn will follow your steps. There will be those, who, with their virulent hatred, shall wound your innocent heart. Wherever you show yourself most faithful in following Christ, there you will meet with the greatest ingratitude! They will sow tares among your wheat, and say it was your doing. But, my son, will you remain faithful in every trial?"

Philip sank upon his knees, and weeping aloud, exclaimed: "If God do not forsake me, I will continue faithful unto the end."

"God will not forsake you," continued the Countess, whilst laying her hand, as in blessing, upon his head. "You shall be able to do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth you."

She raised him up and kissed his forehead; but Philip said. "Dear god-mother, please present me this book."

"Take it, my son," said she. "As often as you read it think of this hour. Take it and write your name in it."

And Philip took a pen and wrote upon the fly leaf: PHILIP JACOB SPENER.

SCENE II.

THE FARMER'S CONVERSION.

"The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully."—Jer. 23:28.

A few days after the occurrences related above, a gentleman dismounted before the house of the honorable senator and registrar, John Philip Spener, of Rappoltsweiler. The horse he had been riding had evidently been as well cared for as his owner. Whilst the rider affectionately pat-

ted the neck of his animal, saying, "This will do, old friend Peter; you have performed your part admirably, and you shall have something good to eat," a sweet girl, aged about eighteen, came out of the house, and hastening towards the stranger, exclaimed, "Welcome, godfather, a hearty welcome to you."

"God bless you, my child," replied the man, and patted the girl's cheek, as affectionately as he had previously patted the "Are your shining neck of his horse.

father and mother at home?"

"Yes, dear godfather," was the reply. "Shall I lead your horse to the stable?"

"What, you!" asked the gentleman, in some astonishment. "This is no woman's work. Where is your brother Philip?"

"He has not yet finished his recitations at Mr. Stoll's," replied the girl; "only leave your horse to me. I will stand as little in danger of receiving harm from him as I would from you, dear god-father. Besides,

we are old acquaintances."

And with this she led the well-fed Peter into the stable, whilst the gentleman followed on behind, smiling and nodding with his head. After having with his own hands removed saddle and bridle,-a task he insisted on performing, though a servant had, in the meantime, arrived-and after the girl had brought oats and hay, which he examined with the greatest care, in order to convince himself that the oats were not too light and the hay not musty, he finally left the stable, and entered the house, where he was received in the most kindly manner by the honorable senator and his lady.

Our equestrian friend was none other than Mr. Peter Martin Wolfert, a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood, and god-father to the oldest daughter of the family, AGATHE DOROTHEA; he was an early friend of Mr. Spener, an old bachelor, who was but seldom in the habit of leaving his home, and somewhat more attached to his old horse, who had served him faithfully for some twenty years, than he was to his domestics.

"What brings you to us to-day, my old

friend?" said Mr. Spener.

"Aye, POTZ VELTEN," replied Wolfert; "you never come to visit me; is it not therefore necessary that I should come here, when

I wish to see you? Moreover, my old Peter was more anxious than I. When I gave him his feed this morning, he looked at me so beseechingly, as if he wished to say, 'Look here, old friend, to-day is the fifth day since I have seen the light of the sun.' Besides, he could hardly eat his oats for sheer anxiety to be out. You see, therefore, that I had to oblige him, and ride over to you, because he is better acquainted with this road than any other."

"Well," said Mr. Spener, reaching out his hand to his guest, "you are both welcome."

Whilst the lady of the house was preparing some little refreshment for their guest, another one arrived, the court-preacher, the Rev. JOACHIM STOLL, who had been for some time, and especially since he had become Philip's tutor, an almost daily visitor in the family; because Philip's sister Dorothea had so captivated him, that he seemed to think his sleep would not be sound, except she had said "good night" to him.

"Did you not bring Philip back with you?" asked the father of the reverend gen-

tleman.

"He had preceded me," answered he, "and I expected to find him already here. But perhaps it may be that the Countess has detained him."

"It seems," interrupted the farmer, "that you intend making a minister of your Philip. Now, I must tell you, that I do not at all like it."

"And why not, my friend?" asked the lady of the house; "can there be a nobler calling on earth than that of a minister of

the Gospel?"

"Pardon me, dearest madam," replied Wolfert, "if in this I presume to differ from you. I too have a calling; I am a husbandman, and I must tell you that I am proud of it. First, you will not deny, that no one is able to do anything better than God; and that whenever men presume to meddle with what He has done, they invariably make it worse."

"By no means, dear Mr. Wolfert," interrupted the minister, "for God knows how to overrule all things for good."

"That is to say," continued the farmer, "God must again bring good out of the evil men have done. However, let me first finish what I had intended to say. The best of all must be that which God alone has made, and that is the harvest. We have not made the seed, but God has made it; we have not sent the rain, nor caused the sun to shine; nor is it in our power, either to hinder the seed from growing or hasten its growth; it is He alone that can do it. Neither can we say, In two or three or four weeks we will reap; but only when God says, Now I have finished, now you may commence,—we go forth and carry home what He has given us."

"And yet, during all this time you are active," said Mr. Stoll. "You plough, and sow, and harrow, and reap and gather into

your barn."

"Very true," continued Wolfert; "but all this is only secondary. Now, when we sow wheat, wheat will again come up, and when we sow thistles, thistles will come up. And if my farm was laid out in three or six-cornered fields, and some one would come and tell me, that this was not right, and that they ought to be square, I would tell him, that the corners do not signify, but only that which grows on the fields."

"And what is it you intend to say by this,

friend Wolfert?" inquired Spener.

"Nothing further," was the reply, "than that you should rather send your Philip to work on a farm than in a vineyard. And if you have no objection, I will take the boy with me immediately; besides, I am getting old, and am therefore desirous of rearing for

myself a young farmer."

"You seem to entertain a very unfavorable opinion of the Church!" said the minister, "and yet, you forget, that there are no two callings between which there is a greater similarity, than between that of the minister and farmer. Both are engaged in sowing seed which comes from God, and the increase that attends their labors comes also only from Him."

"And you forget," added the farmer, "what I meant by the three and six-cornered

fields."

"And what is that?" said Stoll.

"It is a likeness of the Church of Christ of the present day," replied Wolfert, at the same time rising up, as if preparing himself for the delivery of a regular discourse. "You are aware, that I too had intended at one time to become a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. I entered the University with a heart full of love and peace, desirous of learning how to become a true servant of Christ, and a faithful steward of the mysteries of God. But, in this I was greatly disappointed. The professors were continually quarrelling with one another, as to who was orthodox in the faith, contending and fighting, just as they do now, about which word would stand at the beginning, the middle, or at the end. Every one appeared to have his own vineyard, which he laid out to suit himself, counting and rounding the corners, and surrounding it with a wall so high that the sun could no longer shine over it; whilst within the enclosure no workman was to be found. Do you comprehend my meaning, Mr. Stoll? But again,-what are your Universities now? Schools for contention and strife, where there is more heathen than Christian wisdom imparted. For about twenty-eight years has Germany been the scene of carnage and blood, and piety has been so effectually driven out of the country, by means of powder and lead, that there is scarcely any one to be found in such a frame of mind, that he can be heartily cheerful and devout. In consequence of such a state of things, consolation should be constantly administered to the people in our churches; they should be reminded, that the children of God must not repine at misery and privation; and, that though the ungodly often do, at such times, yield to despair, the love of the sincere Christian only becomes more ardent, and his hope grows brighter. But, instead of this, what do you preach about in your churches? You preach about the true nature of baptism; talk about its mode and signification; the water and the word; but with the Holy Ghost none of you now ever baptizes. You get up into your pulpits, not for the purpose of administering consolation, or reproof, or admonition, or speaking peace to the troubled conscience, but to convince your hearers of the great necessity of knowing first of all, why Christ has two natures; how they are united;

where they begin, and where they end, and then you say: this is the faith that saves you! But what do you accomplish by it all? Nothing, absolutely nothing! drunkard grows worse; beggary increases; vagrancy is more common; whilst you ministers are ever ready to administer the promise of the forgiveness of sins to all who subscribe to this faith. Away with such a faith! As the ministers in their pulpits are contending about the true rendering of this or that word, so are common people contending about the law, resorting to every mode of trickery and eraftiness. It does not depend on the word, sir, neither on faith, if it does not come from the heart; but all depends on a pure heart, a truly Christian spirit; whoever has this, has also the true faith."

"You are perfectly correct," replied the minister, much more calmly than might have been expected, "and I give you credit for having told me this to my face. There is, however, one point of which I would remind you, namely, that before faith can proceed out of the heart, it must first have entered the heart, through the preaching of the word."

"What do you mean by this?" asked Wolfert.

"I mean," replied the minister, "that if faith was to grow out of the heart, as, for instance, seed grows out of the ground, we would soon have as many kinds of faith as we have plants. Each one would then have a different faith, just as each one has a different heart. The Gospel must be preached, otherwise, men must remain ignorant of it; for it is not a human invention, but a revelation from God. Faith, therefore, in the saving truths of the Gospel, enters the heart by preaching, and from the heart proceeds afterwards a holy walk and conversation."

"You are right," said the farmer, "and yet only in part. Out of the ground nothing can grow, except what has first been deposited in it. If you wish to reap a crop of rye, you must first sow rye. But from whence comes the seed?"

"Precisely where preaching comes from," replied the minister, "from God: preaching comes from and by the word of God."

"If this be the case, Mr. Stoll," exclaimed the farmer, pleasantly, "then are we of one and the same opinion. For this is precisely my idea." Saying which, he extended his hand, and gave that of the other a hardy but rather painful shake.

"And I," added Stoll, "am consequently also not to regard your somewhat excited speech as having been directed against me personally. I certainly lament the abuses which exist in our Church at the present time, as deeply as you do, and am most anxiously looking for a change for the better. Yes, I can even assure you, that I am constantly endeavoring, as far as my humble abilities and the narrow sphere of my influence enable me, to bring it about."

"God forbid, that I should address to you an unkind word!" exclaimed the farmer. "You are the only one, among the many ministers with whom I am acquainted, whom I sincerely and truly respect. But, tell me, what good can one accomplish, as long as all the rest refuse to co-operate with him? The tares are too rank, and the few stalks of wheat that are yet to be found growing amongst them, must eventually be choked. One preaches Leipzig fashion, the other Helmstadt fashion, a third Koenigsberg fashion; the fourth flatters himself that his manner of preaching is the only true one, because he does it in Wittenberg fashion. Aye, Potz Velten, why don't you preach according to Christ's fashion? And, dear madam, to such contention and strife, such Pharisaical hypocrisy, such idle and useless stickling about words, you wish to doom your Philip? I beg of you, give the boy to me. I will make a different man of him, from what they would at Strasburg, or at Tuebingen, or even at Leipzig."

"I can in this not agree with you," said Mr. Stoll. "If a better state of things is to be brought about, it can only be effected through the instrumentality of such men as God may send. And, might not Philip be one of these very men, whom the Lord has set apart for this end?"

"That I can never believe," replied the farmer. "The boy is not suited to such a calling. He is much too tender-hearted, and has ever tears in his eyes, when he should

have words on his tongue. Even if he should favor a change for the better, he would soon be cried down, and rather than make enemies, yield to the clamors of his

opponents."

"If you think this," remarked Mrs. Spener, interrupting him, "you do not yet know our Philip. He has a tender heart, it is true, but he can also be firm, where he is so minded. I have often been sorry that he seems not like other children of his age; I have never yet seen him indulge in a hearty laugh; and any one not acquainted with him might take him to be a boy of a morose and gloomy disposition, and altogether dissatisfied with everything. Hence, he studiously avoids company, and seeks retirement; and wherever he is he has his peculiar ideas. And yet he is withal, a most obedient and willing child, and I do not recollect a single instance of his ever having offended or grieved us."

"And this is the very reason," continued the farmer, undismayed, "why I pity the boy. Your Philip will be like a lamb among wolves, who must howl with them or be torn in pieces. Listen," he added, more earnestly, "I will tell you what has brought me here. You know I am by no means a poor man. I have neither wife nor child, nor any one else whom I could love as well as your Philip, except it would be my old Peter. I therefore ask you to let the boy go with me; he shall be my son, and whatever I possess shall be his. Are you satisford.

The father rose up and said: "Dear friend and brother, you mean it well with us and our Philip; but we must obey God, rather than man. When my wife presented me with this son, I took him up into my arms and kissed him, and as I did so, something seemed to say to me, he must be a minister of God. I then said to my wife, what think you, if it should please God to spare this child, will we not dedicate him to the service of the Church? And she said, Yes. This we have vowed, and, God willing, this we will perform."

Mrs. Spener silently wiped away the tears that had suddenly started to her eyes at the recollection of that event; but Wolfert, who in his heart was equally affected, felt extremely sorry that his wish was not to be realized. He therefore rose, with a strange mixture of anger, chagrin and emotion, and exclaimed, in somewhat of a passion, "Well, just as you please! You have ears and hear not, and eyes, but see not. I therefore wish to have nothing more to do with you, and it will he a long time before you shall again see me in your house."

Saying this, he hastily left the room.

"Do not permit him to leave you in this way," exclaimed the minister. "Why will you part in anger? If you desire it, I will hasten after him and bring him back."

"No, no!" quietly remarked Mr. Spener, smiling. "Remain here, my dear sir. I know him well. He will return soon enough without being brought back, and as if nothing had happened, commence speaking about something else. This has not been the first time that we could not agree in our views; but our friendship has never been interrupted in consequence."

The farmer had directed his steps towards the somewhat spacious garden adjoining the house, and with his hands folded across his back, pacing rapidly to and fro, he thus soliloquized: "They know not what they want, or rather, they know not what is for their good. I am sure my temporal possessions are not to be despised; at least, I would not like to offer them to any one else. But how comes it?-They are nothing but a set of recluses, doing nothing but poring over their books, and writing till their fingers are sore, losing sight of heaven and earth. Hence, they are and never will be anything but dead-letter Christians, who are destitute of real life, and altogether unable to appreciate nature. If they persist in making Philip a minister, I shall never again enter their house."

He had by this time reached the furthest end of the garden, where a shady arbor invited him to a seat. As he was about to enter, he was surprised to find Philip seated within reading a large volume.

"How do you do, dear godfather?" exclaimed the boy, addressing him. "I am very glad that you have come to visit us again!" "I am not your godfather," replied the farmer, half with a frown and half in kindness.

"But you are my sister Dorothea's godfather," remonstrated Philip; "and we have agreed amongst ourselves that the godfather of the one should be also that of the other."

"I cannot consent to this agreement," said the farmer; "if I was really your god-father, it should be far different with you from what it is."

"How so?" asked Philip. "I can think of nothing that I stand in need of, save what I am earnestly seeking, and what, with the help of God, I shall also find."

"And what is that, young gentleman?" asked the farmer, in a somewhat anxious

tone.

"Wisdom and understanding," replied the boy.

"There we have it again!" hastily exclaimed Wolfert; "they have been talking to him on this subject so often, that he is beginning to believe it himself. Say, Philip, do you really intend becoming a minister?"

"With the help of God, yes, dear god-

father," was the reply.

"Well, then, go and take your own course," replied the farmer, "and I will take mine."

And he suited the action to the word, by turning to depart. But the boy, who did not comprehend the cause of his displeasure, ran after him, caught him by his coat, and said:

"You are angry with me, dear godfather. I pray you, do not leave me thus, but tell me in what I have offended you."

The tenderness with which these simple words were uttered affected Wolfert so deeply that his ill-humor at once left him, and, laying his hand on Philip's head, he said:

"Boy, you little know how dearly I love you! Go with me, and be my son. Leave that learned grumbler, who dries up your heart, and leads you more away from God than to him. Have you no fondness for country life?"

"O yes, dear godfather," replied Philip.
"Very well, then, that's all I want, my

boy," exclaimed the farmer, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction, and, taking the boy by his arms, he raised him up and kissed him. "Now, come," he continued, in a mysterious manner, "come along and help me saddle and bridle old Peter. He can, if need be, carry both of us. And tomorrow you will take the hoe and spade, become a healthy, vigorous man, and preserve your innocent heart pure and uncorrupted."

"What do you mean by this?" inquired the boy, in surprise. "Do you mean that I am to give up the idea of becoming a minister, and learn to be a farmer?"

"Yes, yes, dear Philip," replied Wolfert, confidingly; "and when I die my farm shall

be yours.

Philip painfully shook his head, took hold

of the farmer's hand, and said:

"You are a dear, good man, godfather; you are very kind to the poor, and I am sure my parents love you a great deal more than I do. But be not angry with me, I cannot help it. I am becoming daily more and more convinced that I am called to be a servant of the Lord. Come, take a seat with me in the arbor, and I will open to you my whole heart."

And saying this, he drew his godfather per force into the arbor; but Wolfert's countenance assumed a somewhat angry and sullen look, though any one acquainted with human nature might easily have discovered more good than evil at the bottom.

"Do you know, dear godfather," now began the boy, "why I wish to become a minister? My heart is very full, and I would like to tell the people what I have learned from the Holy Scriptures, because there are so few who read this precious and divine volume with a devotional spirit and a believing heart. I would like to tell the people that they are yet very far from having the right Christian faith. They suppose faith to be in the head, and must be confessed with the lips, whilst it is only in the heart, and can only be declared in deeds. Therefore—thus I will speak to the people -faith must purify your hearts and separate them from the world and all that is in it. To the rich I will say, If you sincerely believe, you must be sensible that riches are temporal, unsubstantial, perishable. must not think that in possessing it you are on that account better than the poor, but that God has endowed you with it that you may become rich in good works. I shall tell them that they may, indeed, with their gold buy for themselves many beautiful things on earth, but not the least thing in heaven; that they may, indeed, by means of money, cleanse and beautify their houses, but not their hearts. I shall tell them that they may, indeed, bribe with their money those whom they have wronged, and thus prevent them from entering complaints before a human tribunal of justice, but that God cannot be bribed; that he will call them to a strict account; and that a good conscience is infinitely more precious than all the silver and gold in the world."

As the boy here ceased speaking, Wolfert continued to gaze on him for a time in silence, and then said: "Go on, Philip;

go on."

Philip continued: "And to the proud I will say, Of what are you proud ?--of your name? If your name be not written in the Lamb's book of life, it will be worthless before God. Or are you proud of your wis-Man's wisdom is foolishness with God, and only the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and though a man should know all that is in heaven and on earth, and yet be ignorant of the fact that Christ, the Son of God, came into this world to seek and save that which was lost; that He lives in heaven, and is our Lord and Master in the kingdom of God, and our consolation in the hour of death, his wisdom is vain; for to love Christ is better than great knowledge; and though men should bow down before us, and we refuse humbly to bow the knee to the Lord-and if we were able to speak with the tongues of all nations, and yet refuse to confess with our own that Jesus Christ is the Lord, to the glory of God the Father-we would know nothing at all."

During all this discourse, the farmer sat with downcast eyes and folded hands. When Philip ceased speaking, he looked up and said:

"And what will you tell those who ima-

gine the kingdom of God to consist in eating and drinking?"

"To such I will say," replied the boy, "what the Apostle Paul teaches concerning it, namely, that the kingdom of God consists in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; and that he that in these things serveth Christ, is acceptable to God and approved of men. For he who is only occupied with the thought how he may make for himself pleasure in this world, does not consider that it is only through tribulation that we enter into the kingdom of God; and I will tell him, further, that the kingdom of God may only then be considered as consisting in eating and drinking, when we deal our bread to the hungry, and say to the thirsty, Come hither, friend, and drink with me! And then, perhaps, I may relate to the people a story which at one time hap-

"Well," said the farmer, "what is that

story?"

Philip remained silent, whilst his face turned crimson; and only after Wolfert had repeatedly pressed him to relate it, he commenced by saying: "There was once a boy, who came to a noble lady, who loved him a great deal more than he deserved. On a certain day, this boy had studied his lesson so well that the noble lady sent for him, and said, 'My dear son, it affords me great pleasure, that you are a diligent scholar, and are endeavoring to become a pious man. And as I know you to be more fond of books than toys, I will make you a present of this ducat, for which you will buy yourself a good book, entitled: "Exercises in Godliness," written by a man whose name was BAILY.' Then the boy, highly pleased, went away to buy the book. But, on his way home, he met at the corner of a street, an aged man, who asked him for alms, and as the boy had nothing but the ducat, and as the old man looked very poor, and trembled very much on account of age and infirmity, he gave it him. It is true, the boy was sorry that he could not now buy the good book, but when he recollected that its title was: 'Exercises in Godliness,' he felt satisfied and was greatly pleased to see the old man so happy."

"Boy," exclaimed Wolfert, whilst grasping Philip's hand, "what is the boy's name? Do you know him?"

Philip's face crimsoned again, and he turned away, as if looking for something in his large book. At this, the farmer rose up, pressed the boy to his heart, wept like a child, and said: "Philip, you are right; your heart is too full, it must come out. Come, I must make amends for my error."

Then he hurried the boy, who comprehended nothing of all he had said, away, hastened with him through the garden, entered the room where were his parents and Mr. Stoll, exclaiming: "If this boy does not become a minister, I'll never enter your house again."

As he was relating to those who had not been a little surprised by his sudden reappearance and change of views, all that had transpired, Philip remained standing in one corner of the room silent, in communion with himself, as if he had committed some wrong. And when afterwards Mr. Wolfert went up to Mr. Stoll, to beg his pardon for having before given way to undue excitement, and as he then turned to call the boy to him, Philip had already quietly left the room.

About eight days after this occurrence, the farmer was again seen on his old Peter, with a neatly-folded package resting on the saddle-bow, making his way towards the house of Mr. Spener.

"Where is your Philip?" he shouted through the open window, without dismounting. And when the boy finally made his appearance he handed him the package, saying: "Boy, this is for you; the old man at the corner of the street has given it to me for you." Then turning his horse's head, he rode off without even having saluted Philip's parents.

Philip opened the package, and found it to contain a beautiful and richly-ornamented book, entitled, "Baily's Exercises in Godliness," and underneath was written, in Wolfert's own hand—

"From the old man at the corner of the street."

(To be concluded in our next number.)

"A LADY."

THE word "lady" is an abbreviation of the Saxon Laffday, which signifies breadgiver. The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustomed, once a week, or oftener, to distribute among the poor a quantity of bread. She bestowed the boon with her own hand, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and the gentle amenities which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and orphan "rose up and called her blessed"—the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises -all classes of the poor embalmed her in their affections as the Laffday—the giver of bread and the dispenser of comfort—a sort of ministering angel in a world of sorrow. Who is a lady now? Is it she who spends her days in self-indulgence, and her nights in dissipation and folly? Is it she who rivals the gayety of the butterfly, but hates the industrious hum of the "busy bee?" Is it she who wastes on gaudy finery what would make many a widow's heart sing with joy, and who, when the rags of the orphan flutter about her in the wind, sighs for a place of refuge, as if the pestilence were in the breeze? This may be "a woman of fashion"--she may be an admired and admiring follower of the gay world.

THERE IS AN END.—To everything beneath the sun there comes a last day—and of all futurity, this is the only portion of time that can in all cases be infallibly predicted. Let the sanguine then take warning, and the disheartened take courage; for to every joy and to every sorrow, to every hope and to every fear, there will come a last day; and the man ought so to live by foresight, that while he learns in every state to be content, he shall in each be prepared for another, whatever the other may be.

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility that gave the occasion.

MAN POOR WITHOUT GOD.

BY CLARENCE CARLETON.

ESTRANGED from God, man is shut out from infinite resources. Verily, he has the necessaries, and, it may be, the luxuries of this life, so called-what then? He may have all that is necessary to pamper his desires, and afford gratification to his carnal taste-what then? His soul, the higher principle of his nature, is famishing. It lies prostrate; and if it dares to lift its head in hope, it is forthwith struck down in the dust. It bleeds, and famishes, and dies. Man may possess houses and lands, and equipage, and all the paraphernalia of honor and renown-he may have those who wait upon him, and minister to his every want-who do him all the honor of a king-what then? Is the soul fortified? Is it maintained in a manner becoming its high and exalted nature? Is it protected against violence and assault? I tell you nay. The walls of its tabernacle stand liable to be blasted by the breath of the Almighty. The soul's foundation is laid on the brink of eternal wrath, ready to be swept away by omnipotence into the abyss of woe and despair.

The casket is decorated and adorned with all the ornaments of kingly magnificence, while the jewel within is left to rust and rot

by neglect.

Is this wisdom? Is there not a delusion here, which is the height of supreme folly? Oh, what infatuation! Men will spend threescore years and ten in beautifying this mass of corruption, which must soon, at the longest, decay and perish, while they will not drop a tear on the plant within, which has been taken from the garden of immortality, and placed here for a little while to be prepared for the abodes of eternal joy!

Yes, unaccountable delusion!—a thoughtless and godless world will decorate the frail body which is to be the food of worms, and dance the dance of death on the brink of hell, while they bestow no thought on the immortal soul, made in the image of God Almighty, and constituted with powers fitted for a seat with seraphim and cherubim around the throne of God. The sinner, then, in all his riches, is infinitely poor. In all his provisions against the assaults of his enemies, he is yet exposed to the vengeance and eternal wrath of his greatest enemy,—God out of Christ. How urgent, then, oh, how urgent are the wants of men who have forsaken the fountain of living waters, and have hewn out for themselves broken cisterns that can hold no water!

The following elegant tribute to the memory of the "father of his country," was written a few years ago by Richard Grant White, Esq., one of the editors of the New York Courier and Inquirer. The poetry is worthy of Wordsworth, or of Walter Savage Landor, "who venerates Washington beyond almost any other man who ever lived, and of whose terse manner the sonnet reminds us," as the Boston Transcript remarked concerning it. It is well worth republishing in any paper; and deserves a place in the Journal, as a gem rarely to be met with. It is highly impressive, and well deserves to be enshrined there.—J. R. H.

WASHINGTON.

Pater Patriæ.

High over all whom might or mind made great, Vielding the conqueror's crown to harder hearts: Exalted not by politician's arts, Yet with a will to meet and master Fate, And skill to rule a young, divided state, Greater by what was not than what was done, Alone on History's height stands Washington; And teeming Time shall not bring forth his mate. For only he, of men, on earth was sent, In all the might of mind's integrity; Ne'er as in him, truth, strength, and wisdom blent: And that his glory might eternal be, A boundless country is his monument, A mighty nation, his posterity.

INJUSTICE OF THE LIVING WORLD.—The world is rarely ever as just to the living as it should be. Socrates was condemned to death by the Athenians, who afterwards decreed him a statue, and accorded to him the honors of a demigod! The Saviour told the Jews that they stoned the prophets to death, and then built their monuments; and though sinless, they put him to death, by the most cruel and ignominions punishment! Such is man.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

THERE is nothing with which our persons can be adorned, that is so noble, and so beautiful as a Christian character. There is no attire that can be compared to the white robe of righteousness; and how cheering the thought that all can be graced with this royal apparel. It is not confined to those who move in the more elevated circles; nor to those whose names are wafted to distant lands on the wings of fame; but the obscure and uncared for can adorn themselves with this beautiful robe.

But why is it that there are so few who possess it? It is simply because they permit the Evil One to weave around them the garments of sin, and suffer the flesh to obtain an ascendency over the spirit.

The animal and spiritual organisms are continually warring with each other, each striving to extend and enlarge its own domain; and in order to establish and maintain a Christian character, and keep this heavenly garment unsullied, the former must be overcome; the enemy of the spirit must be dethroned. In consequence of our sensuous nature continually coming in contact with material objects, it is rendered more difficult to be subdued; and in this respect the flesh has the advantage over the spirit. It fights on its own grounds; the ammunition of its warfare is spontaneously supplied; no magazines for storing its implements of war are needed, and it grows strong with successive victories. But although this be the case, yet it has not the power to resist the weapon that is wielded by the spirit; and it is by this, that the flesh is to be overcome. It is by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, that this irreproachable character is to be established and maintained; for it not only subdues the enemies that war against the spirit, but it smooths the rugged path of life. It breaks down the barriers, and exterminates the thorns that interpose. In many ways it searches out and reveals the hidden snares; it points to the alluring shades that conceal deadly sins; sunders the screen that veils the foe of man; and points out to the eye the Stygian pool of passion and appetite.

When the Christian character is established, the flesh becomes weakened, and ceases to strive with its wonted force. When love, joy, and peace are enthroned in the human heart, evil passions flee away. Wrath will not attempt to kindle her fires in such a pure habitation; and strife and contention cannot reign where the renovating breath of heaven is permitted to blow.

Thus, those individuals who have this unsullied character established, are free from that commotion which maddens the brain. They no longer have to contend with those passions which cause the eye, from which intelligence and love should beam, to flash with indignation; and the cheek, upon which the placid smile of contentment should play, to glow with wrath. But in order to enjoy this unalloyed happiness, this character must be maintained; the commands of the spirit must be obeyed, and the devices of the flesh unheeded. The enemies that war against our spiritual nature are ever lurking around, and as soon as the armor of this heavenly warfare is laid aside, they rise in rebellion and strive again for dominion.

LOOK UPWARD.—It is said that the Apostles "looked steadfastly towards heaven as He went up;"—methinks it is so that we also, as we read or hear this wondrous event, should fix eye and heart upon that heaven which He,—the first-born,—has pre-occupied, that we should feel that in Him a portion of ourselves has departed thither, a sinless type of humanity, which keeps its place for the rest; and that our heart, in Christ, being already there, all else should struggle with holy impatience to follow.

Humble Virtue.—Flowers have bloomed on our prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseeu by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to heaven.

VICE stings even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles even in our pains.

TRUTH.

BY TELOULA.

How beautiful is Truth! and yet how few seem to recognize even a tithe of its loveliness.

Besides being one of God's holy commands, it has within itself so much sublimity, that it seems almost impossible that any one should not admire and practise it to the fulness of its meaning.

If we will let her reign queen, what magnificent empires of mental, moral, and religious grandeur will she not rear; and dispense liberally to her subjects, the richest and best gifts.

How can we displace thee, oh, Truth! from thy rightful throne, in our hearts, and replace in thy stead such usurpers as Deceit, Falsehood, and Guile? For surely the Maker of all good did not create us in his own image, and design that we should yield obedience to the corrupting and debasing sway of such tyrants as the last-named belligerents of Truth.

Oh! how can man, with the seal of God stamped upon his brow, forsake the standard of the angel Truth, and enlist under the banners of the tempter's host? I had rather perish, struggling to place the Godsealed crown upon the brow of Truth, than wear the most brilliant honors conferred by her enemies.

'Tis hard, I know, in this fallen and erring state of human nature, to keep ourselves unstained from the temptations held out to lead us from the heavenward-teuding ways of Truth; but we should endeavor to resist them at any cost. One departure from the right way, but renders another more easy; and 'tis thus that we continue to go astray, until there is no hope of a retrieve. How careful should we be to impress upon the minds of the smallest children, the importance of always speaking the truth; for those impressions, which are earliest made upon the tender mind, are very sure to carry their weight with them through life.

Oh! beware ye, to whose care is committed the unformed mind of infancy, that ye sow not seeds whose fruits will poison their possessor, and return to your remorse-

ful feelings, thirty fold. Teach the infant mind to unfold to the beauties of truthfulness. Throw no impediment in the way, but rather lead on by precept, and what is more powerful, example.

Has not God given us proof sufficient in his precious word, of the estimate he places upon the teachings of Truth, and the extreme sinfulness of a departure from her laws? Oh! it would be well to bear in mind the cases of Ananias and Sapphira, who for one falsehood were struck dead by a just and avenging God. In what light must that God look upon us, who go on from day to day in hypocrisy and guile? Surely a day of retribution will come, and oh! let us beware lest it come ere we think.

Let Truth omnipotent reign in our bosoms, and may our mouths speak her precepts, and our actions be witnesses of her power.

It is a beautiful sight to see one brave and rightly-feeling heart enlisted in the cause of Truth, and fighting nobly and unflinchingly her hardest battles.

Let Truth forever reign! and fear not to confess entire obedience to her laws.

A CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION.

BY GEORGE W. COTHRAN.

THERE'S joy in ev'ry pain,
A pain in every joy;
Good and bad go hand in hand;
We've neither without alloy.

This world's a world of love,
This world's a world of pain;
The good ascend to courts above,
And never come back again.

And this, the reason I live,—
And that the reason I sigh;
My love is strong for the good of earth
But stronger for realms on high.

Oh! it is good to weep,—
To drench the soul with tears:
It nourishes a Christian's hope,
And drowneth all his fears.

I long for that blest day,—
That place of bliss and peace;
When we've no more to do with earth,
And all our sorrows cease.

Then ne'er despond, my friends!
Though dark may've been to-day,
The sun of Truth will rise again,
And drive all gloom away.

THE CROSS.

BY CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

"In hoe signo spes mea."

EMBLEM of love divine!
Thou speak'st to me of Calvary's holy hill,
Where Jesus, bowing to his Father's will,
Yielded his life for mine.

What pain, what agony O'erwhelmed his spirit in that fearful hour, When love, subduing every sterner power, Bled for humanity!

Nature's offended eye
Would not behold him of each friend bereft,
And on that drear and lonely mountain left
To suffer, groan, and die.

The Temple's veil was rent;
The glorious sun withdrew his cheering light,
And earth was sunk in universal night,—
Man lost in wonderment!

One true heart scorned him not,— When in all other bosoms pity slept,— Mary—his mother—sat her down and wept O'er his forsaken lot.

So may I, Saviour, cling In every trial to thy bleeding side, And in thy wounds my weeping spirit hide From stern despair's dark sting.

Teach me this truth profound,
And let my heart the useful lesson know,
That in this dim and tearful vale below,
Happiness is not found.

But by thy cross and love,
Oh, may I learn to purify from sin
Each inward feeling, that my soul may win
A crown of bliss above!

VIRTUE IS HEREDITARY?—Is a love of truth, justice, and goodness transmitted from parents to children? Facts appear to answer these questions in the affirmative. In England, it has been ascertained that out of one hundred criminal children, sixty were born of dishonest parents; thirty of parents who were profligate, but not criminal; and only ten of parents who were honest and industrious. The rule is, virtuous parents raise virtuous children. Not more than one out of every ten criminals has been born of honest, religious parents. The characters of parents and children are nearly as much alike as their features.

THE DIVINE BLESSING.—If there is any time when we need, more than at others, the Divine blessing, it is when we are least thoughtful of our dependence upon it, and least disposed to ask for it.

OUR BABY.

BY MRS. A. H. DEVELLING.

Sweet, beautiful babe! How lovely in all its artless innocence and helplessness; and how worthy to be loved! Who can look upon its little round, chernb face, its soft, velvety check, dimpled with smiles; the full, dark, bright eye, high forehead, and perfectly formed head, with its heavy suit of dark, silken hair, and not exclaim, How beautiful!

One would perhaps imagine that the tenth babe in a family would not be looked upon as much of a novelty; and that it might by some be considered rather as an unwelcome intruder than otherwise; but from the cordial greeting this little stranger received, the fond admiration and kind attention bestowed, and the tokens of affection showered upon it from all, the inference would rather be that it was a first and only one.

Indeed her coming among us seems like a bright sunbeam, radiant with light and joy and beauty, shedding delight and gladness across our pathway, and brightening the future with sunniest smiles of hope.

How quickly the full fountain of the heart wells up, and the warm, gushing streams of tenderness and affection flow forth; circling and entwining endearingly around, as if to shield and protect from the rude storms and blasts that yet may dim the brightness of her now cloudless sky.

Just entering, as it were, the threshold of a busy, bustling world; bright and beautiful, 'tis true, yet strangely intermingled with joy and sadness—with sorrow and gladness: and encompassed by its thousand snares and temptations, from which few, aye, none are exempt,-who can tell whether her pathway through it will be rough and thorny, or gaily strewn with hope's smiling flowers? Whether a few brief days, or years at most, of sunshine and joy, be allotted her; or a weary, lengthened pilgrimage, overshadowed by dark, foreboding clouds of portentous gloom, and surrounded by the varied cares, trials, and difficulties incident to life? Whether across its billowy ocean her little bark will glide smoothly and gaily, or be driven

and tossed to and fro at the mercy of the pitiless storms and tempests.

Who can read her future destiny; or upon its unwritten page trace the truthful scenes of her onward course?

And oh! how important and responsible the trust of training young immortals for the future; of fitting them for honor and usefulness here, and for higher and nobler enjoyments and happiness hereafter. And how deeply to be regretted the fact, that so few are competent to the task; or feel the weight of responsibility devolving upon them. And still more lamentable, that many, on account of the care and trouble they may bring, wilfully abandon, or almost wholly intrust them to the care of those, who feel no affection or interest, aside from the reward promised for the service performed.

A high and holy duty rests upon those to whom these precious little ones are so kindly given, and they will one day be called to render an account of the manner it has been fulfilled, to Him, who hath said, "Take this child and raise it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages;" and He who, while on earth, " suffered little ones to come unto him," and asserted that "of such was the kingdom of heaven," will He not still watch over and tenderly care for them here? And when He sees fit, for some wise purpose, which we may not now see, though we are assured we shall know hereafter, to call them from our fond embrace, may we not indulge the firm hope that He will encircle them in the arms of his love, and carry them safely in his bosom, free from all pain, and sorrow, and suffering more?

With this sweet assurance, three of our little ones have been laid gently and peacefully to rest, beneath the drooping elm tree's shade, slumbering side by side; and now arrayed in bright robes, spotless and pure, crowned with immortal radiance and beauty, amid that angel-band they meet and mingle, striking their golden lyres to strains of sweetest harmony, in "ascribing glory, and honor, and power to Him who sits upon the throne, aud to the Lamb forever."

Sweet ones, sleep on! Days, months, and years may come, and quickly pass; spring

with its bright, warm smiles of gladness, may waft the odor of its opening flowers around your lowly bed; and the soft showers of summer fall gently and all unheeded on the green turf above; and though the chill autumnal winds sigh mournfully and lone through the branches of those leafless trees, chanting in solemn tone their low, sad requiem, and the cold, wintry blast raves howling and fiercely amid the drifting storm, twining and circling the bright snow-wreath in wild fantastic beauty around, yet still unconscious and undisturbed they'll slumber on, in their long, last, dreamless sleep that knows no waking.

Sweet buds of promise! bright in beauty's bloom! Fresh in the fragrance of life's dewy morn; Three cherished flow'rets, gathered to the tomb, E'er scarce the sunlight on their pathway dawned. Deep in the silence of their narrow bed,

The treasured hopes of doting hearts lie crushed, Yet o'er their wreck no sorrowing tears be shed, And every murmuring sigh submissive hushed.

For He who governs yon bright, dazzling star,
Guides worlds on worlds in distant space unknown,
Who formed the tender, fragile little flower,
And makes it sweetly bud and bloom unseen;
Marks too, the little birds that skim the air,
And kindly notes each humble sparrow's fall,
Whose kind, protecting, ever-constant care,
Extends around, above, and over all!

Will He not faithful watch, and rightly will
Whate'er is wise and proper for our good?
Then in his kindness trust; we ever still
Firmly rely, and know that he is God!
And humbly—meekly with submission bow,
Kissing the hand that aimed the fatal blow;
Resting assured, that what we know not now,
We shall with rapturous joy hereafter know.

EVER THINE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

EVER thine,
Loved one, dear!
Are our spirits twining,
Like the vine,
Creeping here,
Where for thee I'm pining?

Ever mine,
Dearest one!
Here on earth, in heaven;
Love's divine!
Shining on,
When earth's ties are riven.

COMPANIONSHIP.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

AN is a social being. He was not made to live alone. He will seek companionship, and it is only by intercourse with others that the better part of his character is developed. Important as solitude may be to his intellectual and spiritual growth, still, unless he sometimes mingle with his fellow men, he fails to discharge duties, which arise from a law of his nature, and from this source to derive advantages, which it is his privilege to use.

No one will question the influence which companionship exercises upon us in the formation of character. Perhaps, there is no power so uniform and so mighty. It may be for good or for evil. Two persons cannot come frequently together and both remain just as they were before. A positive influence has been exerted. If they have not been rendered better, they have been made worse. If our company does not lead us to advance, it causes us to retrograde; if it does not elevate, it debases us. We are creatures of imitation. We are endowed with a principle that prompts us, almost intuitively and from our earliest infancy, to copy the expressions and manners of those with whom we are brought in contact. Like mirrors, we are constantly catching the reflections of those around us. Unconsciously we contract peculiarities of character-just "as men take diseases, one of another," says Shakspeare—which can, in most cases, be traced to the influence of some individual, into whose society we were, in early life, cast. It is an easy matter to follow the example and to adopt the sentiments, feelings, and even language of those with whom we are from day to day associated.

If the principle be correct, how important then is it, expecially when we are young, to be judicious in the selection of our companions! The corrupt and dangerous tendency of wicked associations seems so fully established, that no proof is necessary. Through this influence, thousands are annually brought to ruin.

> "One sickly sheep infects the flock, And poisons all the rest."

When thrown into immediate intercourse and unrestrained communication with the impure or the vicious, there is great danger of becoming contaminated, of being turned from the path of rectitude into profligacy, and forever lost to virtue. Every day's observation confirms the truth of the statement, whilst the inspired penman explicitly declares, that evil communications corrupt good manners, and that the companion

of fools shall be destroyed.

But how is it, that communication with those who entertain false opinions, or are corrupt in their lives, tends to poison the mind and taint the heart? We answer, by making error and vice familiar to us, and thus impairing the force of our moral sensibilities. That faculty of our nature, by which we discern the difference between right and wrong, and approve the one and condemn the other, becomes blunted, and ultimately altogether destroyed. If we mingle in scenes of vice and constantly witness corrupting example, it will be exceedingly difficult to maintain that sense of the enormity of sin, which is proper and which we desire to cherish. With how much less aversion do we regard iniquity when we have become familiar with it, and with what diminished alarm do we look upon error, which we have heard oft repeated! This is a principle of universal application. Contact with physical suffering has a similar effect. When the student of medicine first visits the dissecting room and beholds the mangled bodies strewn all around, a most unpleasant sensation is experienced. Yet, in a short time, he becomes accustomed to such scenes and can, for hours, be thus surrounded without having any revolting feelings excited. Observe, too, the young soldier, who for the first time enlists in the army, and has never willingly inflicted pain. How he shudders, when he hears the first oath of his comrades, and how he trembles and turns pale, when the drum beats, summoning him, for the first time, to meet the foe on the field of battle! But he soon becomes hardened, and after he has been engaged for a few years in the service, he can see human blood flow, and hear the groans of the dying, unmoved. Familiarity with that which is

morally wrong operates upon us in the same way. There is a youth, who was once noble and pure, and when he first entered the ship, was shocked at the sinful profanity which fell upon his ears! But he also, by the power of example, quickly learns the vocabulary, and is as profane and blasphemous as the most abandoned of the crew. So it is with gaming and intemperance, and the whole catalogue of vices. Emotions of disgust and even horror are at first awakened, yet, by intimacy with such scenes, we are often led to commit sin, without any compunction-sins, perhaps, the very thought of which would, at one time, have caused us to tremble. The poet says:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mein As to be hated needs but to be seen."

But he also adds:

"Yet seen too oft-familiar with the face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"

What is the reason that parents are so unwilling to have their children associated with the worthless, the evil-disposed, and the profligate? They know that one cannot handle pitch and not be defiled. That in the society of the depraved, the fatal poison is already in the hand, and unless they at once fling it away, they will, in all probability, be ruined. Thus it is that the innocent are beguiled, the young seduced from the path of virtue, and crime and infidelity diffused through the land! "Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned?"

Closely connected with this point is the fact, that, by avoiding the companionship of those whose influence over us is deleterious, we will be exposed to fewer temptations. We are not only to pray, lead us not into temptation, but we are to shun the occasions of temptations. It is the part of wisdom to remove ourselves as far as possible, from whatever would lead us away from duty and from God. How often has the Christian, in consequence of his associations, lost much of his spirituality, his love of prayer, fervid piety, and devotion to his Master! The sainted Baxter once said, that he had re-

ceived a great blessing, in narrowly escaping a place at court, in the early part of his life. He felt that the position would have been attended with great risk to his spiritual interests. Multitudes, who have been the ornaments of their race and the benefactors of the world, owed all, under God, to their peculiar circumstances, by which they were shielded from the power of temptation. The impressions which the soul receives, and the modes of feeling which the heart adopts may not, at first, furnish any ground of alarm, but, gradually the moral habits are weakened, and the moral sensibilities deadened. Ouronly security is to turn away from such influences; to keep out of the danger; to refuse to listen to the voice of the charmer, and to avoid all society likely to prove an obstacle to our progress in virtue and piety. The reply to the inquiry, wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way, is just as true now as it was when uttered three thousand years ago. The response must still be, bytaking heed thereto according to thy word!

We remark again, that associating with those who are destitute of character, renders us indifferent to the good opinion of others. Although this principle of our nature, designed by Providence for wise purposes, has sometimes been abused, it is, nevertheless, a great check upon our sinful inclinations, and has been productive of the happiest results. Public sentiment should be respected, when we know that it is based upon the teachings of God's word. Whenever a youth becomes reckless of the opinions of the good and wise, you may immediately conclude, that he has already commenced a downward course, and unless his steps are speedily retraced, they must inevitably lead

If we associate with the wise and good, we will be strengthened in a virtuous course. The word of inspiration has said, he that walketh with wise men shall be wise. We will meet with sympathyand assistance amid the difficulties, discouragements, and vicissitudes to which we are in this life subjected. The tongue of the righteous is a well-spring of life—a fountain always sending forth waters sweet and refreshing. Pure and holy influences we will surely experience, by com-

munion with those who have received of the overflowings of Divine goodness and truth. We will catch the disposition and spirit of those with whom we are brought into frequent intercourse. Just as in the natural world the polyp receives its color from the food that nourishes it, so will we imbibe a coloring from those with whom, from time to time, we mingle. "One day," said the poet, Sadi, "I perceived a bunch of roses, surrounded by a tuft of grass. How, I cried, does a plebeian plant dare thrust itself into the company of roses?—and I hastened to tear away the tuft, when it replied, 'Spare me; it is true I am not a rose, but you perceive from my perfume, that I have been with roses."

Finally, a pernicious example, even when there does not exist in the individual a deliberate purpose of corruption, infects with contagion the whole moral atmosphere, and causes pestilence and death. What a powerful motive is here presented for a life of virtue and piety! None of us liveth to himself! We are all exerting an influence, either direct or silent. By our words and our actions we are continually making an impression upon those around us. We are not living for ourselves alone, but for the world. Is not this an argument for the most exemplary circumspection? For the want of proper care, or through some act of indiscretion, we may forever blast the gem of youthful promise, or encourage some one in his progressive career of vice. How terrible the thought, that we should, by our example, be instrumental in the destruction of an immortal soul! On the other hand, how cheering the reflection, that by the light of our influence, any one should be stimulated to an upright course, and conducted to the realms of bliss. Will it not add to the stream of joy that will thrill through our hearts, at the last day, to see one and another poor wanderer brought to the throne, and as he easts his crown at the feet of the Lamb, tell how our words and our example were to him "the savor of life unto life," and how, through this instrumentality, he was first led to consecrate himself to the Redeemer!

ADRIAN.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.

CHEERY as summer sunshine,
Pure as the white, white snow,
Fair as the early morning light,
Fleet as the mountain roe;
Bright as the wild, red roses
Along the chiff's gray side,
Gay as the mountain streamlet,
Was the lovely boy that died.

Summer on shining summer,
Lighting the pleasant skies,
Deepened the blue, ealm beauty
Of his frank and earnest eyes;
Spring after spring-time gathered
With buds and blossoms wild,
Fresh wreaths of thought and feeling
For the forehead of the child.

Adrian! Just and noble
In soul as name was he;
Regal in form and feature,
And brave as truth can be;
Lender among his fellows
At ball, or hoop, or swing,
Tenderest with the weakest,
And generous as a king.

Mother, who sittest lonely
Beside the vacant door,
Conning, with tears, in silence,
Each garment that he wore;
With troops of angel playmates
He breathes Heaven s holy air,
Robed in the spotless raiment
That spirit-children wear.

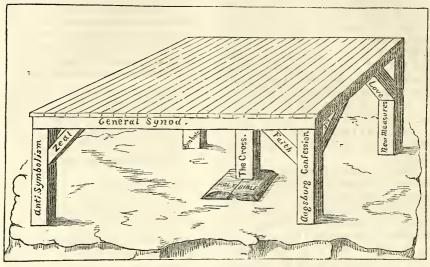
Father, who listenest vainly,
For light and bounding feet,
Gladdest, in prompt obedience
Thy simplest wish to greet;
With lifted face he waiteth
On Christ, the Master, now,
Learning the lore of angels
With earnest, seraph brow.

Warders along the ramparts
That guard the Starry Shore,
Where wander all the little feet
Earth's darkened homes deplore;
Blow with your silver trumpets,
And tell, in tones elate,
Another good and noble child
Hath passed the Heavenly gate.

Thou, who wast born of Mary—
Child at a mother's knee,—
Thou, who didst not forget her, midst
The gloom of Calvary!
Bind up the broken-hearted,
Their Perfect Comfort be,
And gently lead them to the host,
Beyond Death's iey sea.

GOSPEL PLATFORM OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH, ALLEGORICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

BY L. L. H.



BILL OF TIMBER.

One Central Post (The Cross of Christ). Four Corner Posts, viz.:

- 1. Augsburg Confession.
- 2. New Measures.
- 3. Symbolical Books.
- 4. Anti-Symbolism.

Eight Braces (Two to each Post), viz.:

- 1. Faith.
- 2. Zeal.
- 3. Love. 4. Hope.
- 5. Joy.
- 6. Charity.
- 7. Peace.
- 8. Truth.
- Four Ties (connecting the Central with each Corner Post).
 - 1. Brotherly Kindness.
 - 2. Forbearance.
 - 3. Long Suffering.
 - 4. Redeeming Grace. .

Four Horizontal Timbers (representing the General Synod, into which Posts and Braces are fitted).

- 1. North.
- 2. South.
- 3. East.
- 4. West.

ASSING along one day I came across a large Rock upon which workmen were busily engaged in erecting a platform (2 Sam. 22: 32; Ps. 18: 31). I inquired what the Rock was: said one, "This is the Rock out of a mountain without hands;" and

Twenty-four Planks, composing the Platform (re-

resenting the different Synods of	each State), viz
1. Synod of	Iowa.
2. Synod of Northern	Illinois.
3. Synod of	" ,
4. Synod of Southern	66
5. Olive Branch Synod of	Indiana.
6. English-District Synod of	Ohio.
7. English Synod of	66
8. Wittenburg Synod	66
9. Miami Synod	66
10. Alleghany Synod,	Pennsylvania
11. Pittsburg Synod,	66
12. West Pennsylvania Synod	, "
13. Central Synod,	66
14. East Pennsylvania Synod	, "
15. Pennsylvania Synod,	66
16. Hartwick Synod,	New York.
17. Ministerium,	66
18. Synod of	Maryland.
19. Synod of	Virginia.
20. Synod of Western	"

of Ages, and we are building upon it the Platform of the Lutheran Church." (Matt. 16:18.)

North Carolina.

South Carolina.

Kentucky.

Texas.

21. Synod of

22. Synod of

23. Synod of

24. Synod of

The Rock seemed to have been "hewn

though it was very strong and well adapted to be the *chief corner stone* of a spacious temple (1 Pet. 2: 6-8), yet not being beautifully polished, it had been *rejected* by other *builders*, and proven to them a "Rock of offence," and "stone of stumbling" (Rom. 9:33), as it necessarily will to all who regard only the outward appearance.

The timbers lay scattered about which had been prepared with care in accordance with a bill of timber calculated by the wise Master Builder (1 Cor. 3:10). There were 1 Centre-Post, 4 Corner-Posts, 8 Braces, 4 Ties, 4 Horizontal Timbers, and 24 Planks.

These had been all obtained from strong healthy trees, some of which had been brought as seedlings from Germany, Norway, Sweden, and others were indigenous to this country; they still retained many of the distinctive features of their native soil, yet all blended harmoniously together, having been alike seasoned with the salt of divine grace. I stood looking with interest upon the work. The corner-posts were already in, and braces applied according to the plan and specifications. The centrepost was also in its place. This post, which was the Cross of Christ, stood firmly on a portion of the Rock called Calvary, and was supported upon an open Bible, to which the workmen ran from time to time for further instructions.

This centre-post had a tie connecting it with each corner-post, so that the whole superstructure was, to a certain extent, supported by that post. I did not, at first, see these ties; but by some accident one of the corner-posts fell down, not having been properly secured by the brace of Love, and I looked for the whole structure to fall, but it did not. I inquired of one of the men as to why the platform did not fall, and he then showed me those hidden ties (Forbearance, Brotherly Kindness, &c., which, indeed, are not usually exposed to the gaze of men), so that although the corner sank a little, yet it did not fall, being supported by the Cross of Christ.

When the braces were all in, and each fastened by "a nail driven in a sure place" (Isa. 22:23), I found the heavy timbers, representing the General Synod, firmly

united to the Augsburg Confession and Symbols of the Church on one hand, and the New Measures and Anti-Symbolical views of a portion of the Church on the other; the whole being joined irrespective of party feeling or sectional interest, and forming together a strong basis upon which the individual Synods (or planks) might rest.

These planks were all of the same size, so that none could be considered any better than the other; they were rough by nature, and had each to undergo the same process of plauing and smoothing, to fit them for the place they were intended to occupy; and when tongued and grooved they joined so nicely, that the lines of distinction were almost lost; and except by a different complexion of the wood, or some being more cross-grained than the rest, it was difficult to distinguish the particular Synod they represented.

I noticed with what consummate skill the planks were laid on, the Synod of Iowa occupying the extreme edge on one side, and the Synod of Texas the other; the six Synods of Pennsylvania being in the middle, and the rest taking up relative positions as arranged in the bill of timber; each plank being firmly secured to the General Synod, by two pins, which represented the delegates from each Synod, and formed the connecting link between them.

At length the platform was done, and it was wide enough and strong enough to support the whole Lutheran Church in America.

Yet I imagined some timid ones afraid to trust themselves too near the edge; some were afraid the post, Symbolical Books, would give way; others feared that New Measures would not uphold them; and, therefore, crowded together towards the centre, where they knew they would be safe over the Cross of Christ. None seemed to doubt the strength of the post called Augsburg Confession, except a very few, and they, instead of seeking refuge near the Cross, were inclined to leave the Church by jumping off altogether, but were restrained by a sense of shame, or by a fear of getting into the mire, or of falling upon the Rock; for the Bible declares, "Whosoever falleth upon that Rock shall be broken." I suspect, if they could have slipped down easily, more than one would have crept quietly away, and never have been missed. I noticed, too, the sun came out hot, and shining upon the platform, some of the planks were warped, and the seams gaped; but afterward, when the gentle rain came down, these planks all resumed their places; the seams closed, and the platform was as entire as before.

In reflecting upon what I had seen, I thought how necessary it was for all parts of our Lutheran Church to be braced firmly by Faith, Hope, Love, Peace, and Charity; that without these the platform upon which we stand, could not be strong enough even though the Augsburg Confession, or Anti-Symbolism were the supports. If a single brace fall out or get loose, the whole is weakened.

I saw how important it was that the General Synod should embrace North, South, East, and West, in one harmonious whole,

without preference or prejudice, either on account of influence or language.

The fact, too, that the platform did not fall when the corner-post fell out, taught me that no sect or party, neither Old or New Lutheranism, need flatter themselves that without them the edifice must fall. The portion they sustain, would, doubtless, sink, but the Cross of Christ would still support the Church, and the Master Builder could supply another post in their stead.

I learned, too, how much the sun of controversy, waxing hot, is calculated to warp the minds of portions of the Church, even whole Synods; and whilst before we could scarcely distinguish between them, so harmoniously were they blended, yet when strife and contention ensued, the lines of separation became marked and distinct.

At such times we should pray for showers of grace to descend, to heal all these diversities, and restore our beloved Church to its innate harmony and beauty.



GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

"Though earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As poet or painter might show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know."

T is said of Stephen in the darkest hour of his earthly trial, that "being full of the Holy Ghost, he looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

This vision of Stephen is a type of a great fact in Christian life and experience. No man ever testified to the truth, and nobly lived and suffered for Christ, who had not in the highest moments of thought, and

faith, and prayer, glimpses of heaven. Not, perhaps, by visions seen in the sky, but in those celestial tokens of approval and encouragement, always known to be from God. And what would this world be, with all its beauty, what would life be with all its sacred affinities, and social endearments, without such glimpses of heaven? We are willing to toil through the long hot summer's morn and noon, if at the cool of the day, we may hear the voice of the Lord God among the trees. We will endure all things, if our Father will now and then reveal himself to us, and show us how great is our nature and duty, and how glorious our destiny. Like Stephen, we can look upon danger and death with the faces of angels, if, in the hour of peril, the clouds may once be rent, and the heavenly land gleam out between. And with the love of God, and the way of duty, these glimpses of heaven are not withholden from us. Let any one follow Stephen as he followed Christ, in holy fidelity to truth and conscience, and he shall not want his upward glance and celestial vision. Only to Stephen, after he has toiled and suffered, and prayed, and borne high witness to the truth, in the presence of his enemies, does heaven open, and Jesus Christ appear, standing at the right hand of God. To him alone, who lives above this world, come gleams and tokens from another. Happy, if, when life's duties are fulfilled, we can look up to the opening heavens with the prayer, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." T. S.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

IN the bustle of life, when the truth of the heart Is tried by a selfish control;

Where, where is a refuge to shield, and impart True light to a heaven-born soul?

O, pause not to ask what the wisest would do,
Their wisdom ne'er found such a gem:

"All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them."

If thou and thy brother have aught to decide, And fail at the last to agree,

Ne'er bring to another thy cause to be tried, As erring and selfish as he.

No-judge for thyself by this rule, ever true, Ere thou dost a brother condemn:

"All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them."

If a dark wave of trouble has swept o'er a soul, And a cry has gone forth for relief, Ne'er pause ere you give, nor thy charity dole, Lest thou add a new pang to the grief. Still follow the rule that is changeless and true,

And ne'er will thy conscience condemn:

"All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them."

Sidney Dyer.

LIZZIE VAN AKEN, THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL GIRL.

IZZIE'S little, fat, short handstrouble her in winter by becoming rough. She is inclined to talk about them a good deal, and to shake them about, as if that would relieve them and heal the red eracks. Mrs. Dudley knows they must be uncomfortable, and she has often rubbed on salve, and done what she could, to make them better. One day, just as Lizzie was ready for school, and Mrs. Dudley had been attending to the cracked hands, she said,—

"Do not talk about them in school, and don't shake them about to attract the attention of the children."

"No, ma'am, I don't talk in school," replied the sensitive child, and the tears came into her eyes. She was grieved, that Mrs. Dudley should think, she would talk when she ought to be silent.

In a few minutes, she left the room to go down to the school-room. The lady had occasion to follow her into the hall, and there she was standing at the head of the stairs, wiping her face with her dress.

"What are you wiping your face with?" exclaimed Mrs. Dudley, who had put pockets in her dresses, and furnished her with hand-kerchiefs.

"With my handkerchief," she answered.
Mrs. Dudley stood still an instant, and
so did Lizzie, when she said,—

"You may come into my room, Lizzie."

She took her seat by the stove, and the little girl stood by her. I cannot tell you how badly she felt, for it was the first time she had detected Lizzie in an untruth. She looked at her sadly and steadily, and then said slowly,

"What did you wipe your face with, Lizzie? Be careful what you say."

Lizzie looked about wildly, and said nothing. Mrs. Dudley repeated the question, but still she did not answer. How terrified she looked! Mrs. Dudley drew her into her

lap, and repeated the same question once more. Lizzie was silent.

"Did you use your apron?"

"No, ma'am."

"What did you use?"

"I used my dress."

Lizzie did not weep, but, oh, how scared the expression of her usually happy face!

"Is it not time for school?" she asked, wishing for some excuse to leave the room.

"Yes, it is time for school; but I don't

wish you to go down at present."

Mrs. Dudley drew Lizzie's head down, so that it could rest on her, and clasped her arms around her closely and affectionately.

"How could my little Lizzie tell me she

used her handkerchief?"

"I don't know, ma'am," she replied, and then she burst into tears, and wept profusely upon Mrs. Dudley's bosom. Her fright seemed to have passed away, and grief had taken its place.

"I am so sorry I told a lie," she said.

"I am very sorry, too," said the lady, and she talked for some time about the sin of lying. Lizzie wept as if her heart would break, and every now and then she would say,

"I am so sorry I told a lie."

"You were afraid I should not like it, if I knew you used your dress instead of your handkerchief?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And so you said you used your hand-kerchief?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I am so sorry I told a lie."

"If you had told me, that you had used your dress, all I should have said would have been, I wish you always to use your handkerchief."

"I am so sorry I told a lie," again declared the sobbing child. "I will never do so any more; I will pray to God to forgive me."

"God is always willing to forgive us when we sin, if we are truly sorry for it."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Dudley."

"I think you are. Would you like to pray now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Dudley arose and locked the door, and, then, with one arm around Lizzie, they both kneeled by the bed.

"What shall I say?" inquired the child, with such a wretched, anxious face that it was painful to look at it.

"You know, God is your father—your heavenly father! You can tell him, what you have done, and how you feel about it."

She dropped her head on her hands, and, in broken accents, confessed her sin, and asked for pardon,—"Our Father, who art in heaven, I have told a lie, and I am so sorry! Will you forgive me, and keep me from doing so any more?"

Then Mrs. Dudley prayed, and, after they arose from their knees, she again took Lizzie in her arms, and pillowed her head on her bosom. The child was more quiet, and began to talk about the commands of God, and re-

peated one after another.

"I want to keep God's commandments. I don't want to do wrong," she said.

"I hope you will always try to do right; but if you do sin, you must remember that God is ready to forgive you when you repent, and you must not be afraid to go to him and ask him."

"Do you suppose, God will forgive me?" she inquired earnestly, looking up into Mrs.

Dudley's face.

"Yes, my child. He says, in the Bible, 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy.' If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If you do truly repent of your sin, God forgives you."

"I am truly sorry," said the child.

"Then you may believe that God forgives you, for he always does just as he says he will."

For some time they sat and talked together, and, although Lizzie was calm, she often repeated, "I am so sorry." At length she said,

"I do love you so; I don't wish ever to

leave you."

"I love you, Lizzie; and I want you always to be a good girl. Do you think I loved you, when you said you used your handkerchief?"

"Yes, ma'am; God loves us while we are sinners."

"Yes, he so loved us that he sent his son to die for us." After further conversation about God's love to us, Mrs. Dudley inquired,

"Don't you wish to go to school, now?"
"No, ma'am, I would rather stay with

"No, ma'am, I would rather stay with you."

"You may, if you prefer. You can get your sewing, and sit down by me."

Mrs. Dudley supposed, it would be well for Lizzie to think of what they had been talking, so she excused her from the family school. As she had no one to study with her, it made less difference than with most children if she was away for a half-day.

I do not by any means think Lizzie is in the habit of saying what is untrue. There is no expression of deceit upon her face, and she has been in Mrs. Dudley's family several months, and there has, till this time, been no occasion to suspect her word. She was overcome by a sudden temptation. Mrs. Dudley has always been careful not to tempt children to utter falsehood, and when she spoke to Lizzie, she had no idea that her exclamation would lead her to sin.

Do you think our Saviour loved Peter less, when, after he had denied him, he went out, and "wept bitterly?" Jesus knew his heart. He knew that he loved him, and he freely forgave him. This readiness to forgive makes the Christian even more reluctant to sin against God, for it makes sin against such a friend appear still more exceding sinful. I hope, no one will love Lizzie less for what I have told you about her; for, like Peter, she "wept bitterly," and, I do not doubt, she has been forgiven.

When you sin, dear child, I hope you will at once confess your sin, and seek forgiveness, as did this little Industrial School girl. Remember, how much greater your advantages have been than hers, and how much greater, consequently, your sin, if you do that which is wrong.

A SINGLE SIN.

THE probability is that the greater proportion of those who sink down to hell from Gospel lands, go there from the guilt and effect of a single sin. Not that they are guilty of but one sin, and perish for

that, and will have to answer for that alone. They may be guilty of sins infinite in number, and yet, their final eternal ruin may be mainly consequent on a single sin persevered in.

In the great majority of cases it is not sin in general, whether in character or practice, that keeps men away from Christ and salvation, and even from conviction, so much as it is some particular, individual transgression-a "besetting," darling sin, which they cannot give up. All other sins are as nothing compared with this. The whole strength of an evil nature is concentrated in it; the Devil plants himself by it, and feels secure of his victim, so long as it is indulged in; mercy entreats, and justice denounces the terrors of the Lord in vain, so long as that one sin has dominion over him. That one sin comes to rule his life; it gives shape and tone to his character; it digs a "Rubicon" across his path, and seldom is that rubicon passed. That one sin may be said to rule his eternal destiny; and if he sinks to hell, he will forever look upon it as mainly the guilty cause of his ruin.

It matters not what that particular sin is; it may be intemperance; it may be licentiousness; it may be profanity; it may be a habit of lying; it may be the cursed love of gold; it may be a secret indulgence carefully concealed from the world,—the influence and result of it are the same. It rears an Alpine obstruction in the way of life; it forms an impenetrable shield, against which the arrows of truth strike and rebound; it neutralizes and nullifies the whole system of salvation. Every man's observation will furnish a multitude of mournful illustrations on this point.

The same fact is often most clearly seen and affectingly confirmed by the conduct of men when brought under conviction. The great struggle with such is generally concentrated upon a single point. The question upon which hangs eternal salvation does not relate to sin in general, or a new life in general; but this is it: "Can I give up that one besetting sin? Can I make that one required sacrifice? Can I take up that one specific cross? My other sins I can part with. Any other sacrifice I will gladly

make. Any cross, save this, I am willing to bear for Jesus, and heaven's sake. But ah! here is the struggle. Here I feel the strength of my evil nature. Here I am made to see and know how dreadfully averse I am to a life of Christian obedience." And too often is conviction stifled, and the Spirit of God grieved, by the power and prevalence of a single sin. We have many striking examples recorded in the Scriptures. Felix trembled under the preaching of Paul. arrow of conviction pierced deep into his soul. But there was his one fatal sin to stand up and resist the man of God, and the Spirit of God, and it dragged him down to hell. Herod was almost made a Christian under the ministry of John the Baptist; but that one sinful connection interposed a mountain obstacle, and he perished. The "Young Ruler," who came to Jesus, was evidently an anxious inquirer, and had reached the entrance-gate of the kingdom; but "one thing" was lacking, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come, take up the cross, and follow me." But there was the point, where the struggle really commenced. Thus far the young seeker had gone, confidently, and hopingly; but here he paused, and all the power of conviction, all the force of his past virtuous life, all the light of Christ's teaching beaming on his mind, all his hopes of heaven, and his fears of hell, were unavailing to move him a step farther. "He was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions." He stumbled over his riches into hell. Every pastor, too, is familiar with such cases. They are common, they are most instructive and alarming.

How sad and almost hopeless is the condition of a man, when he is given up to some darling, besetting sin! How ought men to watch and strive and pray that they fall not into such hands! And when such are mercifully brought under conviction, they should resolutely and in the sight of God, grapple with that one sin, which is as a "right eye," or a "right hand," to them; conquer that, and the victory is easy.

And is it so? Is it a *single sin* that may be truly said to ruin most men? Are those, who sink down to hell, under the Gospel,

constrained to fix their eyes forever upon some one particular evil habit, or state of mind, or false step, or moment of indecision, and lament over it as the main cause of their eternal undoing? It is even so, beyond a doubt. And the remorse and misery of such a lost soul must be keen and aggravated beyond conception. To be given up to all eternity to a guilty habit or state of mind which puts on almost omnipotent energy, and diabolical malignity in this brief life, is appalling even to think of. To attain to an eminence of light, privilege, virtue, conviction, hope, and finally to be stopped and turned back when on the confines of eternal life by a single obstacle; to mount up as it were, into heaven, and behold the glories of the saved, and to possess all that is requisite to an entrance into that blessed abode, save "one thing," and then sink into outer darkness and everlasting ruin with the vilest and the guiltiest, is an experience which, for bitterness of self-accusation and overwhelming weight of remorse and sorrow, will be without a parallel in the universe of God.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

TE publish the following account of a E publish the following account of little German child coming down the Hudson River, in a steamboat, and offering its humble and artless prayer on returning to its "berth" for sleep, as an admonition to parents and an example to the young. O! the beauty of childhood piety! There would be less depravity in children, we think, if parents would take care, at the first dawning of intellect, to instil into their minds the plain, simple, and sanctifying principle of genuine religion. We should love to embrace that little traveller; he is on his way to a better country than this world affords. Well could we say, placing our hands on his brow, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer, "Isaac Newton," in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another seeking repose from the cares and the toils of the day, made preparations to

retire to their berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, lay them down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much as possible like home, threw off more of their clothing; each one as his own comfort, or apprehension of danger, dictated.

I had noticed, on deck, a fine-looking little boy, of about six years of age, following a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German; a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine-looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance, and from under his little German cap, fell his chestnut hair in thick, elustering, beautiful curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting-place. But instead of this, he quietly kneeled down on the floor, put up his little hands together so beautifully childlike and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayers.

The father sat down by his side and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him, retiring to rest without a prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? In a distant land, in her cold grave sleeping? How many times had her kind hand been laid on

those sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers.

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone of all the worldly multitude draws nigh to heaven. I thank the paternal love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether dead or leaving, whether far off or nigh. It did me good; it made me better. I could scaree refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon,—a mother and two sons, with voice, and harp, and violin. But no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his devotions, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again.

But if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays in a steamboat? Who train their children to pray, even at home?

Let not an injury or an insult corrode in your bosom, for, so doing, you increase the injury by your own act.

Gold gives a ready passport at any gate, except heaven's.

Gaming is the child of avarice and father of despair.

To the wicked, the virtues of other men are always objects of terror.

Editorial Book-Cable.

THE POETRY OF GERMANY. Translated into English verse by Alfred Baskerville. Published by J. Weik, Philadelphia.

The title of this book will attract the lovers of poetry. The selections are made from 1770 to the present time, the last and most important period of German literary history; illustrious with the names of Herder, Wieland, Goethe, and Schiller. As we glance through this book, we catch a glimpse of that period of German culture, which lies between the present day and the middle of the last century. Here are the dwellings of Goethe and Schiller and Lessing; and yonder the graveyard, with Mathison, making an elegy, and other sentimental poets leaning with their elbows on the tombstones.

We could wish the translator had given us more of the German popular songs, blooming like wild flowers over the broad field of literature from the fifteenth century to the present time, and which surpass in beauty, variety, and quantity, those of any other country. These songs show the more humble forms of life, as seen in streets, fields, mines, and cottages; and give expression to hopes and sorrows from human hearts, which have no other voice or record.

As we opened the book, we naturally turned to our favorite Schiller, over whose poetical creations hovers the spirit of moral beauty, as the spirit of visible beauty hovers over Raphael's pictures. The first piece that met our eye, was the immortal "Song of the Bell!" Bulwer says, "for the ancient hexameter and pentameter, the English language has no musical analogy." The remark is equally applicable to other metres. Indeed, a translation of many of these pieces, can give us but little more than the substance, while, like gathered dewdrops, the grace and sparkle are gone. The translator conscious of this, has given, as an apology, the words of Lord Mahon, "I would rather bear a faulty rhyme, than lose a noble thought." And yet, the translator has sometimes succeeded in giving us both the thought and musical rhythm, in a most admirable manner. Take the following couplet from the "Song of the Bell:"

> "0! dass sie ewig gruenen bliebe. Die schoene Zeit der jungen Liebe!"

"O would, that youthful love had been But clad in Spring's eternal green."

As the original text is found on the opposite page, the book will be specially useful to students of both languages.

T. S.

Lyra Innocentium. Thoughts in Verse on

Christian Children. By Rev. J. Keble, of Oxford University.

This Christian poet is known and admired as the author of the "Christian Year." He has gradually acquired a select circle of admiring and delighted readers, realizing, what the greatest of poets desired, for himself,—

"Fit audience, though few;"
the "Magnanimi Pochi," to whom Petrarch,
kindred in more respects than one with Milton, made his sublime appeal. We have read
these poetical thoughts about Christian children with unmingled pleasure and admiration.
To a refined Christian taste, there is something so hallowing, so tranquillizing, in these
spiritual strains, that they seem, as Charles
the Emperor thought of Florence, a book too
pleasant to be read, "but only on holy days."
Every one, who reads these beautiful thoughts
on Children, their ways and privileges, will
understand, as never before, those words of
Wordsworth,—

"O dearest, dearest boy! my heart For better love would seldom yearn, Could I but teach the hundredth part, Of what from thee I learn."

The "Lyra Innocentium" ought to be a household book in every Christian home. T. S.

Spurgeon's Sermons. Second Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

These Sermons are vastly superior in every sense, to those contained in the first volume. In a literary point of view, they possess but little merit. But as earnest, practical appeals to the judgment and conscience, upon the most momentous interests of the soul and eternity, they command our admiration. It is seldom that the great truths of the Gospel are brought home with such bold and yet affectionate earnestness, to the apprehension and consciences of the people. Prof. Wayland has justly said, that he has taught us how to address men on the subject of their salvation. And, we hope, the wonderful popularity of this man, and the eminent success which has attended his preaching, will furnish suggestions to all ministers that may be profit-All preaching which is merely didactic, with studied phrase, rhetorical finish, and beautiful imagery, without life, practicalness, and earnestness, will never accomplish much beyond a cold and evanescent admiration from the few. We can honestly commend these Sermons to ministers and people, -assured, that they will find them among the most instructive and profitable kind of devotional reading.

Editorial Mliscellung.

FIRST REPORT OF REV. BENJAMIN KELLER, GENERAL AGENT OF THE LUTHERAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

Dear Brethren: You are aware, that I was repeatedly and urgently solicited by you, members of the Lutheran Board of Publication, to become your General Agent, to collect subscriptions and donations, in order to enable the Board, in due time, to open a Book Store, or Depository, in some suitable and convenient location, in Philadelphia, where all our publications and all kinds of stationery may be kept for sale, the profits of which sales to be appropriated to the Education and Missionary causes of our Church. After much serious reflection, and much fervent prayer to God, to direct me in the path of duty, I accepted what I knew in advance must prove a most laborious and self-denying work. Being thus pledged to serve the Board in this capacity, I first requested to present the praiseworthy objects of the Society in St. Matthew's Church, Philadelphia. In conformity with one of the usages of the congregation, the matter was first presented to the Board of Trustees, who unanimously approved of the enterprise, and promised to encourage the same. Deeming it inexpedient, however, to have the subject presented to the congregation at that time, they kindly resolved that I should do so on some future Sunday, when I would be more likely to succeed. Reluctant to lose time, I mentioned the facts to Brother W. M. BAUM, who gave me a very cordial invitation to come to Barren Hill, which I thankfully accepted, and occupied his pulpit on the first Sunday in March, and the sequel will show that this was the proper place to commence operations. If you will take the trouble to look over the list below, and notice the subscriptions, you will be constrained to say: Truly, the congregation at Barren Hill has done nobly, and has set all other congregations an example worthy of imitation.

This congregation had only recently contributed \$100 to the Church Extension Society, besides liberal contributions to Education and On this account, I feared that I Missions. might not, at this time, obtain much for the Publication Board, but I was agreeably disappointed. With the valuable co-operation of Brother Baum, I obtained, in the short space of three and a halfdays, \$309 50 in subscriptions, of which amount \$184 were paid at the time of subscribing, to which others have since been added. As the by-roads were in a bad condition, and I was compelled to leave, I could not complete my work here, but intend to do so (God willing), as soon as the roads are in a better condition. To Brother Baum I owe a large debt of gratitude, not only for his valuable assistance in obtaining subscriptions, but also for the very kind and hospitable treatment I received both from him and his estimable lady. Respectfully submitted by

B. Keller, Gen. Agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN THE BARREN HILL CHARGE.

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William Hellings,	•	٠	. 10
Rudolph Spielhoffer,	•	•	. 10
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LUTHERAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.—SECOND ANNIVERSARY.—NEW BOOKS.

This Society will celebrate its second anniversary in Trinity Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa., on Wednesday evening, May 13th. There will be a business meeting of the members in the lecture room at 7 o'clock. The public exercises will begin at 8 o'clock. Dr. Harkey, of Springfield, Ill., and Hon. H. H. Van Dyke, of Albany, N. Y., will deliver addresses. Dr. Bachman is expected to preside. The annual report of the Executive Committee will be read. No collection will be taken.

Our General Agent, Rev. B. Keller, of No. 1427 Coates Street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been very successful in his arduous labors thus far. He is so well known in the Church, that he need scarcely ask before he receives contributions. A full statement of his collections will

accompany the Annual Report.

We are able to announce two more new books. They will be furnished in any quantity upon reasonable terms to the brethren at Reading, at the General Synod. Rev. C. W. Schaeffer, of Germantown, Pa., has completed the first volume of his deeply interesting work, upon the early history of the Lutheran Church in America. Br. Schaeffer possesses peculiar adaptation for authorship, and enjoyed peculiar advantages in having access to the large and valuable libraries of Philadelphia, so that he has been able to furnish a book of more than ordinary interest. It cannot fail to become popular. Rev. J. F. Anspach, of Hagerstown, Md., has added another volume to our rapidly increasing Church literature. "The Two Pilgrims,-the Israelite to Canaan; the Christian to Heaven," will add to Br. Anspach's reputation as a writer and an author. He is already well and favorably known by the books which came from his pen, but will hereafter be still more intimately identified with the cause of Christian literature. We hope this volume will be behind none of its predecessors in usefulness, and in securing general favor.

Had our Society the means, we could publish many more valuable books. A number of Manuscripts, deserving publication, are kept waiting their turn only because publishing requires too much capital. As soon as able,

we will print all books issued under our auspices at our own cost and risk. Will you not join us in the prayer that that day may soon dawn upon us!

WM. M. BAUM, Cor. Sec.

Barren Hill, April 16, 1857.

What Shall We Believe?— "Such a thing is impossible," cries one man, when he is told of some anomalous act; "nobody could do so marvellous a thing." "Believe it?—to be sure, I do!" stontly vociferates another, when a charlatan asserts that he converses with spirits. Between these two extremes of extensive credulity and presumptuous scepti-

cism, truth suffers daily.

A century ago, for example, it was the fashion to laugh at Marco Paolo's account of China, simply because the conceited eighteenth century prided itself on believing nothing. A few centuries earlier, credit was placed in the wildest stories, and even the romance of the Arabian Nights held to be veracious. Within little more than a generation, the world has seen the French Encyclopædiasts discrediting the existence of the giraffe, yet believing that Cagliostro had seen Julius Cæsar. Wise as they thought themselves, were they any more so, in this respect at least, than the old dame, who discredited her sailor-son, when he told her of the flying-fish; yet, in her honest simplicity, poor soul, swallowed his fiction that he had seen the wheels of Pharaoh's hosts imbedded in the sands of the Red Sea!

True wisdom is as far removed from credulity as from scepticism. It believes nothing, merely because it has been asserted, but nevertheless, it does not deny as impossible what it has never seen. The Brahmin, who laughed at the idea of solid water, simply because he had never beheld ice, was no more a fool than those who discredited Mungo Park, questioned the accuracy of Captain Riley, or pronounced Gordon Cumming a wholesale liar. For it is just as illogical to assert, that a thing is untrue, which lies wholly out of the range of our observation, as it is to bolt the book of Münchhausen, or swear to the inspiration of Joe Smith's Bible. Yet one daily hears men arguing that a custom cannot exist, or that it was impossible an incident should have happened, simply because the speakers have never chanced to fall in with such a habit, or witness such an occurrence. We never see such exhibitions of self-complacent ignorance without thinking of the mole, who, burrowing in the ground, could not believe that eagles built their nests on the cliffs, or recalling the stupidity of the donkey, who, because he had never been in anything but a mud-stable, denied that Caligula's horse was stabled in marble.

Anthernu Home Journal.

MAY, 1857.

(Concluded from the April number.)
THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

SCENES FROM SPENER'S BOYHOOD.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LUTHERAN HOME JOURNAL, FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV. G. A. WENZEL.

SCENE III.

THE DEATH OF THE COUNTESS.

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."
PHIL. 1: 21.

ORE than a year had passed since the foregoing occurrences, and young Philip had daily increased, as in stature, so also in wisdom and favor with God and man. His greatest pleasure consisted in reading the Holy Scriptures, which he consulted on all occasions; whilst the pious Arndt became his model in the conception of its doctrines. And when, on one occasion, one of his preceptors, Sigismund Vorberg, who instructed him particularly in the art of composing sacred poetry, observed to him that the manner in which pious Arndt had taught and practised Christianity had met with great opposition, especially on the part of the clergy, and that if he imitated his example, a similar fate would await him, Philip, instead of replying, brought John Arndt's first testament, an extract of which Mr. Stoll had procured for him, and read: "I know, for I have experienced it in many crosses, temptations, and persecutions, that my confession is the pure, unadulterated, and unerring truth, and therefore I pray my faithful God, my dear Heavenly Father, and my Redeemer, Jesus Christ, to preserve me graciously, through his Holy Spirit, in this doctrine, faith, knowledge, and profession, unto the end."

The reading of "Bailey's Exercises in Godliness," too, had made such a powerful impression upon his mind, that he reduced a considerable portion of it into verse. But what these writings effected for the improvement of his religious knowledge and life, the instructions of Rev. Stoll, an eminently pious man, and one, too, who in conjunction with the Countess Agathe was constantly and successfully endeavoring to promote true piety, effected for his scientific education.

This gradual development of the assiduous boy was, however, about this time—in November, 1648—destined to suffer an important change.

As he was one morning in the act of entering the chamber of his dear godmother, he was met by Johanna, weeping.

"Why do you weep?" exclaimed Philip.

"Our beloved Lady Countess was taken very sick during last night," was her reply. "The doctor is with her just now."

Philip was so much alarmed at this, that he turned deathly pale. "Let me see her," he said, beseechingly, in a trembling voice. "May I not go in? Please ask, dear Johanna."

The maid, however, detained him as he approached the door, and said, "Not now, Philip; I do not like to enter, as long as the doctor is with her. But as soon as he shall have gone, I will go in. The Countess has already asked for you, and she expects you."

During all this time of agonizing sus-

VOL. II. NO. 5.

pense, Philip walked with folded hands up and down before the door; and, although his lips moved not, yet his countenance and his with-difficulty-restrained tears, gave evidence of the sincere prayer of his heart for his sick benefactress. At length, after a protracted and painful suspense, the doctor, who was well acquainted with the boy, came out. "You wish to see the sick lady," he remarked. "Do so, my son; she has repeatedly inquired of me about you."

"What do you think of her sickness?"

asked Philip, anxiously.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and replied: "The Countess is very aged and feeble. Yet, nevertheless, God can give strength to our weakness."

"O God, she will die!" sobbed the boy.

"I cannot endure the thought of it."

"Be calm, dear Philip," said the physician, consolingly. "Know you not that with God all things are possible? Dry your tears before you approach to her bedside, and, however sad you may feel, assume a cheerful look. The sick are not fond of seeing their friends coming to them weeping and lamenting; though the Countess manifests a degree of cheerfulness the like of which it has never heretofore been my lot to witness at the sick and dying bed of any one."

"And is it then really so, that she must

die?" asked Philip again.

"My son," replied the physician, "you intend to become a minister of the Gospel, and as such it will become your duty to minister consolation to the dying. Do you entertain such a fear of death that you regard it in the light of a misfortune? Compose yourself, and learn early to be courageous and cheerful in view of the declining hours of life." And, saying this, he departed.

This made so deep an impression on the boy that his tears were immediately dried up, whilst his countenance assumed a serene and earnest look. He resolutely opened the door. But when he beheld his dear godmother pale and feeble in bed, and when he heard her saying, "Are you here, my son? I have earnestly desired to see you," all his assumed courage and firmness for-

sook him, and, bursting into tears, he sank down at the foot of her bed.

"You are a poor comforter," said the Countess, with a painful smile, bidding him at the same time approach nearer. "How will you administer consolation to me, if you yourself stand in need of it?"

"I am not comfortless, dear godmother," replied the boy. "It only causes me great pain to see you so very sick, and to think

that you must perhaps die."

"My son, do you know what death is?" asked the invalid.

"Alas! yes," replied he; "it means that you will be lost to me. If you die, who will

in future guide and direct me?"

"Your grief beclouds your better judgment," the Countess replied. "You know very well that the Lord never takes anything away without giving us something in return. He doth all things well, and confers upon us the greatest blessings when he causes us the severest pain. It may be, my son, that you will lose in me a sympathizing friend; but nothing more. I even will not presume to call myself your maternal friend, because I know what an excellent mother you have, and one, too, that needs no assistance. And whenever I have aided you with good advice, I have only imparted to you what God has taught me in his holy word. And if this remains to be your staff and your rod, you will pursue your journey through life iu security and safety. Why, then, should you give way to grief? Is it because I am about to die? Ah, dear Philip, you little think that your sorrow embitters my dearest joy. Listen to me, my son. God has, in his mercy, granted me many days; with parental kindness He has guided me amidst the evil and the good, and preserved me from many dangers which threatened both my soul and body. He has abundantly blessed me with temporal possessions, and during the whole course of my life I have never known poverty. He has, in my journey through life, surrounded me with more good than bad men, and has, besides, given me a large share of worldly honor. But how triffing and insignificant is all this in comparison with that peace which I have found in my Redeemer! All these things are as nothing

in comparison with the hope that what is perfect is at hand, and that which is in part shall be done away. How small are they all in comparison with the glorious prospect of eternity, our home in heaven, where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying! Dear son, there is such a thing as yearning for heaven, which we only begin to feel and experience when the world and its enjoyments have ceased to possess any value for our inner man; when the perishableness of all temporal things has taught us to seek the imperishable things that are above, and we are daily becoming more and more impressed with the faet that our proper home, our true fatherland, is heaven, and that we have no continuing city here, but seek one to come. Then we desire to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord. Do you grudge me this return to my heavenly home, dear son?"

Philip remained silent, and wiped away

his tears.

"There is only one thing," continued the Countess, "that grieves me,—my utter nnworthiness in the sight of the Lord. But did not Christ come into the world to save sinners? I have not denied my Lord Jesus before the world; I have willingly taken up his cross, and cheerfully followed him; and therefore I trust that he will also confess me before his Heavenly Father, that he may not enter into judgment with me. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Are you still sorry, my son?"

"No, no!" replied the boy; "but if you die, I will pray God to let me die with you."

At this the Countess raised herself up in bed, as far as possible, cast a searching look upon the boy, and taking his hand in hers, said: "Philip, you know not what you ask. Do you wish to die, ere you have lived? No! My last prayer to God shall be for the preservation of your life. I have a presentiment that the Lord has heard my prayers, and set you apart to labor in his vineyard. You are called to lead men from mere knowledge to faith. You are destined to lower their pride and teach them to love God and approach him with humility. You shall again teach them to pray, as the

disciples of Jesus ought to pray. You will carry the message of peace into the palaces of the rich, and into the cottages of the poor. Yes, live you must, and live you shall, till after many years it may please the Lord to call you away from your work."

"How shall I be able to do all this?" asked the boy. "I am not worthy of so

much honor."

"You shall," replied the Countess, "be able to do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth you. My son, there are three things which you must hold fast as long as you live; without these no peace can be found, either in this world, or in that which is to come. First, exercise a firm and undoubted confidence in the Divinity of the Holy Scriptures; let this precious volume ever be regarded by you as sacred, and never open it, except with a grateful and humble heart; for it testifies of Christ. Let it ever be to you the Word of God, before which all human wisdom must bow down, for here we only know in part, walking only by faith and not by sight. Let it be to you the Book of Life, with which only you shall be able to overcome the world. Secondly, hold fast the belief that Jesus CHRIST IS THE SON OF GOD, the word made flesh, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person. For there is salvation in none other, neither is there any name given amongst men, whereby we can be saved, than the name of Christ. And thirdly: faith alone is vain, if it be not LIVING and ACTIVE; for, as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also. Whoever does not love according to his faith, has not the mind of Christ, and whoever does not act according to his hope, his hope will perish. My son, will you hold to these three points?"

"As God will help me, yes," replied the boy, raising his right hand as if taking a

solemn oath.

"God bless you, then, my son," continued the Countess, laying her right hand upon his head. "The Lord bless thee and keepthee! The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, Amen." The Countess sank exhausted upon her pillow, weeping, and folding her hands across her breast. Philip stood silently and in communion with himself beside her, his features betraying alike the most poignant internal sorrow, as well as inward peace. After some moments of the deepest silence, the Countess resumed: "Leave me now, my son; but before you go, read me first that prayer in yonder book, which I have marked."

Philip took the book, in which he immediately recognized the Garden of Paradise of John Arndt, and read with a trembling

voice the following prayer:

"Almighty God, Father of mercies, and God of all consolation, pity me as a father pitieth his children. Remember thy promise, where thou hast said: 'my mercy is great.' Remember, that thy dear son Jesus Christ was made man also for my sake. Rememer, that thou didst so love the world, that thou gavest thine only begotten Son, that all that believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. In this faith my soul enters into thy presence, bringing thy beloved son, Jesus Christ, whom thou hast given me. For his sake, I pray thee, remember me and be gracious unto me. Unto thee do I commit my soul; permit me ever to live as a dear child, in the enjoyment of thy grace. Be merciful unto me, whilst I live, and when I die, for the sake of thy dear son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen."

"Amen," responded the invalid, and then continued: "Now go, my son. Let not your heart be troubled. The Lord is with me, why should we fear? I know not how long it may please him to continue this mortal life to me. That it will not be long, I both feel and hope. I will not bid you farewell now; God willing, we shall meet

again."

Philip departed in silence, as if ashamed of his grief, which his best efforts failed to suppress. He returned to his father's house at Rappoltweiler, where he locked himself up in his room, which had been assigned him as his study.

About eight days after he was destined to undergo a severe trial. It was about the hour of noon, when Johanna entered Philip's chamber.

"The Countess is dead!" exclaimed the

boy in great alarm.

"No," replied Johanna, "she is still living, but she may perhaps not survive another hour. She has had a second stroke of apoplexy, and is now speechless. She has, however, given me to understand by signs, that she wishes to see you."

Johanna had not finished speaking, before Philip had already left the house in great haste, and arrived at the castle long before

her

Looking himself more like a corpse, and with his heart breaking, he entered the chamber, which was filled with weeping women, and men with solemn and serious countenances. In the centre of the room stood a plain table, covered with a white cloth, with a small silver crucifix standing upon it, and surrounded by four lighted tapers. The Sexton had just placed upon it a communion cup and plate, when Philip entered, and the court-preacher now approached the Countess with the question: "Are you, then, reconciled in your heart to God in Christ?"

The Countess in reply gave a scarcely visible nod with her head in the affirmative, but her pale and emaciated countenance was lighted up with a peaceful smile, and her eyes, though tearless, gave evidence of inward joy. The minister approached the table, folded his hands, and said, "Let us

pray."

All present bowed their heads and folded their hands. But Philip, who had sunk on his knees, with his face buried in his hands, was more engaged in weeping than in prayer. The minister commenced: "We look unto thee, Almighty Father of love and mercy! Thou who hast been our support from our infancy, who hast kept the weak from falling, and raised up those that were cast down. Thou also supportest in the hour of death the heart trembling with fear, in view of thy righteous judgment. Thou art pleased to accept of us whenever we approach thee through the merits of thy dear Son, and in his name say to thee in child-

like confidence, Our Father who art in Heaven. Thou art the Lord of life and death; prosperity and adversity come from thy hand; the earth trembles at thy word, and the heavens declare the wonders of thy power. But the man that lives in Christ, praises thee in all his afflictions and in all his trials and sufferings, conflicts and victories, life and death, and his only prayer to thee is, Hallowed be thy name. word is a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. If we live, we live only unto thee; if we die, we die only unto thee. If we depart in peace, it comes from thee alone. Thy kingdom is a kingdom of grace in Christ, thy son. And though death may close our eyes, we yet, being reconciled unto thee, look forward unto thine everlasting kingdom with a sure and steadfast hope; accept of us for thy mercy's sake. Thy kingdom come! Heaven and earth obey thee. Thy word shall obtain the victory which overcomes the world without our prayers. Thy will is done without our asking. Grant us the disposition and the strength, that it may also be done by us without a murmur or complaint. Let our last prayer to thee be: Thy will be done on earth as in heaven. Our eyes have waited upon thee, and thou hast given us our meat in due season; thou hast blessed the work of our hands, and given unto us our daily bread, even unto us who are undeserving. Bless unto us also the BREAD OF LIFE; preserve unto us Christ, thy son, as our true and daily bread, after which our souls are hungering. Give us this day our daily bread. Though we cannot understand our errors, and though our punishment is greater than we can bear, and, though thou hast already pardoned us more than seventy times seven, whilst we have not forgiven our brother seven times, do thou, nevertheless, relieve our hearts from fear, when in our last hour the weight and punishment of sin oppresses us, and we cry to thee, in Christ's name: Forgive us our trespasses, not as we have forgiven those that trespassed against us, but as we should have forgiven them. The conflicts of life are severe; the keeping of thy commandments is not always easy, for we do not

always love thee with all our hearts, with all our minds, and all our strength; therefore, we have not been approved in all our trials. But still more severe is the conflict with death, on account of thine everlasting righteousness. Do not permit us to grow weak and powerless, that we may be approved in this our last conflict on earth, by being permitted to depart in peace. Lead us not into temptation, but stretch out thine hand towards us; preserve us from falling; sustain us when we are ready to faint. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto thee who hast given us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever, Amen."

"Amen, amen!" was responded by all present in suppressed whispers. But the minister blessed the bread and wine, and gave it to the dying Countess. A deep and solemn silence now reigned throughout the assembly; the Countess had closed her eyes, but the moving of her lips still showed that she was engaged in offering her last prayer to God. Philip, who had raised himself up and made his way to the bedside of the dying saint, took hold of her hand and shed a flood of tears. But in his heart there was evidently a severe conflict in progress, for he suddenly interrupted the deathlike silence by saying: "Dear, good godmother, take me with you! If you die, let me die also."

But the Countess returned no answer, and when the physician took hold of her hand, he raised his eyes towards heaven, and exclaimed: "She has finished!"

And the minister prayed: "Holy and merciful God, receive her soul into thy kingdom! Do not enter into judgment with her; but may she be permitted to be faithful over much in heaven, as she was faithful over little on earth, for Christ's sake, Amen."

Philip, however, did not join in prayer. No tear moistened his eyes. The palencss of death had spread over his countenance, and silently he hastened from the dying bed of the Countess.

SCENE IV.

THE DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God."—LUKE 9: 60.

In the beginning of the month of May, in the year 1650, or about a year after the death of the pious Countess, farmer Wolfert, on a certain day, was seen to dismount from his faithful Peter, before the dwelling of Mr. Spener, at Rappoltsweiler, where he met with a most cordial reception from Mrs. Spener.

"God bless you," he said; "but, first of all, tell me, how is Philip?"

"He is well," replied the mother, "and

will be delighted to see you."

"And how is it?" continued Wolfert,
"does the fellow still wish to die?"

"God be praised," replied Mrs. Spener, "these thoughts have happily left him; but yet I cannot regard him at times without pain. He has, from his very childhood, been more serious than cheerful; but since the death of our beloved Countess, his seriousness has almost changed into gloom. You know, dear sir, at that time we entertained fears of his life, because his anxiety to be again with her was so great, that he wished to die. Ah, I never communicated it to any one, how this affected me. I imagined that he cherished no longer any love for his mother, because I could not fill the place of the Countess. He has, however, become more reconciled, and I sincerely thank God, that this severe trial is past. But come in, dear Wolfert; you will only find Dorothea and myself; my husband having already gone to his business."

But ere Wolfert could cross the threshold, Dorothea met him, and smiling kindly, extended her hand to him in salutation.

"Good morning, my dear god-child and bride," he called out to her. "Oh, you need not blush! All the world knows that you are engaged to the reverend court-preacher; however, I believe that your Philip had his full share in bringing it about, by carrying so many good mornings back and forward. But tell me," Wolfert continued, after the three had entered the parlor and seated themselves, "what do you intend doing with

Philip? That he is to become a minister, I both know and approve; for if he is not born for one, I shall never more believe that God also bestows his gifts without ever asking. The lad must be off, he must go elsewhere, and find out what he has yet to learn."

"We, too, have already thought of this," replied the mother; "but yet we do not at present exactly know where to send him. Philip seems to be well pleased with his present situation, and our minister feels exceedingly loath to part with him. My husband is surprised at the rapid progress he is making; he says he is not only already his superior in Greek, but even in Latin-a language with which he professes to be well acquainted. In these matters, I, of course, am unable to judge; but it is a real pleasure to hear Philip speak on subjects with which we, too, are somewhat familiar. If it did not savor of maternal vanity, I should feel inclined to say that he knows almost everything that has ever transpired on the earth, and is familiar with the situation of every town and city."

"Yes," added Dorothea; "he also composes most beautiful verses—sacred, devotional verses—not, indeed, like other poets of our time, who must introduce into every line the name of some heathen god or goddess; but Philip only does so whenever it does not redound to the credit of these ancient deities. There is only one thing about his poetry which I do not like, and that is, he speaks everywhere about death, and paints the life in heaven in such pleasing colors, that one almost grows weary of the life on earth."

"Ay, Potz Velten, my dear young bride," exclaimed Wolfert, interrupting her, "be careful and do not let your intended know this. I, too, am not afraid to die whenever it may please God to remove me hence, but to tell you the truth, I yet prefer life to death, especially since my old Peter still lives. Everything in its season. My maxim is—all things with God. And as to these untimely broodings of Philip about death, I'll very soon drive them out of his head. However, as our ministers nowadays often do, we have wandered from our text."

"Beg pardon," quietly interrupted Dorothea; "you only go and hear our court preacher, and you will find that such is at least not the case with all of them. I know of no one who explains his text in so beautiful and edifying a manner as he does. Only when I read Arndt's True Christianity I find a congenial spirit with his. You must not, however, suppose, dear godfather, that I only say this because Mr. Stoll is my affianced husband; I knew this long before I ever dreamed of his honoring me with his hand."

"Only see how this girl can act the lawyer," the farmer replied, affectionately patting her on the cheek. "For your comfort I will tell you that I had already made a mental exception in favor of your intended. But we must return to Philip. Where do you think of sending him? How would it be, dear madam, if you would think of your honored father, the Rev. JACOB SALZMAN, in Colmar? There Philip would be well taken care of; and by attending the Latin school at that place, he might yet greatly improve himself, particularly if Rector Joachim KLEIN could be induced to take charge of him. Mr. Klein is, besides, an old friend and schoolmate of mine. If you have no objection, I will ride over to-day, yet, and make all necessary arrangements."

"We have been thinking of this matter already ourselves," replied the mother. "Colmar is not far distant, and we might hence frequently enjoy the pleasure of seeing each other. Besides, my dear father has long since made us the offer of taking our dear Philip into his house, yet I cannot determine finally until I shall have first consulted with my husband, and obtained the consent of Philip."

"There comes Philip, now," suddenly exclaimed Dorothea, whilst easting a glance through the window. "Dear godfather, hide yourself. My brother shall guess first who is here."

Before Wolfert had time to reply, Dorothea had already caught him by the arm, and rather forced than led him into an adjoining closet.

Philip entered. What a change had come over him in a single year! His whole ap-

pearance showed that he was fast becoming a young man. His more feminine seriousness, which formerly characterized his features, had almost assumed the firmness of manhood; only his eyes still retained that mild and kindly expression, which never failed of winning for himself the affections of all who knew him.

"You are somewhat later than usual, dear son," called out his mother to him. "Some one else, besides ourselves, has been waiting for you."

"I have to-day performed an unusual task," replied Philip, without exhibiting the least curiosity in reference to the some one else alluded to. "As both yourself, dear mother, and you, dear sister, were prevented last Sunday from listening to the sermon of my beloved preceptor, I have written out the short sketch, which I generally take in church, as faithfully as it were possible for me to do. Here it is: I regard this sermon as the very best among all I have ever heard our Court-preacher deliver. If you have no objection, I will read it to you, and that, too, immediately, for I myself am longing to hear it."

"You forget, dear brother, that there is a certain somebody with us to whom you should first pay your respects. Guess who it is."

"Who is it?" asked Philip. "You know I am but poor at guessing. Give me a description of the stranger."

"He is an old friend of our family," said the mother.

"A whimsical old gentleman," added the daughter, "whose intentions are always kinder than his words."

"A man," resumed the mother, "who at times thinks a great deal more of certain animals than he does of some people."

"And a man," continued Dorothea, "who at one time came here to make love to me, but whom I refused to marry because he was a great deal older and better than myself."

"A gentleman," again added the mother, "who once declared that in case you should become a minister, he would never enter our house again."

"Yes," declared Dorothea; a "gentleman

who ought to be ashamed of himself, when he is riding along on his old Peter, for so turning the heads of all the young girls, that they say to themselves, 'What a stately looking gentleman he still is, this old Mr. Wolfert, in spite of his grey hairs and the few wrinkles that are gradually beginning to furrow his countenauce. If he was only not so exceedingly vain of himself and his old horse Peter.'"

"You shall never again have the pleasure of hiding me," exclaimed old Wolfert, emerging from the closet into the room. "Women are never more zealous than when engaged in backbiting their neighbors. God bless you, dear Philip! How you have grown! Potz Velten, if you hadn't this wart on your chin, I would scarcely have known you. But, first of all, you must read us that sermon; otherwise, your sister might think herself slighted, if, among other matters, we should overlook her intended."

"Not just now," replied Dorothea, quickly snatching up Philip's manuscript, doubtless well pleased at the opportunity thus afforded of gaining possession of the sermon she was sincerely desirous of reading. "If Philip has learned anything, he ought to be able to repeat the sermon from memory, or rather from his heart. What say you, my brother?"

"If necessity called for it," replied he, "I might be able to do it, though only in part, and that very imperfectly. But will you be satisfied with this?"

"Of course, dear boy," replied the farmer, patting him on the shoulder.

And after the three had resumed their seats, Philip began, as follows:

"Ephesians iii, verse 17, it is written: 'That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.' Christ can be comprehended in no other way than by faith; because, being the image of the Father, he is altogether beyond the comprehension of the senses. The entire inner man must become sanctified and ennobled through him: for he alone is the light of our minds, the quickener of our hearts; he alone is the foundation stone on which our temporal and eternal happiness must be built. All that is holy, all that is noble, all that is exalted within us, and whatever tends to raise our eyes from earth

to heaven, and causes us to look beyond the grave and the things that perish, must and can only have its beginning in him. Soul and spirit, affections and desires—yea, the whole inner man must be so completely and entirely subjected to Christ, that our whole spiritual life must have its only beginning, strength, and support from him; so that we may in truth exclaim with the apostle: I live, but yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

Only such a sincere and holy faith, which, in reality, is more love than faith, because faith is nothing but a continued longing after things unseen-only such a faith produces proper and acceptable works; for it alone is able to cast down the pride of human wisdom, and raise up the desponding heart; it alone is able to overcome the lusts of this world. Therefore, the ungodly, being destitute of faith, are also wanting in good works, and cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. Ungodly, however, are not only such as act contrary to the law of God and are destitute of love to their brethren, but also those who take the glory of whatever good they do to themselves, and perform it only for the sake of their own pleasure and gain. Ungodly, also, are all who esteem their own wisdom higher than that wisdom which God has revealed to us in Christ; for only the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and love to God in Christ is its end. Ungodly are all who have separated themselves from God, who do not in humility and self-denial submit to his guidance and government, take up his cross and follow him. Godly, on the contrary, are only those who have been born again to the true life in and for God, and, by whatever name we may designate this change, calling it a sanctified heart, a godly fear, a loving, humble mind, a new spiritit is all nothing but the fruit of a genuine faith, or faith itself. Hence it is that only the godly have true faith, and every one that is godly is also a believing Christian. And, therefore, Christ says: whosoever believeth shall be saved; but not for his work's sake, for they are at best very imperfect, being scarcely the beginning of that of which they should be the end; they are only a shadow, where Christ is the substance. But he is saved by that faith which is productive

of such works, however imperfect they may be. And as we are dependent for our daily bread, which we cat in the sweat of our brow, on the grace of God, so also do we owe to this same grace of God in Christ the greatest and best of all blessings—the salvation of our souls. And this is it what Paul intends to say, when he declares, 'that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.'"

When Philip here concluded, and whilst his hearers still continued to maintain an attitude of devout seriousness, the door opened and Minister Hall entered. "Philip," he exclaimed, pressing him to his heart, "you have been delivering an improved edition of my sermon. What is to become of the tutor, when the pupil surpasses him?"

"You are surely not in earnest, reverend sir," replied Philip; "I have only given a very imperfect sketch of what I have learned from you. And that this was but very little, I feel now more than ever."

"Leave that for some other time," interposed Wolfert. "What think you, reverend sir, about sending Philip to Colmar?"

The minister replied: "As reluctant as I am to part with him, so free am I to confess, that his improvement is so rapid, that I am almost unable to manage him any longer alone. Rector Joachim Klein is just the man for him. I have already broached the subject to Mr. Spener, who is perfectly willing that his son should enter the Latin school at Colmar. What say you to it yourself, Philip?"

"I shall ever," replied he, "render obedience to the will of my dear parents, especially since you, reverend sir, so entirely concur."

"And I too, I too," exclaimed Wolfert.

"And if you do not care about it, dear boy, I do. Here, bring out my old Peter; we'll both straight to Colmar. The old Syndic Salzmann shall at once open his house and heart to his grandchild. I too must do something in this matter, so that it may prosper well."

And hurriedly taking up his hat and riding whip, and shaking hands with all present, he rode off, to their great astonishment, in an unusually fast trot. "Peter is, after all, a very sensible animal," remarked Dorothea.

Whilst honest Wolfert had thus, in a manner, undertaken his journey to Colmar, on his own responsibility, its object nevertheless met with the hearty approval of the Spener family, and constant preparations were in consequence going forward. Whilst mother and sister busied themselves in making some necessary additions to Philip's wardrobe, the father was engaged in addressing letters to a number of his friends in the metropolis, which, in addition to Wolfert's preliminary arrangements, were designed to secure for his son a welcome reception. First of all, he wrote to his father-in-law, Mr. John Jacob Salzmann, at that time Recorder of the city of Colmar, but formerly a resident of Rappoltsweiler, and privy counsellor to the Count of Rappoltstein. The family had long been distinguished for their genuine piety; and as Spener's father bore a like character, and as Miss Agathe Salzmann (Philip's mother) brought to her husband's house the incalculable treasure of a truly pious heart, it is not surprising that Philip had so early learned to walk in the way of holiness and truth; and this circumstance only furnishes additional evidence in proof of the fact, that the greatest earthly advantage a child can enjoy is a pious mother; as, in general, a truly Christian housewife alone secures to her family the blessing of God.

Had it not been for his mother, Samuel would hardly have attained to the distinction he did; and AURELIUS AUGUSTINE, whom his pious mother, Monetta, dedicated to the service of God, even before he had beheld the light of this world, would probably have been nothing more than a heathen philosopher, if she had not ultimately succeeded by her unwearied attention, her fervent prayers, her exhortations and admonitions, in bringing her somewhat frivolous and inconsiderate son to Christ. Yea, and may this not, with certain restrictions, be said even of Mary? For that Jesus recognized her eminent qualities as a pious mother, is sufficiently evident from the fact that he gave a proof

of his filial gratitude, even when suspended in agony from the cross.

A pious mother may, indeed, be regarded as the child's guardian angel on earth, partly because no one but she is able fully to feel and comprehend a mother's love, and partly because the child generally cherishes greater love to the mother, and greater fear to the father; of course, we mean filial fear. Therefore Solomon says justly: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." And when he further says, "She is like the merchant's ship; she bringeth her food from afar," we are at liberty also to apply this to that spiritual food, which she imparts to her child from the depth of her own sanctified heart. "Her children," the sacred poet continues, "arise up and call her blessed. For favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

How fully Philip appreciated the piety of his mother, and how sincerely he honored and reverenced her, was abundantly shown

by him in after-life.

Philip's father had also addressed a letter to Rev. Prof. Joachim Klein, at Colmar. Klein was a universally respected and most worthyman; and under his instruction Philip was well-trained in latina, graeca, philosophica, declamationes, and disputationes, thus rearing a substantial edifice upon the foundation laid by Hall.

Thus, then, it came to pass, that on a certain morning in the month of May, the carriage which was to convey Philip to Colmar, and which was driven by none other than Wolfert himself, halted before the door of Spener's dwelling. All was now ready for the departure, only Philip was wanting. When, therefore, his mother, in searching for him, entered his room, she became greatly alarmed in seeing a large fire burning in the chimney place, which Philip was continually keeping up by throwing upon it one parcel of paper after another.

"What are you doing, dear son?" asked the mother in surprise.

"Dear mother," replied he, "I am only

hiding my shame amidst the glare of these flames."

"I do not understand you, Philip," rejoined his mother; "are these then letters you are committing to the flames?"

"No!" was his reply; "if these had been addressed to me by another's hand, I would have carefully preserved them. But it is all my own scribbling, and as such had better be burned. All these papers, dear mother, contain my so-called poetical productions, which can be of no service to any one, and least of all to myself. I am ashamed of them, and their destruction shall restrain me from writing so much in future."

"You are doing wrong, my son!" said the mother. "If God has given you a poetic talent, you should be as much rejoiced at it as I am, and carefully cultivate

it.''

"Poetizing has its peculiarities," replied Philip, at the same time throwing another package into the flames. "To be a poet one must possess a comprehensive intellect. Thus, for instance, if I should wish to write something concerning God and his works, it is necessary that I should first know Him, that my mind should first fully understand and comprehend him, otherwise all will be useless stuff. It was only this morning that I was reading that beautiful hymn by Mr. Sigesmund Volberg, my beloved preceptor, commencing—

'When I shall once have finished My pilgrimage on earth.'

And then again that exquisite hymn:

'I'm nought but dust, and should I dare?'
And I am convinced that all the poetry I have ever written, is not worth as much as one of his beautiful hymns. Whenever I shall have apprehended Christ more fully, I may again indulge in singing songs of praise."

"Yet you should not judge of your efforts so very harshly," resumed the mother, "for they doubtless contain also some good."

"O no, dear mother," replied he. "Besides, I began to find that I would at times feel some pride in being able to write verses: For the flesh lusteth against the spirit; and I derive from these ashes the lesson that I ought to be employed in something better than

composing verses. I will first endeavor to learn something myself, before I attempt to teach others. So then, the last package is consumed, and I shall leave this place with a light heart. Are you angry with me, dear mother?"

"I ought to be," was her reply. "However, if you will send me from Colmar a right beautiful hymn, I will pardon you for committing this act of Vandalism."

And a hearty embrace gave and accepted the promise. Soon after, when Philip steps into the carriage, which was driven off at as rapid a gait as old Peter was capable of

going, many tears were shed.

But Philip found, as Wolfert had predicted, the house and heart of his grandfather opened to him, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of useful knowledge, under the instruction of Joachim Klein.

CONSCIENCE.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

ONSCIENCE has been defined that J faculty by which we judge whether our actions and affections are right or wrong, and which awakens in our mind a feeling of pleasure or pain, as we may have done well or ill. Its office is to reveal to us our moral obligation, and to impel us to a corresponding course of conduct. It has been pronounced "God's vicegerent in the soul of man." It is an endowment which separates us from the irrational creature, and is found to exist among all nations and in every condition of society. In Pagan countries, and among barbarous tribes, we sometimes see it obscured and often perverted, but as a general thing it is an unfailing guide, and, being engraven on every heart by the finger of Jehovah, is a universal law. The apostle Paul declares that "the Gentiles which have not the law are a law unto themselves, which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another;" and the renowned Socrates, although without the light of revelation, maintained that a divine spirit constantly attended him, rebuking him when he did wrong, and prompting him to do what was right.* But there is a disposition, even in Christian countries, to throw off the obligation of this universal law; and the effort too often proves successful. We know, however, that if we obey the dictates of conscience, and resist successfully the influences at variance with it, we are conscious of a feeling of innocence and approbation, whilst if we disobey these impulses, we are conscious of guilt and self abasement. When we have done right we experience a feeling of pleasure; of remorse when we have done wrong.

The power of conscience is illustrated in the story that is told of a disciple of Pythagoras, who had purchased a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he had promised to pay him on some future day. He went with the money at the appointed time, but the cobbler had, in the interim, died. Without making known his errand, he hastened home, secretly rejoicing that an opportunity had been furnished him of thus obtaining a pair of shoes for nothing. He could not, however, continue long under such an act of injustice. His conscience gave him no rest. Therefore, taking the money, he returned to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the coin, he said, "Go thy way; for though he is dead to all the world beside, he is alive to me!" The punishment of Cain, abandoned to the writhings of a guilty conscience, was greater than he could bear; and the ghost of John the Baptist haunted the chamber of Herod long after the tomb had become to that martyr a place of repose. It was conscience that caused the infamous Galerius to relent on his dying bed, and made Caligula afraid when he heard it thunder. It also filled with consternation the breast of the impious Belshazzar, when he was carousing amid the splendors of his court and saw the handwriting on the wall. His knees smote one against another; yet he did not fear man, for he was surrounded by his guards and his princes, and by everything that could charm the eye or minister to sensual gratification. Sentence of condemnation had not vet been passed upon him, for he had not

^{*} Esse divinum quoddam, quod Socrates demonium appellat, cui semper ipse paruerit, nunquam impellenti sœpe revocanti.—Cicero de Divinatione.

yet learned the meaning of the prophetic declaration. But conscience shook its terrific sceptre over him. He felt that he was a guilty wretch, and that the sacrilege in which he was then indulging deserved the wrath of an offended God. The Emperor Tiberius was a wicked and cruel tyrant. The lives of his subjects were the sport of his petulant and brutal temper. Death alone was not sufficient to appease his atrocious disposition,—there must be in connection the most excruciating torture. His private vices were also of the most revolting character. Yet this monster, although in the possession of unlimited power, was the constant victim of the most painful mental torments. Tacitus tells us, that in a communication to the Roman Senate, he opened his inward wounds with such words of despair as might have excited the commiseration of those who were under the perpetual dread of his Neither the magnificence of his tyranny. courts, nor his solitary retreats, could protect him from the lashings of a guilty conscience. The remembrance of his crimes and his vices, his cruelties and his follies,

"Flit through his brain in endless horror, Till nought remained of life but fear of death, And all of death was suffered but the name."

Charles IX of France, who ordered the dreadful Bartholemew massacre, is said never afterwards to have slept soundly, and frequently waked in great agony, requiring soft music to lull him to rest; and after having endured the deepest anguish, both of mind and of body, died of a lingering disease. Richard III of England, too, when he had ruthlessly put to death his innocent nephews, was so troubled in mind that he never afterwards was happy. He constantly acted as if he apprehended danger, or some terrible evil foreboded. "His eyes," we are told, "were always whirling about on this side and on that side. He wore a shirt of mail, and was all the time laying his hand upon his dagger, looking as furiously as if he were ready to strike. He had no quiet in his mind by day, nor could he take any rest by night, but, molested with terrifying dreams, he would start out of his bed and run like a distracted man about the chamher."

Instances of the power of conscience could readily be multiplied. The boldness of innocence and the timidity of guilt have passed into a proverb and been illustrated by moralists and poets. "The wicked flee," says Solomon, "when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion." Of what should the good man be afraid? He is conscious of no wrong, can most emphatically say—

"I feel within me A peace above all earthly indignities, A still and quiet conscience."

The guilty man is naturally suspicious. Every man he meets he regards as his enemy. What days of apprehension he suffers, what nights of terror! what internal anguish and depression of spirit he is called to endure! Macbeth, after the murder of Duncan, is made by the master writer of the human passions to say,

"How is it with me, when every noise appals me!"
And again,—

"Guiltiness will speak, though tongues were not in use."

How often have we heard of those, who in consequence of their pungent convictions of guilt, have voluntarily surrendered themselves to the proper authorities for punishment, and made a full confession of their crimes! However innocent they may have appeared in the estimation of others, their own hearts condemned them. Conscience, with her scourges, gave them no rest.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untuinted? Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just, And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Conscience, like that Divinity of which it is an emblem, is omnipotent. Though we "ascend up into heaven," though we "make our bed in hell," though we "take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea," this avenger will accompany us, watching with an eye which can penetrate every darkness, and chastising with torments, which are beyond all endurance. We may submit to poverty without a murmur, we may suffer pain with equanimity, "but a wounded spirit who can bear?" God has placed this monitor in every soul! We cannot escape its influence.

It is true, it may for a season be obscured and cast into a deep sleep, but it will certainly, at length, awake from its slumbers and pierce us with its thongs. Some men who have been guilty of some great crime, have in this life been able to endure the rack without breaking the seal of silence they have placed on their lips. They have even gone down to the grave with the secret in their own possession, yet they have ultimately been compelled to make the revelation, when they have been confronted with their witnesses before the judgment seat of Christ.

It should be our aim to exercise ourselves so as "to have always a conscience void of offence;" to bring all our faculties under the continued direction and control of a wellregulated and cultivated conscience. conscience can be trained, till every energy, every susceptibility, every power of the soul is called into habitual, vigorous action. This is incomparably superior to all other motives which influence men in the discharge of duty. Other considerations may lose their force, but this never! Trials, disappointments, and adversity may chill and destroy every other governing motive, but the man whose life is regulated by conscientious principles, you can only crush with life itself. He who before every action habitually asks himself, is it right or wrong? will seldom mistake his duty; he will find the power of temptation over him growing weaker, and a strong opposition in his mind to everything like injustice. He will be careful to improve his time, and every talent that has been committed to his trust. A tender conscience will sweeten our own temper, and enable us to diffuse happiness around us. It will crown our labors with success, and secure for us that peace of mind, "which passeth all understanding," and which we can only possess when we feel that we have the approbation of our God resting upon us.

The power of conscience is strengthened by exercise, just as it is impaired by the want of exercise. If we do not permit it to exert its authority, if we disobey its teachings, we diminish its influence over us, and it ceases, in a measure, to give us its friendly monitions. An alarum-clock will faithfully perform its office and will be heard so long as it is promptly obeyed. But if we heed not its calls, although it may speak as loudly as ever, in a short time it will fail to arouse us from our slumbers. Thus if we obey conscience even in the most trifling matters, its distinct and powerful voice will always be heard. It will become a habit, most important and valuable in its influence upon us. But if we allow ourselves to do what we feel is wrong, the evil habit will grow upon us, and the result must be most disastrous. Every act of vicious indulgence blunts the power of conscience, hardens the heart, and transforms the character into the bold and thoughtless transgressor. In this as well as in other things, observation confirms the truth of the inspired assertion, that "Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

RAILROAD REFLECTIONS.

No. 6.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPT.

"Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
And act within ourselves another self,
A master self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave!"

W E have had something to do heretofore with the different portions of a car and train, the railroad track, &c.; let us for a moment consider the importance of the brake.

The brake is just as requisite to the train as the means of propelling it, and though hidden from view, still it has its peculiar functions to perform, and if properly applied performs them well. Of all portions of the train, the brake is perhaps the most liable to get out of order, and needs constant examination and repair. Every good conductor takes special care to see that his brakes are all right before setting out on his trip, because otherwise the speed of the engine cannot be properly checked, and irregularity in stopping and starting the train is the consequence.

Man needs the brake just as much as does the train of cars; he needs as much some power to restrain him from the commission of evil, as to urge him on to high and noble

purpose.

With man conscience is the brake. It is this that if properly applied checks him in his downward career, or makes him pause in a course of folly and sin.

Conscience, too, is concealed from outward view, yet its operation is felt in every heart; and though this brake of the soul may have been permitted to grow rusty from want of use, yet it is seldom, if ever, rendered entirely inoperative; for even the vilest sinner feels its power in those seasons of remorse that usually follow in the wake of his misdeeds.

What conscience is we know not. It is like the voice of God echoing through the chambers of the heart desolated by sin; it is that secret, mysterious something that whispers to man of danger ahead, and which, if well applied, will often secure him against accident, or collision with the obstructions on life's track; but he that heeds not its voice, but hurries on he knows not whither, regardless of consequences, seems to court danger, and must of necessity reap the reward of his own imprudence.

Christian Pilgrim, in setting outupon life's journey, see that your brake is in order; you will need it on your way, perhaps, too, at an unexpected moment; therefore look

to it now.

Even Byron felt and acknowleged the power of conscience when he wrote—

"Yet still there whispers the small voice within, Heard through gain's silence and o'er glory's din, Whatever creed be taught or land be trod, Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

Now let us jump aboard the train. See, we are moving, so gently at first, and then more and more rapidly, by that mysterious impulse, steam. How little we really know of the operation of this powerful agent. We hear only the rattle of the wheels, and the rumbling of the train as we flit by, past field and wood and stream, over embankments and through deep cuts, now and then an occasional tunnel shutting out the prospect entirely from view, and again emerging into broad daylight.

On either side we can look as far as the eye can reach, on the ever-shifting panorama

of nature. We cannot look ahead, however; we know not what we are coming to next, what dangerous bridge, or open switch, or obstruction, as night draws around us; nor, on the contrary, what pleasant landscape may await our gaze. As we sit at the rear end of the train, we look out upon the road we have passed over, until a sudden curve in the track, and the scene is changed, and soon, by some intervening hill, lost to us forever.

How much is this like life? We journey on we know not how; some wonderful impulse which we call life—a something analogous to steam hurries us onward. At first, in infancy, the train moves very slowly, the years seem so long, and to the schoolboy, vacation and Christmas, as if they would never come; but childhood passed and school days over, how fas the years flit by! We hear the rumbling of the wheels, as the busy routine of every-day life goes on around us; we cannot stop the train; we are moving onward, onward forever.

The very fact that "we still live," is a proof of our ever onward progress through scenes diversified by hill and vale. Streams of comfort now and then cross our path, and even oversome high embankment we tremble on, fearful that we may fall headlong, as we seem entirely unsupported, and yet we are still upheld—we pass over safely. At another place we enter a deep cut; a high wall shuts out the world; we seem cut off from all human sympathy: but this, too, is soon past, and we emerge again to light and happiness. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

In journeying thus from youth to old age, we can look abroad on either hand. The present is spread out before us, with its evershifting scenery. We live in the present, and yet the present is but a point of time—a moment's space—scarcely here when it, with all its pleasures, are among the things that were.

The future, however, is hidden from our view; we cannot look ahead in life, for an impenetrable veil shuts out the yet to come; we know not whether to-morrow will bring sorrow or joy. But we can look back upon the track of life, and memory often pictures

upon the tablet of the mind the fairy scenes of youth; and even whilst we sit and gaze upon the retrospect, an intervening hill shuts out a portion of our life's past history, and we forget many features of that landscape which but a few years since was present in all its beauty.

The pleasure of a jaunt by railroad much depends upon the condition of things outside. A dull, rainy day has no attractions for the traveller; and as the dark clouds gather and the rain patters upon the windows, his thoughts are drawn within himself, and lead to self-examination; but when the day is fair, he is attracted to the landscape, and fond memories of home and the kind friends there find less constant place in

our thoughts.

The same idea is beautifully expressed by an old worthy of the English church: "A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace and mind his home, whereas a fair day and a pleasant way wastes his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comfort; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage."

And though the black storm howls without, we are sheltered from its violence in a comfortable car. We journey on and scarcely think of those who are exposed to its merciless fury; and yet, even to them, "in the blackest storm there are sheltered nooks, where they scarce feel its influence."

A belt of trees, an abrupt hillside, or even a huge bare rock, break the force of the blast, and protect a limited space from the fury of the tempest. So it is in life. In its saddest trials there are sheltering nooks where we may hide and find a respite. A happy home plants an evergreen hedge on the windward side of man's life, turning aside the force of many a heavy storm, and giving many a day of serenity and joy when the world is wintry around it.

A firm religious hope lifts the everlasting hills of God's providence high above the be-

liever; his lot is in the quiet valley which the storm cannot reach; his peace flows as a river, for his treasure and his heart are alike secure in heaven.

A faithful friend is a sheltering rock. Its shadow is refreshing in the day of prosperity, and a protection in the night of adversity.

Oh! this stormy world is not all storm. In its darkest day there is a glimmer of the light beyond the cloud. From its fiercest blast there is a wall of defence, a shelter to protect us.

Friends, home, and heaven give life its purest joys; they pour sunshine on our else ever clouded pathway.

THE HALLIG.

(Continued from page 68.)

BY REV. C. W. SCHAEFFER.

THE author of the HALLIG, BIERNATZKI, was a Lutheran Pastor. His book, therefore, as far as the circumstances of Mander required, presents the views of the Evangelical Lutheran Church.

Before Mander and Oswald, his son, return to Hamburg, they wish to receive the Lord's Supper with the Church, to which they had become so much attached, as a seal of their new covenant with the Saviour. In reference to this subject they seek an interview with Hold, the hallig pastor, and inquire concerning his views of the holy eucharist. He gently and candidly replies, "I would rather you had not inquired, but, undisturbed by contending opinions, had resigned your souls with entire submission, to the impression of this celebration, and thus learned from itself what it should be to you. All blessings come from above, and I believe there are many who approach the Lord's table with entirely different views, and yet retire from it with equal blessing, because, when they receive the elements, they think no more of their opinions, but resign themselves to the influences which their solemnity has upon them."

Mander still urges the point, and Hold proceeds: "Permit me to say once more, I do not connect the blessing of the celebration which you are contemplating, so

much with a full understanding of its character, as with the influence of God's grace upon the willing heart. You should not, therefore, approach the Lord's table with the expectation of experiencing this thing or that, but rather wait for the promise which belongs to the occasion. Do not bind yourself or your devotion to this or that idea of the communion, but be willing and ready to receive with entire submission what God offers to you in it. I, for my part, stand on the ground of the Church's teachings.

"The divine revelation through Christ is a miracle of God's redeeming grace, by which an entirely new means of communication with heaven enters into the life of man. We should then expect that whatever flows from this great fact, should not only proclaim the fact itself a miracle, but should itself possess a miraculous charac-The Lord's Supper is not merely to renew the memory of the fact of expiation, but it is the fact itself which is to be renewed in the believer. In this sacrament he gives himself to me, not I myself to him. Without the bodily presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper, redemption becomes merely a fact in time, which lives on only in faith; it has entirely left the kingdom of the earthly, and has ascended into the kingdom of the spiritual; while on the contrary it should also survive, on its earthly side, in the holy communion, not only because Christ still lives in the soul of the believer, but because he is himself actually present to the communicant. For his living on in our souls is always only our life in him, dependent on our understanding and our devotion; it is not in very deed and truth, his life in us; it is ourselves, not he. But our age is not poorer than that of the first disciples, if we do not make it poorer ourselves. We have not only his teachings, blessings, and promises, but we have himself, his body, and his blood. 'How can such things be?' is not here the question, and all theories and formulas are follies. The only question is, is this doctrine of the communion as taught by the Lutheran Church in accordance with the words of Holy Writ, with the whole wonderful counsel of God in the redemption of the children of men, with the fact of redemption itself?"

Mander, clinging to the views of the Reformed Church, as distinguished from the Lutheran, and repeating the words "Do this in remembrance of me," cannot but regard the sacrament, as only designed for the maintenance of a lively recollection of the sufferings and death of its Founder. Hold replies:

"On the other hand, I must confess, nothing seems more strange to me, than a ceremony in memory of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, who is all and in all to us. Must not such an ordinance lose its significance in the Christian Church, in proportion as the Church more zealously cherishes the memory of its Lord? The more entirely a soul belongs to him, the more deeply a soul loses itself in the fulness of his blessings and promises, so much the less important would be an ordinance that should only remind it not to forget him."

Once more Mander seeks to relieve his mind by the question, "Could the first disciples, who sat at the table with their Master, have enjoyed in the bread and wine such a sacrament as you are supposing, since the Lord himself was then present with them?" To which the pastor responds:

"Not much depends upon the answer to your question. If the Lord's Supper is a Church ordinance for all future congregations of Christians, it may well have a significance for the later professor, different from that which it had for the first disciples, to whom the visible presence of the Redeemer was itself a sacrament, an import which it first received after our Lord had ascended again to his heavenly Father. This other significance consists only in this, that we have in the bread and wine what they had visibly before them. The virtue of the Supper, its sacramental fulness, is the same, only sight with them, faith with us. Yet I feel how uncertain are all our explanations in this realm of the spiritual. The divine can only be experienced."

Mander sighs. "You leave me with such a feeling of uncertainty in my heart, that

I regret having asked any questions." But Hold seeks to soothe him as he concludes: "I was satisfied beforehand, that you would derive no other fruit from this discussion. But perhaps hereafter you may say with me, to those who do not view the Lord's Supper in its full significance: Do not strip your Church of her holy ornaments; take not the crown from her head; do not sever the roots of her life from an inward actual communion with him who came forth from the Father that he might testify of him. For the rest, you should approach the Lord's table with devotion and submission, thankfully receiving what, out of his fulness, he bestows. He is something to all who come to him, and he so draws them to himself, that he becomes everything to them. You will not miss his blessing."

The hour for the celebration arrives. The congregation assembles in the little church contiguous to the pastor's house. The singing of a hymn is followed by a short and appropriate address. At the conclusion of this address, the oldest member of the church, a man with snow-white hair, advances toward the pastor, and speaks with a voice trembling with emotion and the feebleness of old age, as follows, while all present rise from their seats:

"Dear and respected paster, I speak for myself, and in behalf of the rest of the congregation. I entreat you to hear my confession, and to repeat to me the promise of pardon:

"I, a poor sinful man confess and lament that I have transgressed the commandments of the Lord my God, often sinning against both him and my neighbor, and truly I justly merit God's sentence of temporal and spiritual death. But I do earnestly repent of all my sins, and am heartily sorry for them; and I have no consolation except in the grace of God, which is greater than my transgressions, and in the dear merits of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I come, therefore, now in the day of grace, that I may receive forgiveness, and therewith new joy in God and strength to sanctification through his Spirit, Amen."

In view of this unexpected act, Mander and Oswald feel how important it is that

the congregation itself should take an active part in this solemnity. To the former it seems to be his own confession, his own prayer. Oswald trembles violently. Every word that the old man said sinks into his soul. The pastor folds his hands and raises his eyes in silent prayer; then after a short pause, laying his right hand on the head of the venerable man, who, in the meantime, had kneeled on the steps of the altar, says:

"He who came into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved; he who calls the weary and the heavy laden to him that he may refresh them, he says through the office which he has bestowed upon me, to you and to this congregation, which have made true confession through you: 'Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.'"

The minister now stretches forth his hands towards the whole congregation, and as he repeats the words once more, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," a veil seems to fall from the souls of Mander and Oswald. The Gospel becomes to them light, power, and life, and all obscurity and lukewarmness melt away. They feel themselves so open, so ready to receive every influence from above, so clear and decided in their faith, that the realm of the spiritual seems to them a region altogether natural, where they feel themselves already quite at home; and they draw near to the table of the Lord, fully confessing their faith in the whole doctrine of their Church.

We have thus given quite an extended exhibition of the doctrinal character of the book, so that it may be seen what strong reasons we have for saying that the fair translator is entitled to the highest credit for the honest and upright manner in which she has performed her voluntary task. Is it because the doctrine of the Lutheran Standards is not understood, that it is so unpopular with the general Christian community? This unpopularity was fully appreciated by the translator of the Hallig, for in her preface she strives gently to soften, or at least to apologize for the opinions of Biernatzki, upon what she is pleased to call the "obscure subject of consubstantiation." After this apology, however, she heroically goes on with her work, and we find exhibited before us, an earnest, zealous teacher of what is called "consubstantiation," adorned with all the graces of the Christian character; rich in faith, fervent in spirit, prevalent in prayer, abounding in charity and good works, and withal, standing firm and immovable upon the foundation of God's word alone.

The advocates of the Lutheran doctrine may well be thankful for such exhibitious. In their approbation of the Hallig, they might well afford to forget or overlook the unfair treatment they sometimes receive, when strangers attempt to deal with their faith. In the year 1848, the lectures of Sartorius, "On the Person and Work of Christ," were translated by a New England clergyman, and published in Boston. The portions of the original work which discuss the divinity and incarnation of the Son of God, his attributes, his humiliation, &c., are fairly presented; but the cream of the work, the practical application of all these subjects to the sacraments of the Gospel, is summarily passed over, as though it were unworthy of American eyes and ears. The translator thus expresses himself in a note: "The chapter which discusses the Lutheran view of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, is omitted in the translation, as inapplicable to the ideas upon that subject held by Christians generally on this side of the water."

An example so unworthy is diligently avoided in the translation of the Hallig, and the book therefore deserves to be most highly commended to all general readers, who may wish to see, in a clear and attractive form, the peculiar doctrine of the Lutheran Church upon the Lord's Supper.

We have strong objections against the use of the term "consubstantiation." As a term of reproach, suggestive even of the word used to designate the Romish mass, it is odious and offensive. The Hallig pastor, Hold, stands at a heaven-wide distance from Rome, because he stands upon the word of God alone.

After the celebration of the Lord's Supper, the shipwrecked family prepare for their departure. Godber's attachment to his native Hallig, and Idalia's attachment to Hamburg, are insuperable difficulties in the way of their marriage. Their engagement is broken. She, gay and frivolous as ever, sails off for new conquests. He, forsaken and dejected, yields himself to the despondency which disappointment brings upon the worldly and the unbelieving mind.

Mutual friends propose the renewing of the engagement between Godber and Maria, but he declines, under a painful sense of his own base and shameful course, and she, on account of the serenity and peace of mind she has long enjoyed in the knowledge and love of God.

At length, on February 3d, 1825, a fearful storm breaks upon the Hallig; the tide rolls to an unusual height; house after house is swept away; the church is gone; the very ground seems to be moving from beneath them. Maria seeing Godber's danger goes to warn him. For a few moments they are forgotten in the excitement of terror; then a huge wave, like some greedy monster, rolls forward; Godber and Maria, a united pair, are borne upon its crest, as if they would so ascend to heaven together; they sink into the deep waters below, and rise no more. Their bodies are afterwards discovered, and the religious ceremonies connected with the sad events and afflictions of the flood end the book.

A LITTLE Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking, if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be!" Of course, the wrong side, with her, was that which looked on our lone and revolted earth. Surely, the right side, that looks towards the throne of God and the Lamb, must be beautiful exceedingly! We do not often meet with a thought so poetical and precious as this.

How many pretty thoughts little children utter. Mothers hide them away in their hearts; and it is an innocent weakness, if they sometimes speak of them, though few are as much interested in them as they.

TENNYSON.

BY C. A. STORK.

"The poet in a golden clime was born, With golden stars above."

ND those whose utterances are treasured up in the hearts of men, as legacies more precious than all the teachings of the wise, come with the light of those golden stars yet on their brows, yet breathing the balmy airs of that strange land. A land whose confines are not marked on any chart, and of which travellers tell no tales; but of whose wondrous beauty we may dimly learn as we listen to the words of its children, for they come vocal with the songs of that golden spirit-clime where all is purity and love. And this is the home of the poet. No calculations of means and ends, no anxious expectations of the results, no desire to inculcate some peculiar truth, intrudes upon him there. But with soul afar withdrawn from the noisy, selfish world, he listens to the voices of inspiration that sound from all without and within him, and with the high prerogative of his citizenship in that weird country, he calls into being creatures of beauty-fresh, lovely, and pure as we may imagine the flowers of that "golden clime"-sending them forth to tell men of the land of their nativity, whose brightness far exceeds the sunshine's glorious birth, and whose life is higher and purer than all the dreams or wishes of the good and the wise. Thus laden with the cadences of that brighter world, his melodies echo through every age, a high gift from God through his servants, who

> "Do but sing because they must, And pipe but as the linners sing."

We are not writing of a mythic race. Poets that have thus had their birth, and thus created works of beauty for the world, have lived, and even yet some of their number are amongst us. And yet, when true to themselves and their fellow-men, they sing the songs of their native land, men, though they may be charmed with the sweetness of the melody, refuse to catch any meaning, and will not even see the glowing light that illumines every line. But men are not willing to lose the wondrous sweetness that the

poet gives, and so they demand that it should. be lent to other themes—the onset of battle —the beauty of the landscape—the mission of truth and the teaching of wisdom. It is a sad thing for the poet to lend himself to the will of the people, singing their earthly songs. It is an abuse of the high gift intrusted to him; for not only does he degrade himself, but he defrauds the world-shutting out from us that unseen higher life with all its ennobling influences. Yet here and there one asserts his freedom from all such restraint, and chants a higher, fitter lay, because he must. And men laugh or wonder and pass on, and he sings to himself his priceless rhymes, careless of their praise, yet assured that some age must acknowledge his power and his truth.

Such a one is Tennyson, who, living apart from men, has for twenty years written—sometimes sneered at, sometimes savagely criticised, but oftener unheeded. And though now the voice of the public following the lead of the great critics, whose word with them is law, swells the praise of his genius, in a quiet dell of southern England he lives and writes, as little moved by their admiration as he was by their scorn and indifference. Thus the true poet ever lives, troubled with no thought for the popular breath, following only the leadings of his own spirit, for he

"Has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on him if he stay
To look down to Camelot."

This love of freedom he has carried so far as to withdraw himself altogether from society, but seldom admitting even his friends; and we only know of his existence from the appearance in public, at varied intervals, of some new poem, redolent with the fragrance of the downs that surround his lovely mansion, and breathing all the hallowed purity that close communion with the works of nature gives. This retirement, however, is from no misanthropy or conceit of an unbalanced mind. It only evidences the love of the poet for the sweet voices of nature, knowing that those who would learn her most precious lessons must leave the cares and levity of common life, saying with him"Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiel woodland ways, Where, if I cannot be gay, let a passionless peace be my lot."

Yet we need not look into his outward life for the man. Such poets have a higher life, in thought that burns in the polished line, and descends to future ages a new lesson of wisdom. Let us turn, then, to his writings. Tennyson unites so many of the distinguishing excellencies of the greatest bards, and differs from all in such unusual points, that we cannot with accuracy determine his appropriate place in the temple of poesy. If we compare him with Chaucer, we find that he has all the freshness and vigor which, like the pure breezes of spring, enliven and delight the readers of that Father of English Poetry. The sweetness and melody of Spencer are his. And though we pass in reverential silence the two great masters who sit alone in their power, yet when we descend to the polished verses of Pope and of Dryden we need fear no comparison. The simplicity of Gray, of Collins, and of Goldsmith he equals. He has studied nature with Wordsworth; and with Coleridge and Shelley he has caught the spirit of humanity, of intimate sympathy with all that is beautiful and touchingwith all that is good and all that is sublime in human life. How much of beauty has he in common with all the poets of the past. Yet it is in his points of difference, of entire and charming originality, that he surpasses them, and stamps all his works as the golden coinage of exalted genius. In almost all the poets that preceded him we can mark the effects of certain cramping rules which they laid down for themselves, and which became bases for the schools that followed them. When chaining down their geniuses to these rigid forms, it is that they lose all their spirit, and for pages the dreary drone of the uninspired verse drags its weary length along, marking but too evidently that the poet has lost sight of the land of his birth. Not so with Tennyson. He has founded no new school, for he has laid down no system of rules by which he professes to be guided, nor can any such system be traced in all his poetry. Indeed, who can think of the writer of the In Memoriam as trammelled by the forms and set rules (from however large experience and careful study they may be derived), of a system. We would rather say with Shelley—

"Thou arl a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

Let me not here be misunderstood. When I speak of Tennyson as free from the restraints of rules, I mean that no objective system of rules was ever adopted by himthat is, they were not formally before him as rules by which he arranged his works. Yet doubtless there are laws and a complete system within his own mind, perhaps unknown to himself, in accordance with which every line has been framed and every poem adjusted to the exquisite harmony that charms the cultivated ear, and even holds the rude despiser of poetry. His rules, like Shakspeare's judgment, flow from his genius, according to which, gathering up the flashing rays that emanate from his ardent mind, he concentrates and directs them in one glowing beam of steady light.

Intimately connected with this freedom, we notice, as a characteristic which should not wholly distinguish him from his brother bards (for it is the crowning glory of the poet), the purity and spirituality of his song. Of all poets he is the most poetic. Little of the earth earthy has soiled the pinions of his flight, and we feel that it is easy for him to soar into the loftiest regions of song, for he has been baptized in the very spirit of poetry. His very language is poetry. Indeed, if the portrait that is prefixed to his works be true, I want no better evidence that his peculiar sphere is that of the poet. Mark the face, with clear cut, ample brow-the graceful, tremulous lip-the eyes that

-" Are homes of silent prayer,"

and the almost feminine expression of sweetness that steals over the whole. This feminine expression Coleridge, although he does not attempt to explain it, says is peculiar to men of genius. With Tennyson it is but fuller testi-

mony to the purity of that delicate susceptibility to all the spiritual influences, unfelt by the duller man, which has made woman the loveliest creature of earth, the keenest appreciator of genius, and the most spiritual of Christians. Something akin to this, yet ennobled by the strength of manhood, is the source of that in his face which has been termed feminine. As a very natural consequence of this purity of spirit, not the least hint to offend the most fastidious, not one profane expression, has found a place in his verse. He pours forth a song as rich and full, as strong and stirring as ever Thomson or Byron or Moore have given, but as free from their grossness and earthly taint as the simple flow of Cowper and Montgomery. The difference, however, between these last mentioned and Tennyson is, that their purity is from their piety, but his is from his genius. Theirs is right, but it will secure purity to their works only so far as morality is concerned; but Tennyson's sweeps a wider circuit, restraining him alike from profaneness, licentiousness, vulgarity, and heaviness. Genius pure and earnest alone can secure it. For then, in elevating genuine sympathy with humanity, it passes in silence all the lewdness and impiety of man; with artistic power spurns the tasteless moralizing that is only tolerated because it speaks of that which is sacred, and marks its possessor as a builder of that literature of power which, opening with Shakspeare and Cervantes, now proclaims its vitality and beauty in a Dickens and a Tennyson.

A peculiar beauty which has, it is true, attracted more censure than admiration, is the dreamy, floating light in which all his writings are bathed, that indeed lacks the precision and fixedness of Cowper's picturings, but amply atones for its dimness not only by the intrinsic beauty of that which it does give, but more especially by the un. speakable glories that it suggests. Snatches of melodies, fragments of burning song, and faint waftings of fragrance come to us through his impassioned verse, and our aroused imaginations build for us poems and paint pictures and sing songs that make us poets and artists for ourselves. Tennyson excels all poets, if not in expressing, yet in suggesting that which is inexpressible. The very mysticism with which he is charged, is from the grandeur and beauty that he sees in all without and within him, urging him to their expression; but to the expression of such visions as flash upon his inner eye, no power of language and no combination of any means within the reach of the loftiest genius is competent. How dim and vague to us, and how futile to Shakspeare himself must have appeared that sublime passage—

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Before that was penned, what untold visions of "our little life," and what magnificent revelations of all in eternity that is dark to us, must have been his, we may not know; but what it speaks of, though it be in an unknown tongue, our souls answer to; and we honor the dim shifting expression that speaks louder than the most clear and glowing revelation of the unseen. This is why that which is called the obscurity of Tennyson is dear to me, because it is the obscurity that always will and must hang around those themes that stir the soul within us, which attaches itself to Death and Eternity-the obscurity that wraps in mist the mountains and veils the mysterious sea. But it were a long task to enumerate all his excellencies. The exquisite collocation of words which expresses so aptly in sound every feeling and fancy, from the most sensuous to the most pure and ethereal, would alone entitle him to the gratitude of all who speak the English language; for every author who discovers and develops a new resource in his mother tongue, adding to its richness and fulness, is a benefactor. I say nothing of the art with which he adapts his varied metres to the sentiment; the keen understanding of and sympathy with nature, that moulds all her beauties and features to the passion of the song; the earnest tone that befits the poet of our age. These and other characteristics I leave to the consideration of the careful reader, and turn to notice that which especially distinguishes him from all the bards that have gone before; an element that lies back of all poetic

power—subtle, undefinable, yet felt by all as the most effective feature of the poet.

It is the wonderful rhythm that marks all his poetry-not the jingle of rhyme measured off by feet, nor the smooth flow of liquid sounds. For a verse may be constructed accurately according to all the rules of art, with not a single jarring note, and yet there be not a shadow of the true under-rhythm that echoes through the lines, now rising, now falling, weaving its web of harmony in a thousand fantastic yet graceful turns-ever changing, yet ever the same-which we cannot define, but which belongs as truly to the poet as does sweet perfume to the violet. Here lies Tennyson's deepest power. No English poet but Shakspeare has ever equalled him in it. Not that it is confined to poets alone-Dickens attains it often, and in the Noctes Ambrosianæ, the Ettrick Shepherd chimes in with it. It is bound to no verse or measured cadence. It is the metre that thought measures to itself and embodies in sound; and this union of thought and sound in the under-rhythm is as mysterious and beautiful as the wedding of spirit and body, where the servant body is elevated by the indwelling of the soul from the kingdom of inert matter, and made to glow and speak with life. But it is useless to attempt to define it. Every one who has entered the worlds of thought and feeling, knows that there are conceptions and emotions that we catch ourselves, but which refuse to be clothed in language. So is it with the poet's rhythm. It is felt vitalizing the song-sweeping with grandeur through the majestic lines of Milton-or soaring light and ethereal with Shelley's sky-larkor in its perfection modulating its gushing cadences to the rise and fall of Tennyson's exhaustless genius. But still like the rainbow that paints its brilliant hues before us, inviting us to come and see where lies its charm, it flees from us and refuses to tell the secret of its beauty. It is possessed in some degree by every poet; but Tennyson has it always and with purity. Gray struck it in the first lines of his Elegy, but soon loses it.

"The cursew tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea." Wordsworth has it sometimes, with great power and most exquisite grace, as this:

"In sight of the spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as free
While they dance on the calm river's breast."

Cowper, Dryden, and Pope, with all their smooth versification and stately march, rarely have it. Browning gives a quaint example of it, but it is of peculiar effect:

"Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they erop."

It would be interesting to trace the many and graceful forms it takes to itself in the wide field of English poetry. But these few instances will make clear what is meant by rhythm, and show the superiority of Tennyson in this very effective and we might say almost solely distinctive element of poetry. We quote a few passages where we might give pages. The most peculiar to himself is the dreamy yet wearied cadence that marks his most ideal pieces. In "Eleanore" we have,—

"The oriental fairy brought,
At the moment of thy birth,
From old well-heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,
And shadowed coves on a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
To deck thy cradle, Eleanore."

As another phase, notice the mournful cadence in the latter part of "The Farewell:"

"But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee
Forever and forever.

"A thousand suns will stream on thee, A thousand moons will quiver; But not by thee my steps shall be, Forever and forever."

Again it is informed with passion, and rings clear and full—

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and heat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

The various shades and wonderful variety of meaning which this subtle element receives in his poems, it were a long task to mention. I conclude with what is given as an example of obscurity—obscurity, nevertheless, that is full of meaning to those who have communed with him. It is in his "Ode to Memory."

"Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast.
(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere,

When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year.)
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams, softer than unbroken rest,
Thou leddest by the hand thy infant Hope.
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of thy great presence; and the cope

Of the half attained futurity,
Though deep, not fathornless,
Was cloven with the million stars that tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress;
For sure she deemed no mist of earth could dull.
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful.
Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from

The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory."

We turn with reluctance from this fertile field-a field where, perhaps, the great question yet unsolved-what is poetry?-might meet with some solution, which, however unsatisfactory, might throw a new light on the old query. But its subtlety eludes all analysis. We can but feel it and trace it back a little way, and all becomes dark. Some mysterious relation of thought and sound, far different from that where sound gives the sense—deeper and unknown is its foundation. A harmony which we may never understand, which shall always be a robe of light veiling the poet from our eyes. We know not the steps, and we cannot follow the course, but we see the final result, and rejoice in the magnificence of his creation.

To complete our knowledge of the poet, we have but to turn from his peculiar characteristics to his particular works, marking his course through the wide field of poetic thought. The simple facts that he is the son of an English clergyman, that he was a

graduate of one of the universities, an early aspirant for poetic fame, and that he is now the first bard of the age, are all of outward life that we have to interpret his poems. But we see in his choice and development of subjects, in the gradual increase and breadth of power from the early strains of Mariana, Lilian, and Recollections of the Arabian Nights, through the mystic poems which indicate the period of doubt, up through the earnest Locksley Hall, the spiritual In Memoriam, that bespeaks the noble spirit at rest -in all this we see the growth of the great poet. Till in Maud, that sweetest of love poems, we mark the work of the mature man, who has fought in poetic numbers the battle of life, and from his haven of rest puts forth the calm artistic effort. Thus we may learn the development of his inner life by the succession of his poems. He published in 1830, as his first work, a volume of lyrics, much of which, as that eurious old man, Christopher North, then said, was the merest drivel; but with these some which betokened the genius of the poet, and is not even unworthy a place by his loftiest efforts. We do not wish to remember these first attempts save to notice the falsity of the supposition that the poet springs full-elad in maturest power upon the world. It is by labor, and the slow ripening of years, that even he must win his way to the post of vates and interpreter of the mysteries of spirit. But Tennyson soon passed the day in which he could be called drivelling, and gave to the world his gallery of female poets, that swells the array of fair women whom Shakspeare and Wordsworth had depicted. These pictures mark the passage of his youth, of that youth when the ideal woman floats before the mental vision,

> "Apparelled in celestial light— The glory and the freshness of a dream."

What unusual splendor attended the creations of his youth, we read in such characters as "Airy, fairy Lilian," "Revered Isabel,""Ever varying Madeline," "Shadowy, dreaming Adeline," "Serene, imperial Eleanore." These were the tranced reveries of his earlier days; and whoever has walked this gallery, studying the phases of perfect womanhood that glow and live in his change-

ful verse, may know what visions of beauty were his when

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands."

They have all the picturing art, the subtle sentiment that makes the very metre its symbol-which distinguish his works. And the rhythm is among the most happy of his efforts. Indeed, if called upon to point out his most artistic poem, I should select his Eleanore as the most perfect gem. If the reader will take the trouble to compare it with Perdita's speech on the flowers in Winter's Tale, commencing: "O Proserpina, for the flowers," &c., he will understand what I mean when I say it is most purely Thus Tennyson takes his Shaksperian. place as the first picturer of woman, after Shakspeare and Wordsworth. These three have filled a gallery that is one of the most beautiful in English art; and they alone have done it, for it is remarkable to notice how feeble and ineffectual have been the efforts of all other poets in this line. Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, and Gray, never attempt it. Chaucer's women, though life-like, are coarse, and not at all the lovely creatures that live in every home. Spenser's are fairies in the disguise of mortals. It is needless to mention the mechanical women of Scott, or the romantic beauties of Byron. Perhaps Browning and his wife come nearer the mark; but the three as yet stand alone. The simple grace, the chastened beauty and the winning trust of perfect womanhood, they only have given.

These were the labors of his youth; and we follow him from the wizard land of dreams and passion to the time when the great problems of life and spirit began to perplex the opening years of his manhood. The Lady of Shalott with its hundred meanings, The Vision of Sin with its awful warning, and The Two Voices that reveals the conflict he waged upon the very threshold of life, let us know that not vain to him was a noble spirit given, and that like all the gifted, the day of his life dawned in the cloud and gloom of doubt. We think we see in The Lotus Eaters and The Palace of Art, the closing and triumphant scene of this period. After all the problems and dark questions that gave birth to these, so called, mystic poems, in weariness and with

"Eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars," he asks that old question, which every mortal who has accepted the gift of Truth that must be won, has asked,

> —" Why should we toil alone, We only toil who are the first of things, And make perpetual moan."—

But in The Palace of Art the problem is solved; not by any worldly wisdom, or effort of intellectual power; but by that humility of spirit that holds alone to faith and says—

"Make me a cottage in the vale—
Where I may mourn and pray.
Yet pull not down my palace towers that are
So lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt."

The same poetic power and exquisite rhythm that characterize his earlier poems we find here, with a new earnestness of tone, and a sadness that seems to mourn over the pictures of beauty that lit his earlier years, now clouded with doubt. There is something very touching in these poems as they seem to open more of the poet's self to us; we feel that it is the strong man unstrung:

"An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

But we soon lose the cry of weakness and uncertainty; and hear him in firm tones prophesying the onward march of Humanity. He advances into manhood, and with mighty voice sings the unfaltering song of Locksley Hall. Not a note of tremulous weakness, not one hesitating tone, but with steady hand he unveils the future, and proclaims as his creed, that he

"Doubts not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

All through his earlier poems we have felt an undertone of sympathy with Humanity; but here he comes forth with bold step as the second poet of Humanity, who has caught from his elder brother Shakspeare, as well his love for man as his poetic power. The Princess rings with the strain, and the In Memoriam ennobles its sorrow with this theme. And Maud is but another

change rung on the same subject. So has he taken his place; not as the pretty dawdler with sentimentalism that early critics prophesied, nor the metaphysical weaver of mysteries as some feared; but the great poet who possesses himself in all the wonder of his perfection, who can in a deeper sense than Milton carve a cherry-stone, and hew a Colossus from the mountain, for his light and subtle beauty is only as the graceful foam fringing the huge billow that booms on the shore. He toys gently with the

--- "Lovely shell, Small and pure as a pearl,"

and with the majesty of a prophet, beholding the sure development of Humanity through time, proclaims,

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Or he sadly asks, yet answers in the triumph of Faith,

"And he, shall he,
Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psaim to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,
Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law,—
Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?
O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

What to this mysterious question, to this yearning over Humanity, is the material sublime of even a Milton? Who then shall despise Tennyson as the poet of mere beauty—though that in itself were no small name, for what is beauty but the perfect harmony of all, from the loftiest spirit to the little flower that springs from the turf? Yet, let not the idea of weakness, that people will attach to beauty, be associated with Tennyson. His is the mightiest spirit of a mighty age—a spirit of Faith and Love that is farsighted to behold

"That God, which ever lives and loves, One God, one law, one element, And one far-off divine event To which the whole creation moves."

THE ANGELS.

BY N. Y. E.

It is not the main purpose of the Bible, to treat of angels; and yet, its informations in regard to this class of beings are exceedingly interesting. Perhaps they are worthy of more study, and possibly more frequent allusion in the pulpit, than they ordinarily receive.

That angels are real, positively existent beings, and not the mere personification of human attributes or passions, would seem to The sacred writers admit of no doubt. have so frequently and clearly affirmed their existence, that it is difficult to see how any one can hesitate as to their opinions. man might as well doubt whether Homer meant to speak of the heathen gods, when he refers to them on almost every page. The two leading sects among the Jews in the days of Christ, were the spiritualists and the materialists, the former being Pharisees, and the latter Sadducees. The latter denied the Jewish doctrine of angels; while the former maintained it, affirming also the distinctness and immortality of the human soul. The Sadducees, in order to make the creed of the Pharisees ridiculous, supposed the case of a woman who had seven different husbands; they presented it to the Saviour, inquiring, "In the resurrection, whose wife shall she be of the seven?" This was a test-question: it drew his attention directly to the point. The answer of Christ most perfectly committed him to the doctrine of angels. He spoiled the charm of the cavil by saying, "In the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" that is, it is a foolish question, the relation to which it refers being entirely obsolete after death. He completes the answer by announcing the existence of angels; they are "as the angels of God in heaven," between whom no conjugal relation has ever existed. So also, the great apostle to the Gentiles, before his conversion, was a Pharisee; and as such, he was a believer in the existence of angels; a belief which he retained after he became an inspired teacher. Take the first and second chapters of his Epistle to the Hebrews; and

it is hardly possible to mistake as to his faith. To suppose, as some have strangely done, that he was merely taking advantage of a Jewish fancy to exalt Christ, attributes to him a course utterly unworthy of his character. It cannot be admitted for a moment, as consistent with his integrity. Indeed, all the apostles, as well as Christ himself, have so completely interwoven the theory and the fact of angelic existence with their instructions, that the two must stand or fall together. Nor are we able to perceive anything improbable, or hard to be believed, in this doctrine of angels. The fact that we have never seen them, is the very least of all objections. Nine-tenths of what we believe, we have never seen. He who limits his faith to the narrow province of his senses, believes very little. He never saw his own soul. It is a stupid silliness to make sight, or any other sense, or all the senses put together, the universal criterion of truth. Is it improbable that other intelligent beings besides men, exist? Is this improbable? Look up to that gorgeous canopy of worlds, set with blazing suns, so numerous and so vast as to reduce earth to the insignificance of the merest point; and then tell us for what they were made, and wherefore they shine, if man is the only rational creature to witness the scene, and hymn the Author's praise. The works of God rebuke the thought, and add their sublime testimony to the word of God. So far as nature speaks at all, she corroborates what the Bible teaches, not only on this subject, but on every other; thus laying broad and deep foundations for harmony between the philosopher and the Christian.

The existence of angels is, however, but a single thought. There are other interesting views, which we may collect from the Scriptures. Angels are moral creatures: though not the natural inhabitants of earth, and possessing no bodily organization like our own, still they have a moral nature; an understanding, conscience, will, and affections, making them the subjects of God's moral government, and rendering them liable to be rewarded or punished for their conduct. They are greatly our superiors, excelling man in strength and knowledge,

and probably forming the highest order of intelligent beings whom God has created. Their number is also very great. Paul speaks of them as "an innumerable company of angels." They are subject to the classification, founded on moral character. Some of them are good angels, who have always maintained their allegiance to God; and some of them are bad; angels that have sinned, who "kept not their first estate," whom God did not spare, and for whom no redemption has been provided. These conceptions meet the eye of the Christian student, in various parts of the Bible; assuming his capacity to appreciate a spiritual and moral existence, to develop and enlarge his idea of angels.

The ministry of good angels, bringing them into active connection with the affairs of earth, is still another idea, upon which the Bible dwells very largely. The specific cases to which it refers, are not only numerous, but also spread over the whole history of revelation. Take that of Lot, warned to flee from Sodom by two of these exalted officers of Divine mercy; or that of Elijah, comforted and fed by an angel, when he sat down under a juniper tree, discouraged and even beseeching the Lord that he might die; or that of Daniel, who was protected in the den of lions by the agency of an angel; or that of the apostles, who were released from "the common prison" by the ministry of an angel; or that of Peter, who was delivered "out of the hand of Herod" by one of these legates from the skies; or that of Philip, who was guided to the Eunuch, as also was Cornelius to Peter, by the service of an angel; or that of Paul, visited and comforted by an angel, when on his way to Rome, and when the tempest was sweeping the bosom of the mighty deep, and all hope, humanly speaking, had expired. These are some among the many cases, in which God has employed ministering angels, to execute the reliefs of his providence. We must believe it upon the credit of his word. They authorize the Apostle's inquiring: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

We find, moreover, the most abundant

evidence in the Scriptures, showing that angels, though not the direct subjects of his redeeming grace, sustain a very intimate relation to Christ. Man's redemption by the Saviour was once a problem, into which, as Peter informs us, they desired to look. The Angel Gabriel was sent to announce the forerunner of Christ. The angel of the Lord informed Mary that she was to be the mother of the Saviour; and when he was born, an angel proclaimed his advent to the shepherds, soon succeeded by a multitude of the heavenly host, who sang the inaugural hymn, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." When the life of the infant Messiah was in jeopardy, an angel directed the flight of his parents into Egypt, and then their return, after the death of Herod. When the Saviour was tempted, angels came and ministered unto him; when bearing the strange agonies of Gethsemane, and sweating, as it were, great drops of blood, then an angel was deputed to strengthen him. Angels met the disciples of Jesus at the sepulchre, and announced his resurrection; they were present when he ascended from Mount Olivet, and assured the disciples that he would come again in like manner as he had gone up into heaven. At the final consummation of our system, when the second advent shall occur, and the dead leave their graves, angels will be present: "The Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him." This is the great harvest adverted to in the parable of the Tares, in which the reapers will be the angels. Though Christ is not their Saviour, yet he is curs; and they are interested in him in whom we are interested, and thus a concord of sympathy is established between angels and men. A saint is an interesting object to an angel, as is the latter to the former. A sinner, repenting, awakens seraphic rapture. The good in heaven and the good on earth are of one mind, not only in respect to the Saviour, but also to the beneficiaries of his grace.

Perhaps, yea, quite probably, angels are guardian spirits to the good when they leave this mortal scene. Look at the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. The latter was a beggar, but he was pious; he died, and "was earried by angels into Abraham's bosom." Now, it was a doctrine of Jewish angelology, that the righteous were attended at death by presence-angels, who conducted them to the scenes of the glorified state. Our Saviour speaks in accordance with this opinion, and seems to imply its truth. He weaves the thought into the structure of this parable. Mr. Barnes, favoring this idea, remarks:

"Assuredly, if anywhere heavenly aid is needed, it is when the spirit leaves the body. If anywhere a guide is needed, it is when the soul goes up the unknown path to God. And if angels are employed on any messages of mercy to mankind, it is proper that it should be when life is closing, and the spirit is about to ascend to heaven."

What a beautiful commentary upon this idea is furnished in the words of the Psalmist: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." God be praised for the ministry of angels! Let them be the almoners of his charity to the necessities of our race. Let them be one branch of subordinate agency, through whom the great Original ministers to the heirs of salvation. We believe in their existence and their ministry, upon the authority of God. They are not figures of speech, not poetic ornaments; they are sublime and cheering realities.

Let us conclude this sketch with one more thought: angels impart dignity and glory to the future state of the righteous. The interest we have in a place depends mostly upon the beings who are there. Nearly all the charms of home are drawn from its oc-Father, mother, son, daughter, sister, brother—these are the jewels that are set in the coronet of home. Heaven, then, is the eternal home of the righteous; and who will be there? Christ will be there; the redeemed of all ages will be there; the holy angels will be there. The Apostle tells the Hebrews, that besides the Mediator of the new covenant and the spirits of just men made perfect, they will meet in the heavenly Jerusalem "an innumerable company of angels." This will make a society of friendships, enriched by lofty intelligence, and sanctified by the perfection of virtue: "Worthy is the Lamb!" will be the universal shout—a song in which angels will unite, swelling and sweetening the strain. Pure and unsullied blessedness will pour its eternal stream, while those who have lived for Christ shall be "as the angels of God in heaven." A confluence of holiness from two worlds shall be formed in the skies. It is well worth one's while to live so as to be fit for the society of angels.

UPS AND DOWNS.

ATHER," said Janette Oakely, a beautiful but vain young woman, "I have made a call on Miss Frasier to-day, and what do you think I saw there?"

"Probably a giddy unthinking girl like yourself, who is miserable till she possesses every new extravagance that folly sets afloat," was the half-gay, half-grave re-

sponse.

"Why, father," continued Janette, "how can you say so!" and assuming one of her most witching smiles, she added, "Miss Frasier has got a new piano-forte of superior tone to her old one, besides being far more richly and beautifully finished."

"Well, what then, child!" rejoined her

father, with pensive gravity.

"Why, I was thinking—but you will be offended I fear"

"Not in the least, unless you do wrong as well as think. So you was thinking that—"

"I should like a piano like Matilda's," was the half timid response of Janette.

"I thought as much," continued her father; "but what is the cost of such an article, my dear?"

"Only fifteen hundred dollars, father," and Janette crouched down by his side and regarded him with a fond deprecating smile.

Charles Oakely loved his daughter; his hand pushed aside the rich tresses that shaded her polished brow, and imprinting thereon a parent's kiss, he added, "Fifteen hundred dollars is a large sum for such an article, my dear, is it not?" "True, father, but are you not as well able to afford it as Mr. Frasier?"

"It may be so, but what say you, my dear?" addressing his wife, who had been a silent but not a disinterested listener.

"I am anxious that Janette should prevail with you. She and Matilda are each to give a party soon, and I have a desire not to be eclipsed by her in the ornaments of the parlor."

"A most commendable pride," was the

equivocal response.

"But," continued he, "what will you do with the old or rather the present new one?

You surely do not want two."

"O, we can sell it to Gen. Chandler! Maria was admiring it much while here yesterday, though she thought it rather high priced," eagerly responded Janette, who was happy to remove the only barrier to the gratification of her then predominant wish.

"Perhaps she too may wish a fifteen hundred dollar one! Gen. Chandler is surely able to afford one even more costly."

"O, no father,—she does not wish a better one than mine,—she has quite a plain taste that way."

"How stupid she must be, Janette, must she not?" queried Oakely. Janette's face was crimsoned at his pointed irony, but before she could frame any reply, her father rose, and as he left the house said, "Let Miss Chandler have the piano-forte at her own price."

Janette's heart leaped for joy. She was not to be outdone by Matilda Frasier, and she looked forward with exultation to that day when she could astonish her friends by such an unexpected display. Her mother shared her fond anticipations, and it was soon arranged between them that Miss Chandler should be put into speedy possession of an article they now wondered could ever have found a place in their dwelling!

Charles Oakely commenced the world empty handed, nor had he accumulated much when he sought and obtained a partner to his poverty. Both were poor, and although they lived quietly together, his wife was ever sighing for the splendor of the rich. Though, in the main, a good sort of a woman, she lacked that uncommon sense so requisite to contentment in the possession of little, as well as that knowledge of domestic economy, generally so important in the acquisition of more. Janette, her only child, and so like herself in form and mind, was just verging to womanhood, and being heir, as was supposed, to an ample fortune, she looked forward to a splendid career in the circles of gaiety and fashion. Had she possessed in her mother a wiser counsellor, she would have been, at eighteen, a very different person. She lacked not the principles of an opposite character, but under the false training of her mother, they had been suffered to repose uncultivated, while the weeds of folly were cherished into an extensive growth. These defects of mind were the more striking, as they marked the more strongly the contrast with a pleasing-a speaking eye, and a faultless form.

Her father possessed none of the frivolity of herself or mother, and owing to the sternness of his integrity, and his industrious habits, success followed his efforts till the time we have chosen for his introduction to the reader. He had been, what is called down in the world, but now he is so far up as to rank among the first in wealth in the city of his residence. But the time has arrived to drop delineations and to group

them again before the reader.

"Well, father, Miss Chandler is to have the piano. She will send for it this afternoon," said Janette exultingly.

"At what price, my dear?"

"The same it cost. When she found you had left it to her to set the price, she would not take it at less. Do you think the sale a good one?"

"Certainly—the best you ever made—

being the only one."

"Here is the check for the money-a third of the cash for the new one."

"So you will lose a thousand dollars after all, will you, my dear?" was the grave response of her father.

"What say you," he continued, addressing his wife and daughter, "to a new carriage—the present one is somewhat soiled, is it not?"

"Let the new one be fashioned like Judge Arnold's, though not so sparingly mounted!"

Oakely bowed, as if in assent, while a bitter smile played over his features for a moment, when all was calm again. The result of the conference was to sell the principal part of the furniture—all of a costly character-and replace it with that more fashionably splendid. Both mother and daughter retired to rest that evening, full of importance which their new display was about to give them among their wondering neighbors. Alas for the poor Frasiers! They were to be overwhelmed by a competition in finery, which a fifteen hundred dollar piano had provoked!

A few days sufficed to clear the house of its most valuable furniture. Enough was left, however, for convenience and comfort, and when this was done, the mother and daughter were all impatience for that which was to replace what was gone. But two days remained to prepare for Janette's party. Evening came, but Oakely was yet absent, and nothing had yet arrived. He came, but much later than usual, yet he atoned partially for his delay, by the more than usual kindness of his manner.

"Where can you have been, Charles, so late?" was the query of his wife, as she seated herself fondly by his side.

"I have had an uncommon share of business to attend to, my dear, and I rejoice that it is done. Come, daughter, bring forward the Bible and read a portion of it for our mutual instruction."

The calm seriousness with which this was uttered forbade any remark on his usual request. It so happened that Janette opened the book at the fifth chapter of Matthew, beginning, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and by the time she had finished the first paragraph, her voice became choked; and unable to proceed, she gave way to emotion in all the violence of grief. Her mother, from sympathy or other cause, was equally affected, nor was Oakely free from the same emotion. When his wife and daughter had become somewhat composed, he knelt down "By all means," was the exclamation of I between them with the solemnly expressed words, "Let us pray!" And he did pray in all the fervency of a broken spirit. He acknowledged his forgetfulness of God,-implored pardon for his own, and for the sins of those bound to him by the strongest of human ties-prayed that both he and his might expel from their hearts the pride so long cherished. Thanked his Creator for the gift of existence—the blessings associated with it, as also for the hopes of an immortal hereafter, inspired by the promises of the Gospel. He commended the world to the care of Him on whom all are dependent for the life that now is, as well as that which is to come; and so deeply did the spirit of his petitions affect his wife and daughter, that they joined with him in that most solemnly expressive phrase, AMEN.

That night a new spirit reigned in the breasts of the Oakely family. And when what they had been half led to believe, was confirmed,-when they were assured that the wealth so long idolized was theirs no longer-scarcely a regret or murmur escaped the lips of mother or daughter, but both seemed anxious to forget that misfortune had fallen on them. A situation more befitting their means was procured, and thither they repaired to enjoy far more real pleasure than when rioting in what seemed an exhaustless abundance. The party, the carriage, the piano, and costly furniture were forgotten. Economy and industry took the place of fashionable folly, and they were now prosperous and happy. Oakely lost her pride, but found contentment. Janette lost the same, as also a foppish beau who had an eye to her fortune, but she had found her own good qualities, and has applied herself to their improvement, as well as the worth of a young man who sighed for her when rich, and who adores her now, while comparatively poor, and whom she will doubtless reward ere long, by surrendering herself to his care and keeping. Such is a sample of the "ups AND DOWNS" of life, and happy would it be if all who toppled from the pinnacle of fortune could gain as much by the descent as did the Oakely family.

Promises are blossoms; deeds are fruit.

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WE thank thee, Father, for the day, That, robed in twilight sweet, Doth linger ere it pass away, And lead us to thy feet.

We thank thee for its healing rest
To weary toil and care;
Its praise within thy temple blest—
Its holy balm of prayer.

We thank thee for its living bread, That did our hunger stay; The manna, by thine angels shed Around our desert way.

Forgive us, if our thoughts were slow To claim a heavenly birth; If feelings, that should upward grow Did gravitate to earth.

Forgive us, if these precepts pure,
That should our sins control,
And aid us meekly to endure,
Grew languid in the soul.

Forgive us, if with spirit cold,
We breathed the murmurer's moan;
Or failed to grasp the chain of gold,
That links us to thy throne.

O grant, that when this span of life In evening shade shall close, And all its vanity and strife Tend to their long repose;

We, for the sake of Him who died, Our Advocate and Friend, May share that Sabbath at thy side, Which never more shall end.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

OH, if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon th' unsullied temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel-visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love.

God hath made nothing worthy of contempt; The smallest pebble in the well of truth, Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand When man's best monuments wear fast away. The law of heaven is love, and tho' its name Has been usurped by passion, and profaned To its unholy uses through all time, Still, the eternal principle is pure; And in these deep affections that we feel Omnipotent within us, can we see The lavish measure in which love is given. And in the yearning tenderness of a child For every bird that sings above its head, And every creature feeding on the hills, And every tree, and flower, and running brook, We see how everything was made to love, And how they err who in a world like this Find anything to hate but human pride.

Editorial Miscellany.

GENERAL SYNOD. - The sessions of the Eighteenth Convention of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the United States commenced at Reading, Pa., in St. James's Church, Rev. Mr. Brown's, on Thursday morning, May 14, and continued until Wednesday evening following, when the body finally adjourned. The Synodical Sermon was preached by the former President, Rev. A. H. Lochman, of York, Pa. The following officers were chosen: President, Rev. Simeon W. Harkey; Treasurer, Hon. Peter S. Michler; Secretary, Prof. M. L. Stoever. The different societies celebrated their anniversaries, and were addressed, with much force and eloquence, by numerous speakers. Among the important business transacted, was that of forming an official connection with the Lutheran Board of Publication, on terms equally satisfactory to both parties. The next General Synod is to meet in the city of Pittsburg, on the third Thursday of May, 1859.

LUTHERAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION OFFI-CIALLY CONNECTED WITH GENERAL SYNOD .-We are gratified to have it in our power to state that the Lutheran Board of Publication has been officially recognized by General Synod, held at Reading, in a manner highly satisfactory alike to the Synod and Board. The Rev. G. F. Krotel and Rev. Charles A. Hay were elected by Synod to represent that body in the Publishing Committee, to whom all manuscripts designed for publication are first to be submitted. This arrangement will give, both to the Board and Synod, a controlling voice in the issue of books, and insure the united confidence of all sections of the Church in their publications. With the sanction and indorsement of General Synod, we predict for the Board an eminent career of usefulness, and trust the sanguine expectations thus awakened will be fully realized. occasion of dissatisfaction being now happily removed, let us all pray and labor that the Publication Society may be abundantly blessed of God.

Church Extension.—This organization of the Lutheran Church was supposed by many to have resulted in a lamentable failure, but the report read at Reading has shown a more gratifying state of things. Nearly \$10,000 have been actually received by the Treasurer, W. M. Heyl, and there are still considerable sums in the hands of sub-treasurers, which separate organizations will doubtless now be abandoned. The greater part of the fund has been loaned, in sums varying from \$300 to \$500, to congregations in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Texas, and Wisconsin, in which localities a number of clurches have been

erected through this fund, which would not otherwise have been built. C. A. Morris, Esq., of York, was re-elected President of the Society; Rev. C. A. Hay, Recording Secretary; Rev. E. W. Hutter, Corresponding Secretary; A. T. Chur, A. G. Reichert, Martin Buehler, Isaac Sulger, Dr. M. C. Kreitzer, Executive Committee. The Church Extension Society of the Lutheran Church is not a failure. God be praised, it has already proved a rich blessing to the Church.

Delegates to the Church Diet.—The following-named brethren were elected by the General Synod at Reading, to represent the Lutheran Church of the United States in the Church Diet of Germany, which meets in Stuttgard, in the month of September next, viz.: Rev. G. F. Krotel, Rev. C. P. Krauth, Sr., Rev. C. F. Stohlman, Dr. Diller Luther, and Charles A. Morris.

AFRICAN MISSION.—After full and prayerful discussion, General Synod resolved not to abandon the African Mission, superintended by Rev. Morris Officer, but to prosecute the same with renewed energy and zeal.

H.

Jewish Mission. — A Christian lady of Amsterdam has offered the Free Church of Scotland a new building in that city, worth £2000, and the sum of £2000 as a partial endowment, for a school to raise up evangelists and colporteurs among the Jews in Holland and throughout Europe. The General Assembly accepted the offer, and appointed Rev. Robert Smith, one of the missionaries recently expelled from Hungary, to superintend the proposed enterprise.

METHODIST PERIODICALS.—The following is an official statement of the names and circulation of the various current Methodist periodicals:

Christian Advocate and Journal, .	29,875
Western Christian Advocate, .	28,718
Northern Christian Advocate, .	15,000
Northwestern Christian Advocate,	10,033
Pittsburg Christian Advocate, .	8,000
Sunday-School Advocate,	114,692
Missionary Advocate,	34,000
Christian Apologist (German), .	6,977
Quarterly Review,	2,721
National Magazine,	15,875
Ladies' Repository,	29,580
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THE SPIRIT-RAPPERS.—From various parts of the country we still hear of new victims to that terrible delusion, the "Spiritual Rappings."

Among all the various schemes that have ever been practised upon human credulity and insulting the majesty of human nature, this seems to be the most discreditable to the human understanding, the most humiliating to our race. Former gross delusions which prevailed among mankind were less disgraceful, because there existed circumstances which at least apologized for their prevalence. They were either maintained by civil and spiritual power, or they involved the interests and pleasures of the people, or they prevailed in an age of darkness, among an unenlightened community, and thus appealed with augmented power to the fears of a benighted and superstitious race. But the present deception has not even these palliating excuses. It has extensively prevailed in an age that boasts of its general development of intellect; among an enlightened people, who possess all the requisite means of mental and moral culture. Nor has it been confined to the most ignorant and uneducated classes, who are often naturally most superstitious and liable to the operations of supposed spiritual agencies; but men of intelligence and education, and even ministers of the Gospel, have professed to believe its supernatural character. And what renders this matter still more inexplicable, men adhere to it after the obvious and acknowledged deceptions, frauds, and impositions in monetary and other interests, which have heen practised through its instrumentality. Nor have the efforts that have been made to explain said effects, the discovery of artificial contrivances to produce them, and the exposure of the various means of deception, succeeded in eradicating this wide-spread evil. One fact in this connection is peculiarly ominous and characteristic; and that is, the infidel tendency of this "deceivableness of unrighteousness." We have heard of "spirits" that announced the startling information that certain of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith are untrue.

Viewing this whole delusion simply in its relations to the human understanding, we seem to be at a loss for a suitable explanation. Its kindred delusion, that of Mormonism, presents a similar moral and intellectual phe-In reference to both forms of nomenon. imposition, what are we to think of the boasted powers of the human mind? Men of good sense, even men of education, have united with the Mormons. 'Tis a caricature of human nature! In the systems of heathen mythology and philosophy, notwithstanding the gross forms in which they were sometimes invested, and the palpable errors they included, there was found a deep meaning, a concealed truth, something for the mind to contemplate, and often an import of profound moment. But here we have nothing but palpable absurdity, gross inconsistency, and shameless outrage of human reason. Not a single redeeming feature characterizes this unheard-of deception. It is a foul blot on in-

telligent beings, and a disgrace to the age in which we live. Posterity will look upon it with astonishment, and regard the "rappers" as we now look upon the contracted mind that suggested the burning of the "witches" of New England.

The point, however, which we designed to render prominent, is the relation of this whole affair to the present degree of intellectual development. How are we to account for its progress and extensive spread, when we consider the present advanced state of education among us, and the high mental culture of which we so much boast? To what extent may a highly developed intellect be deceived and deluded? What causes exist in our physical, moral, or intellectual nature, that dispose us to become the dupes of strange fancies and outrageous delusions? These are questions which we leave for others to answer. would only ask, in how far is the human mind to be trusted? What real advances have we made in the development of mind, since the days in which antiquity worshipped at the shrine of Apollo, and regarded his utterances as the infallible decrees of heaven? Do we look upon that age with a consciousness of our superiority? Ah! there was more sense, more reason in the oracles which the Pythoness revealed from her Tripod, than in the abominations of this arch delusion. were great and solemn sacrifices, devout prayers, and among many, a sincere belief in the existence and power of the supposed deity, connected with the worship of the Delphian god; much, therefore, that had a show of reason and seemed based upon the deepest necessities of our nature. But neither in the frauds of the "spiritual rappers," nor in the glaring impudence of Mormonism, is there one extenuating or redeeming feature. Even the very modus operandi of the former is absurd, puerile, and contemptible; and the whole mean thing is a denial of human reason, an insult to the dignity of our nature, and a spot of indelible reproach to the age in which we live.

When it is considered how many have suffered by this infernal device; either had their earthly peace and happiness entirely destroyed, or their temporal influence and prospects ruined, or even lost their senses through its influence, and became the inmates of a lunatic asylum,-it would almost seem necessary to enact and enforce the most stringent laws against all who practised and abetted this foul delusion. We do not agree with the principle, " if men will be deceived, let them be deceived;" but we go for invoking the strong arm of the law against all who inflict serious injury upon their fellow-men. We go for protecting the interests and promoting the happiness of all classes of men.

Antheran Home Journal.

JUNE, 1857.

LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

THE course of true love, it is said, did never yet run smooth; and those who have had experience on that turnpike of the affections, or rather railroad, as it is soon run over, bear testimony to the jolts, "running off," and mashings up alive, of which the poets speak. We have no great taste, in this time of politics and perplexities, to dabble in "fancy stocks," and risk our reputation for gravity; yet the illustration of an aphorism of admitted truth, may be considered seasonable, and the moral deduced from the illustration may compensate some for the trouble of reading it.

In the year 1814—we remember the time well, because a part of the incidents of the story were connected with a great event, an event not likely to be forgotten—well in the year 1814 a young man, who, to a visionary mind, and a consequent want of employment, added a most desperate affection for a young lady, quite too good for him, if business pursuits were alone considered, but just his match, if confiding affection, purity of mind, and innocence of purpose, are the reward of large endowments, strict integrity, and a desire for honest competence, without the means of obtaining it.

There was no more pleasing young man in the village than Henry Bradford; and everybody agreed with his neighbors, that he was the most agreeable person, and the best educated about. But he did not study law, he despised medicine, and did not take to the church; he had frequently thought of "merchandise," but that required a capital which he could not raise, and so he did not get ahead, though he was forever on the brink of some wonderful success, which he certainly would have secured, if he had only

entered upon the enterprise.

Mary Carver evidently loved Henry Bradford; for knowing that, excepting his handsome person, pleasing manners, and good character, he had nothing to offer, she would not otherwise have been deaf to the offers of so many young men, whose character and positions rendered them desirable to the family. These offers were repeated so often, and hints so strong were given to Mr. and Mrs. Carver, that it was deemed proper, after a serious deliberation in cabinet council, to admonish their daughter that Henry was in no business, and was not likely to be in a way to maintain a family.

Mrs. Carver opened the diplomacy with the daughter, and, after two or three conferences, retreated under the laugh of Mary, who declared that she did not doubt that Henry would one day be rich enough to take care of both, for he had a dream that he should be. Mrs. Carver had no disposition to laugh in such a serious mission, and no desire to be angry with her daughter.

Mary, however, knew that when her father came to negotiate, she would have to use other arguments than laughter, and therefore she admonished Henry of the approaching storm. Henry thought of it two or three days, an unusual time for him to devote to anything like his personal affairs.

At length the family was honored by a formal offer from a clergyman in a neighboring town. He was learned, pious, rich, and respected, and such an offer was not to be slighted. It was not slighted. Old Mr. Carver took the subject to heart, and Mrs. Carver gave her sheer muslin cap a double clear-starching upon the very idea of her becoming mother-in-law to a minister. Mary pondered these things in her heart. She saw the improbability of Henry's ever attaining a situation that would warrant matrimony. She was listening to her mother's account of his want of application to business, his apparent disregard of all the ordinary means of attaining competence, and of his utter lack of what is called common sense; and the old lady concluded her homily with a remark, that she believed Henry Bradford would think more of a dream of wealth twice repeated, than of the best prospects that ever presented business preferment.

"Mother," said Mary, "Henry is not a fool."

"No," said Mrs. Carver, hesitatingly, "he is not a fool certainly."

"Why, then, do you talk so of him?" asked Mary. "But there he is coming now," continued the girl.

"Speak to him plainly, my child," said Mrs. Carver.

Mary made no answer, for she was a little mortified at the ludicrous turn which her mother had given to Henry's rather dreamy propositions, though she had never heard him build any eastles in the air out of any such materials.

Henry came in with his usual pleasant humor, and sat down by Mary, and, after a few words, he perceived that something was wrong.

"Mary," said he, " have you been reading the Sorrows of Werter?"

"No, Henry, but I have been listening to mother's sorrows—her lamentations over you. She says—"

"Never mind what she says, Mary, as I perceive it is not very good; just listen to what I have to tell."

"Well, what is it, Henry? I hope it is good."

"Excellent, capital; it will be delightful."

"Do, then, tell me what it is."

"Why, last Sunday night, I dreamed that—"

"Dreamed!" exclaimed Mary, with a most dolorous sigh.

"Aye, dreamed."

"Well, go on."

"I dreamed that I had drawn ten thousand dollars in the Plymouth Beach Lottery."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I dreamed the same on Monday night, and on Tuesday night, and the number was 5, 4, 3, 2. Well I sent right to Boston on Wednesday, and purchased the ticket, and here it is; you shall keep it Mary, and when I go up to Boston for the prize you shall go with me."

Poor Mary smiled mournfully and reproachingly. Henry left the house, and went home satisfied that he had made a right disposition of the ticket.

Day after day did Henry watch at the post office, to read the first report of the drawing; but day after day passed without the desired information.

At length one of the young men was heard to remark that Henry Bradford had shot out of the post office, as if he had received some strange intelligence.

"Mary," said Henry, "here is your father's paper, and look at the returns. No. 5, 4, 3, 2,—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

Mary turned pale—the news was unexpected.

"Let's go to Boston," said Henry, "and get the money."

"The prizes are payable thirty days after drawing," said Mary, looking at the bottom of the ticket.

That night Mary told her mother of Henry's luck.

Mrs. Carver seemed rather startled.

"Are you not pleased, mother?" asked Mary; "do you wish to oppose further obstacles to our union?"

"Mary," said Mrs. Carver, "do you not recollect the most uncompromising hostility which your father has to lotteries—his utter abomination of money thus distributed? This prize will be worse to him than poverty.

Ever since they refused to make him a manager of the Plymouth Beach Lottery, he has set down the whole as gambling, and every prize as the devil's gift for mischief; and, to say the truth, most people begin to hold opinions with him."

"Why, mother, everybody did not ask to be made a manager in the lottery."

"No, no; but people may, like your father, arrive at correct conclusions from selfish considerations, and good opinions may become general without any special motive for the change."

The next day, Mary gave back to Henry his ticket, with an account of her conversation with her mother.

Henry was mortified at the result; he understood and appreciated the feelings of the "old folks," and in any other person's case, he might have approved of it.

"But what does your father want?" said Henry. "Does he suppose that the mode adopted to build churches, endow schools, and finish public works, is too impure to supply the needy purse of one who wishes to be his son-in-law? He is more nice than wise."

"My father," said Mary, "may not think himself called upon to be as particular about what concerns the public charities, corporations, or different individuals, as he is, and is bound to be, in what concerns the respectability of his own family."

"But if I acquire wealth by lawful means."

"Henry, father never asked that you should be wealthy; he thought it proper, and he makes it a condition of our marriage, that you should have some respectable business, since you have not wealth."

"And your father is right," said Henry; but how I am to get clear of the odium of my lottery prize, I can neither see nor guess."

"Perhaps you will dream it through," said Mary, archly.

"I can dream of nothing but schooners, brigs, and ships," said Henry.

"Oh, if you only owned a good vessel," said Mary, "I do not know but father would almost forgive its coming as a prize."

"A prize to a privateer," said Henry, but not in a lottery."

Henry wandered down toward the wharves and unoccupied shipyards. The war allowed of little or no work among the shipbuilders. The hull of a fine brig lay at the wharf. She had been launched a year, and there was none to purchase her. She was too clumsy for a privateer.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "what is that

vessel worth?"

"She is worth twenty thousand dollars," said the owner and builder; "she cost that as she is, and she will bring twenty-five thousand the very hour peace is declared."

"Would you like the money for her at a

cash price?"

"Nothing would be more acceptable. But there are not fifteen thousand dollars in the county."

The remarks of Mary about her father's respect for a ship-owner had been running in Henry's head ever since they were uttered, and he beckoned aside the owner.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "I have a commission to fulfil, and, as you know I am not much of a business man, I must ask you to consider a proposition which I am about to make to you, and to answer me explicitly."

"Let me hear the proposition."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars for the brig as she now lies."

"And the time of payment."

"Within forty days. You cannot want the money sooner; the river is frozen over, and you could not make use of the cash before that time."

Mr. Holmes turned to Bradford, and said: "You know, Henry, that I am aware that you have not the means of payment, and also that you are a person not likely to be employed as an agent in such business, and yet I have every confidence in your word."

Henry explained fully to the ship-owner the state of his affairs, and exhibited to him the lottery ticket, No. 5, 4, 3, 2.

"But," said Mr. Holmes, "there may be some mistake about the matter, or some failure of the lottery, by which I should lose."

Henry explained his motives and wishes, and in two hours he held in his hand a bill of sale of the brig Helvetius, which, as the papers were not obtained, he immediately renamed Mary. The condition was, that Henry was to hold the vessel for forty days, and if, within that time, he should pay ten thousand dollars, she was to be his; if not, she was to revert to Mr. Holmes, who in the meantime, held the ticket as a sort of collateral. The bill of sale, as I saw it, bore date the 5th of February, 1815. Henry felt like a new man. He was a ship-owner in a place where that character was a sort of aristocracy. He went day after day, to look at his brig, wishing for the time to pass away for the prize to be paid; but he said nothing yet to Mr. Carver.

One evening, while Henry was talking with Mary, she asked him what he intended to do with his vessel when the forty days were up?

"Rig her, bend her sails, and then sell her, or send her to sea."

"Why, Henry, it took the whole of the ticket to buy the hull and the standing spars, and it will take half as much more to rig her and find canvass; and beside that, how can you sell her for more than Mr. Holmes could?"

Henry hesitated; he had not thought of that: but he did not doubt but it would all come right yet.

Henry was sitting the next day on the quarter rail of his brig, looking at the masts, well covered with snow and ice, and thinking of the better appearance she would make when the rigger had done his duty. At length he felt the hand of Mr. Holmes upon his shoulder.

"Henry," said the latter, "I am sorry to have bad news to tell you. Read that para-

graph in the Boston Sentinel."

"Correction.—The ticket which drew the highest prize in the Plymouth Beach Lottery was 4, 5, 3, 2, and not as our compositors stated last week, 5, 4, 3, 2. We understand that a gentleman of wealth, in the southern part of this town, is the fortunate holder."

"What do you say to that, Henry?"

"Only that the old gentleman will not now say that I have the wages of gambling."

"No, nor will he give you credit of being a ship-owner," said Mr. Holmes. "You have been unfortunate, Henry, and I am sorry for you," continued Mr. Holmes, changing his tone considerably; "and regret my own loss, as I have need of the money; but as you cannot pay for the brig, you had better hand me the bill of sale, and let us destroy it."

Henry drew from his pocket the precious document, and while he examined it from top to bottom, he said: "This affair has been to me like a pleasant dream, not only on account of my aspirations for Mary, which you are acquainted with, but day after day I have felt growing energy for business, a sort of outstretching of the mind, a determination, with such a noble beginning, to proceed cautiously but steadily to do what I ought to have begun years since. Then, Mr. Holmes, as the bill has yet some days to run before I can be chargeable with violation of contract, I will restore it to my pocketbook, and, if I cannot dream as I have done, I shall not, at least, be awakened too suddenly."

Mr. Holmes, of course, consented, as he really had no right to claim the vessel until the forty days should have expired; and Henry went up to tell Mary of the new turn his luck had taken.

Though Mary respected her father too much to feel pleasure in Henry's new possession, yet she loved Henry too much not to feel deeply grieved at his bitter disappointment.

"That dream," said Henry, doubtingly— "that dream has not yet come to pass."

Some days after that there was, as usual, a gathering at the post-office, at some distance from the ship-yard, awaiting the arrival of the mail. The stage, at the usual hour, drove up, and the driver said, as he handed the mail-bag into the house, that he guessed there was better news to-day than he had brought since the victory on the lakes.

"Another victory, Mr. Woodward!"

"No, not another victory, but PEACE!"

"Can you tell me," said a dapper-looking young gentleman, as he slipped from the stage, "where I can find Mr. Holmes, the owner of the brig Helvetius?"

"Mr. Holmes lives on the hill yonder," was the reply, "but it is thought he does not own the Helvetius now."

"Has not sold her?"

" Yes."

"I am sorry for that—who is the owner?"

"Mr. Bradford—the young man whom you see reading the newspaper."

The stranger stepped into the house, and inquired of Henry whether he would sell the brig.

Henry said that he would cheerfully part with her.

"At what price?"

"At the peace price."

"Stage is ready," said Mr. Woodward, the driver.

"We will ride over to the village," said Henry, "and converse on the matter as we go along."

Henry soon emerged from the stage coach, and hastened to Mr. Carver's.

"You look cheerful," said Mary.

"I have drawn another prize!"

"Not another, I hope!"

"Yes, and a large one; I have sold the brig for twenty thousand dollars to a Boston house, and I am to be in Plymouth at four o'clock, to get my pay at the Bank."

"But the brig was not yours, Henry. Surely you are not deranged—you could not hold the brig after the mistake of the prize was corrected."

"There is just where you are mistaken, Mary. There is a bill of sale which allows of forty days from date for the payment. Say nothing to any one," cried Henry, "and I will be with you before I sleep."

"What's the matter with Henry?" said Mrs. Carver, as she entered the room; "has he drawn another prize?"

"I guess not, mother," said Mary; "only

dreaming again, perhaps."

At nine o'clock Henry arrived from Plymouth, with an accepted draught for ten thousand dollars, in favor of Mr. Holmes, and a bank book in which he had credit for an equal sum; and the brig Mary made some of the most profitable voyages that were ever projected in Boston.

She was in the East India trade, and, as her return was noticed in the papers (and it was usually announced about the same time that the very respectable family of Bradford had an increase)—Henry was wont to exclaim, "Luck is everything."

Some years after that, twenty-five at least, as I was riding into Plymouth, with Bradford and his granddanghter, I referred to the anecdote, and the conclusion, that "luck was everything."

"There may be something in luck, but the HOPE which I gathered while I held the ticket, with the belief that I had a prize, the resolutions which I formed while sitting and gazing at the lofty spars of my brig, and the confiding virtue, the filial piety, and the perfect love of Mary, did all for me, and I should have been rich without the brig; so, you see, it was Hope, contemplation, and woman's virtue, woman's piety, and woman's love, that made me what I am. And let me add, friend C., that you and I owe more to woman than the world credits to her. Let us, at least, do her justice."

DOUBT NOT.

BY J. M. KNOWLTON.

WHEN the day of life is dreary,
And when gloom thy course enshrouds;
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirits dark with clouds,—
Steadfast, still, in thy well-doing,
Let thy soul forget the past;
Steadfast still, the right pursuing;
Doubt not, joy shall come at last!

Striving still, and onward pressing,
Seek not future years to know;
But deserve the wished-for blessing;
It shall come, though it be slow.
Never tiring, upwards gazing,
Let thy fears aside be east,
And thy trials, tempting, braving;
Doubt not, joy shall come at last!

Keep not thou thy soul regretting; Seek the good; spurn evil's thrall, Though thy foes thy path besetting; Thou shalt triumph o'er them all. Though each year but bring thee sadness, And thy youth be fleeting fast. There'll be time enough for gladness; Doubt not, joy shall come at last!

His fond eye is watching o'er thee;
His strong arm shall be thy guard;
Duty's path is straight before thee,
It shall lead to thy reward.
But thy ills thy faith made stronger,
Mould the future by the past;
Hope thou on a little longer;
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD OF MORAL EXCELLENCE.

BY REV. P. BERGSTRESSER.

THE end of man is his moral perfection. That this is not his present condition, is too evident from the discord in his moral agency, and from his daily actions. Yet with all his imperfections, he is the most interesting object that can engage our attention. He is not to be regarded as altogether fiend, but as still possessing large capacity for moral improvement. Influenced by motives bearing on his original dignity, and on his sense of moral obligation to God, and softened by the influences of Divine grace, the asperity of his nature may become exceedingly refined. But his own standard of morals varies from one degree to another; sometimes from a lower to a higher, and again from a higher to a lower, just as the truth has entered into his mind. But the Christian standard of moral excellence, is man's normal condition, and consists in a sanctified diposition, which flows from the soul acting in unison with the Divine law. When he stands in complete loyalty to his God, he has reached his end in morals, and attained the goal. How far beneath such a standard does he continually fall! With the heterogeneous elements of his nature, rushing and roaring through his interior man, like the dashing cataract, and with his sinful affections tending to the world, he finds it exceedingly difficult to effect an entrance into the temple of holiness, where he may worship the Deity in a suitable manner. To that temple he often wistfully looks, but is unable to enter it, until assisted by another. Yet even in his ruin, and amid the deep darkness which hangs over him like a pall, he possesses a glimmering view of his paradisiacal state, and to that ever lougs to return. His efforts, however, to regain this without a specimen of perfect humanity to direct him, must ever remain Without such a specimen confruitless. joined with Deity, the one nature showing what man should be, and the other what God is, it would be absolutely impossible for man to regain his original dignity, and the end of his existence. Such a model, thank God, has made its appearance. What progress had the world made in morals previous to its appearance? How was it exhibited? And what is its efficacy in restoring man?

The first of these questions becomes evident to the inquirer in proportion to his examination into the moral condition in which fallen humanity necessarily remained prior to the appearance of its heavenly guide. It is a subject of no ordinary interest to behold, during the various stages of history, the numerous efforts of the human mind to combine the few elements of morals which were in its possession, into systems of religion, or patterns of virtue. The great and difficult problem of heathen philosophers, which, being put in the form of a question, seems to be this, "What is truth?" The answer to this question was variously attempted. But, before its solution could be satisfactorily given, it was supposed to be absolutely necessary to find some peculiarity as essential to all truth. This, of course, was an absurd attempt; for no such criterion could be found in fallen humanity. But, without something more than their own corrupt sense of morals to guide them, how were they ever to find out God, their moral obligations to Him, and their way back into the unsulfied fields of virtue? Prodigious were the efforts which the master-minds of Greece and Rome put forth, to obtain these happy objects, and their last great effort was to rear an altar to the unknown God. Dazzled by the excessive light of reason, and intoxicated by the giddy heights to which it is the prerogative of that faculty to lead man, they stepped forth like blind giants, fell, and died weltering in moral darkness. When Diogenes, the celebrated cynic philosopher of Sinope, had evolved from the pure reason an ideal of moral excellence, he went through the streets of the city, in daytime, with a lighted lamp, seeking its correlative in human form, but found not the man. And another was of the opinion, that if virtue could be embodied, all men would become enamored with the sight. This, however, was doubtful; for where such was the case, that Divine personage was crucified.

The greatest difficulty in the way towards man's restoration, has always been found

in his sinful affections. The heart is the source of all moral defilement. Like an impure fountain, it is continually welling forth its poisonous waters, which embitter all the streams of happiness. Its withering effects are seen in the desolation of the world, and heard in the cry of miserymiscry which makes the angels weep. If its outward manifestations are so calamitous, who is competent to describe its inward workings? It has intricacies which no creature can penetrate-depths which God alone can fathom.

Heathen philosophers, who were most illustrious for their virtue and probity, arrived no higher in their attainments of true virtue, than to a knowledge of their forlorn condition, and to a deep and abiding impression that there was need of supernatural guidance.

Truth and error mingled together, and embodied in the form of poetry and philosophy, were incompetent means to turn the base affections of heathen worshippers from their sins. Although some of them were thus induced to invoke Jupiter, Apollo, or some inferior deity, and, to a certain extent inspired with faith in the power and providence of these deities, yet were their hearts left unchanged and unsanctified. could it be otherwise? For the standard of morals as gathered from the general characters of the heathen deities, was but a reflection of that which was found in their worshippers, and which could never elevate them to a higher. The standard of virtue in their gods and in themselves was similar in every particular; one answered to the other "as face answereth to face in water." The same is true of heathen religion nowadays. The world sighed then as now for something better. Consequently the heathen Magi who were feeling after God, were compassioned, and led even by the errors of astrology to seek the daystar of hope in the land of Israel. So also the aged Simeon and Anna, who in like manner, and, no doubt, more clearly saw their spiritual wants portrayed in the bleeding victims on their

altars, were directed to the same pattern of

moral excellence, which none but the Archi-

tect of heaven could prepare. Accordingly, as Clemens of Alexandria says: "Philosophy led the Greeks to Christ, as the Law did the Jews."

But how was Christ, the Christian standard of virtue, exhibited? In his divine and human nature he embraced all that was excellent in the two worlds. Enveloped in moral darkness as man was previous to Christ's appearance, his conceptions of the divine character and of holiness, were quite feeble, and therefore needed strength and illumination. None but Christ could satiate that feeling of want, that ardent longing after something definite, which the human mind could lay hold of and apprehend. Ever since he has been deprived the privilege of conversing with God in the garden, man has wandered like an erring child; but in Christ he again beholds his original benefactor and teacher. In him he sees the truth, the way to holiness. Having come forth from the bosom of the Father, and tabernacled in our nature as the incarnate Word, Christ revealed the excellency of virtue, and stamped it with heaven's signet.

In his human nature, Christ was perfect humanity. His pure-mindedness, the simplicity of his manners, his sweet and frank sincerity, which spread an inexpressible charm over his countenance, and beamed from his clear, calm, and full eye, were but faint representatives of the lofty and virtuous spirit that dwelt behind the veil of his flesh. His character, therefore, as seen in the mirror of his whole life, has given us a new and complete view of the destiny of humanity, a vivid and perfect conception of virtue and morals; for he has sanctified human nature, and impressed anew upon it a sense of its original worthiness, and of the ultimate rule of morals.

His benevolence was unbounded. Having placed his cross midway between heaven and earth, he took hold of weak and sinking humanity, and said, "Look up and live." Like a mighty stream did his love gush forth on the fallen race. It came down as if the eternal fountain of God's compassion, retarded for ages, had at length found a channel through Christ. In Christ,

in short, were embodied all the gems of virtue, but one principle ran through them all, and that principle was *love*.

What is his efficacy in restoring man? His energy is the omnipotence of love. He penetrates the secret recesses of the human soul, dislodges the monster sin, and with the sword of his Spirit cuts the ligaments which bind the sinner's affections to the pursuit of sin. Behold fallen humanity lying in moral darkness! How the sacred light of the Gospel warms and exercises its feeble powers! How its rays illuminate the darkened chambers of the soul! And now the light having come, and the glory of the Lord having risen upon it, what beauty and splendor shine around it! Heaven and earth become vocal, and one grand panorama of moral beauty pass on forever before the enlightened mind and sanctified heart. By faith in Christ man becomes engrafted into a new stock of humanity, and brings forth fruit accordingly, viz., "Love out of a pure heart and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned."

NIPPENOSE, May 15th, 1857.

A DOSE.

BY T. HOOD.

"To the King's Head?"

"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You—will—be troubled—no—more—with—my drinking—I have took it at last."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!"—and leaving one coat-flap in the hand of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—sprang down the stairs three steps at a time—ran along the passage, and without his hat, or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quartern loaf, a basin of treacle,

and a baby. But he never stopped to see if the children were hurt, or even to see whether the infant dripped with gore or molasses. Away he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward down the street, heedless alike of porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"Do that again," growled a placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're going," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares, whilst a dandy suddenly thrust into the kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missives which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch them.

But on, on, scampered the teetotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he Camilla, to the shop, numbered 240, with the red, blue, and green bottles in the window—the chemist's and druggist's—into which he darted, and up to the little bald man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My wife!" "Poison!" and "Pump!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the surgeon-apothecary, with professional cool-

ness.

"Both—all sorts—laudanum—arsenic—oxalic acid—corrosive sublimity"—and the teetotaller was about to add pineapple rum, amongst the poisons, when the doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No!" But remembering the symptoms over-night the teetotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she was turning all manner of colors like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapius, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus, a sort of elephantic syringe with a very long trunk—he set off at a trot, guided by the teetotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear madam, be contented to let that issue remain a little, and accumulate interest, like a sum in the savings bank."

Now, when the tectotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bedroom, which was a great convenience; for, before she could account for the intrusion of a stranger, nay, even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something, which was certainly neither maccaroni, nor stick-liquorice, nor yet peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representation of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colors, that he had described; if she was not quite so blue, green, yellow, or black, as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure she would soon be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays

were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation against her own cousent; so with a vigorous kick, and push at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It's to save your life,—your precious life, Ellen," said the teetotaller, very so-

lemnly.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs. B., who would have added, "stick;" but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube again into her open mouth—not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," continued the teetotaller, confining her hand, "do, do,

pray do sit quiet."

"Poh, wob, wooble," said Ellen, "hub, bub, bubble," attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat besides her windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be com-

posed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument

by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," said the teetotaller,
you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Arsenic and corrosive sublimity," said the teetotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic acid, and aquafortis," continued the druggist.

"I've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"Why, that your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter. "No more it shall, for I've took—"

"What, ma'am, pray, what?"

"In the name of Heaven, what?"

"Why, then, I've took the pledge!"

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE STATES.

MAINE was so called as early as 1638, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, Jan. 16, 1777, from the French verd, green, and mont, mountain.

Massachusetts was named from a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learned,' says Roger Williams, "that Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in

reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river.

New York was so called in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called, in 1681, after Wm. Penn.

Delaware was so called, in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

Virginia was so called, in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

Carolina was so called by the French, in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX, of France.

Georgia was so called, in 1732, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called, in 1817, from its principal river.

Mississippi was so called, in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river, that is, the river formed by the union of many.

Louisiana was so called, in honor of Louis XIV, of France.

Tennessee was so called, in 1796, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon.

Kentucky was so called, in 1782, from its principal river.

Illinois was so called, in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men.

Indiana was so called, in 1802, from the American Indians.

Ohio was so called, in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called, in 1821, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called, in 1805, from the lake on its borders.

Arkansas was so called, in 1819, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce De Leon, in 1571, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish, "Pascus Florida."

KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH.

A ND it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the Temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, and in wood, and in ivory, and in stone—yea, all who had aided in rearing the Temple of the Lord, and he said unto them,—"Sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief workers, and cunning artificers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat, and drink, and be merry. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Is not the skilful artificer deserving of honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were scated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber. Then Solomon, the King, was wroth, and said,

"What manner of man art thou?"

And the man answered, and said,—"When men wish to honor me, they call me Son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt, and, in truth, thy servant desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why came you thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the Temple are invited?"

"Please ye, my lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were invited to dine with the King of Israel?"

Then he who carved the cherubim said,—
"This fellow is no sculptor," and he who
inlaid the roof with pure gold said, "Neither
is he a workman in fine metals."

And he who raised the walls said, "He is not a cutter of stone."

And he who made the roof, cried out, "He is not cunning in cedar-wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of uniting pieces of strange timber together."

Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?"

And when the Son of the Forge heard this, he was in no sort dismayed, but advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said, "O King, live forever! The chief men of the workers in wood, and gold, and stone have said that I am not of them, and they have said truly. I am their superior; before they lived was I created. I am their master, and they are all my servants." And he turned him round, and said to the chief of the carvers in stone, "Who made the tools with which you carve?"

And he said, "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the masons, "Who made the chisels with which the stones of the Temple were squared?"

And he said, "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the workers in wood, "Who made the tools with which you hewed the trees on Lebanon, and formed them into the pillars and roof of the Temple?"

And he said, "The blacksmith."

Then said he to the artificer in gold and in ivory, "Who makes your instruments, by which you work beautiful things for my lord, the King?"

And he said, "The blacksmith."

"Enough, enough, good fellow," said Solomon, "thou hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art all men's father in art. Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chiefs of my workmen are but men—thou art more." So it happened at the feast of Solomon, and blacksmiths have been honored ever since.—London Magazine.

THE Prussians have a wise maxim that whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, you must put in its schools.—
Home Journal.

Draw-upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

THE TRAPPE—"ICH ERSTEIGE."
THE BURIAL-PLACE OF FRANCIS R. SHUNK.

BY JAMES REES.

THERE is a pleasant little village called the Trappe, situated in a most delightful part of our State, about 28 miles from Philadelphia, on the main road leading to Reading. Its rural beauty, the salubrity of the air, its vicinity to the romantic Schuylkill, the intelligence of its inhabitants, all unite in making it as lovely a spot as the heart of man could desire. Not long since a question arose as to the origin of its name, and many were the strange interpretations given to its cognomen and genealogy. have asserted, and roundly too, that it took its name from a house of doubtful character, in which strangers were entrapped, murdered, and robbed. To this version some cogent arguments have been adduced, and if it were not for proof in our possession of the real origin, this one could be sustained by many facts in relation to such a house. Another version is given of an old settler being lost in the snow, and afterwards found in one of the ravines trapped by underwood, &c. &c.

As the true origin is somewhat curious, we send it to you for publication. Upwards of a hundred years ago there stood a small house at the foot of the hill, which runs back from the now main road, kept by an old man, an intimate acquaintance of the REV. PATRIARCH MUHLENBERG, who had located, or rather was in the habit of preaching there to the few inhabitants, as well as to the settlers in various parts of the State. He made this little hotel his resting-place, and it is stated by old people, residents of the place, that letters were received from the old country to his address, post-marked "At the Treppe, Providence, America." This house was built upon a little rising ground, some few feet above the level of the road, leading to which were THREE STEPS; it had neither sign nor signal, but was universally called the House of Steps, and the Germans, perhaps Mr. Muhlenberg himself, gave it the name of the "TREPPE," meaning steps. In progress of time the harsh sound

of Treppe was softened down to Trappe, and by which name it has been called and known ever since. It is invariably written Trap, and thirty years ago, if it had been spelled or written Trappe, one-half of the people in that section of the country would not have known its locality. Hence it is that merchants and others have fallen gradually into the custom, and we find it so written even to the present day, nor has the old German termination of sound been heard since the days of old Patriarch Muhlenberg.

There is one other curious fact connected with this place worth relating. The private seal of the lamented Governor, Francis R. Shunk, had on it the impress of three steps, with this motto "Ich Ersteige," raise yourself; and when we take into consideration that he was born at the Trappe, the true origin of its name cannot be doubted, nor will we be convinced it has any other until

"Thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,"

which is here annexed in proof of our position.

Apart from the curious coincidence of the three steps being engraved upon the seal of Governor Shunk, there is a voice in the "Ich Ersteige," which the high station he held made almost prophetic. It may, for aught we know, be the same insignia

> "His grandsire wore about his neck, In three seal rings."—Shak.

And probably possess a charm which will serve as an amulet against

"The guilt, both of deceit and malice."

EARNESTNESS.—The grand secret of all worldly success, which some men call will, I would rather call earnestness. If I were asked, from my experience of life, what attribute most impressed the minds of others, or most commanded fortune, I should say, "earnestness." The earnest man wins for himself, and earnestness and truth go together.—Bulwer.

THE prosperity of man lies in this one word, Education. Convey humanity to this fountain of happiness, and you bestow everything; all means of power and greatness.

GENTLENESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

IF thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy heart, or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee;
Still, still, he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that the wind or wave shall bring

The treasure back when needed.

To cool thy parched lip's fever!

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its cluster yet may glow,
Thro' the leaves their bloom revealing.
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh, never
Shall the earth give back that lavished wealth

The heart is like that cup,
If thon waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee!
And like that string of harp or lute,
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, oh, gently touch the chords,
So soon forever shattered!

Female Delicacy.—Above all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women and in the society of men-which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or blush-that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another-which can give alms without assumption, and which pains not the most susceptible being in creation.

USEFUL HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

T is a curious fact in the history of sound, that the loudest noises always perish on the spot where they are produced; whereas, musical notes will be heard at a great dis-Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but more distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, a real Amati, be played by the side of a modern fiddle, the latter will sound much louder of the two; but the sweet, brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Dr. Young, on the authority of Derham, states that at Gibraltar, the human voice may be heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in the open plain wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. "This property of music in the human voice," says Cowper, "is strikingly shown in the Cathedrals abroad. Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same mass had been read, the sounds would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, and at the greatest distance, are those who, by modulating the voice, render it more musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage.

Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended, as much as the formality of his discourse, in the House of Commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard; "his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied," says a writer, describing the orator; "when he raised his voice to its highest pitch, the

House was completely filled with the volume of sound, and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate—and then he had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the House sunk before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence; it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was greater, infinitely greater, than the orator."

INSTANCES OF PRESENTIMENT.

T HAVE heard of several cases of people L hurrying home from a presentiment of fire; and Mr. Calderwood was once, when absent from home, seized with such an anxiety about his family, that, without being able in any way to account for it, he felt himself impelled to fly to them and remove them from the house they were inhabiting; one wing of which fell down immediately afterwards. No notion of such a misfortune had ever before occurred to him, nor was there any reason whatever to expect it; the accident originating from some defect in the foundation. A circumstance, exactly similar to this, is related by Stilling, of Professor Bohm, teacher of mathematics, at Marburg, who, being one evening in company, was suddenly seized with a conviction that he ought to go home. As, however, he was very comfortably taking tea, and had nothing to do at home, he resisted the admonition; but it returned with such force, that at length he was obliged to yield. On reaching his house, he found everything as he had left it; but he now felt himself urged to remove his bed from the corner in which it stood to another; but, as it had always stood there, he resisted this impulsion However, the resistance was vain; absurd as it seemed, he felt he must do it; so he summoned the maid, and, with her aid, drew the bed to the other side of the room; after which he felt quite at ease, and returned to spend the rest of the evening with his friends. At ten o'clock the party broke up, and he retired home, and went to

bed and to sleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud crash, and, on looking out, he saw that a large beam had fallen, bringing part of the ceiling with it, and was lying exactly on the spot his bed had occupied .- One of the most remarkable cases of presentiment I know, is that which occurred not very long since on board one of her majesty's ships when lying off, Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess table, a young Lieutenant P. suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covering his face with his hands, and retired from the room. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. At first, Mr. P. was unwilling to speak; but, on being pressed, he confessed that he has been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression, that a brother he had then in India, was dead. "He died," said he, " on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am certain of it." No arguments could overthrow this conviction, which, in due course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Campore, at the precise period mentioned. -Mrs. Crowe's Night Side of Nature.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

HONORED be woman! She beams on the night;
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;
Scatters around her wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Courts the hurricae's commotion,
Spurns at reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him;
Londer still it roars within;
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stun with life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss on her smile, To cease from his toil, and be happy awhile; Whispering, wooingly, "Come to my bower! Go not in search of the phantom of power; Honor and wealth are illnsory—Come, Happiness dwells in the temples of home!

Man, with fury, stern and savage, Persecutes his brother—man; Reckless, if he bless or ravage; Action, action. still his plan. Now creating, now destroying; Ceaseless wishes tear his breast; Ever seeing, ne'er enjoying; Still to be—but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose, Enjoys, in its beanty, Ffe's flower as it blows, And waters and tends it with innocent heart; Far richer than man with his treasures of art; And wiser by far, in the circles confined, Than he with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler arts;
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly, through his bosom stealing,
Flows the genial carrent on,
Till, by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs o'er the
strings.

Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like sunshine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the range of man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word;
And the standard of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Strife excites, and Pity, blashing,
From the scene departing flies,
Where, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control,— She rules by enchantment the realm of the soul; As she glances around in the light of her smile, The war of the passions is hushed for awhile; And Discord, content, from his fury to cease, Reposes, entranced, on the pillows of Peace.

Ambition.—The loftiest, the most angellike ambition is the earnest desire to contribute to the rational happiness and moral improvement of others. If we can do this, if we can smooth the rugged path of one fellow-traveller, if we can give one impression, is it not better than the triumphs that fashion, wealth, and power ever attained?

Drop by drop falls into the clear wellspring of our youth the bitter water of experience, and there is no filter this side the grave that can restore the old purity.

SADNESS.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH,

ALL it unmanly, a weakness, a fault give the disposition, whatever unpleasant or harsh name you please,-to spend an hour in quiet tearful sadness is a luxury with which I would not part for all the wealth of the Pacific's golden streams, twice over. It is not a weakness to weep, all the arguments of the matter-of-fact logician to the contrary. When we reflect upon the ten thousand variable circumstances of life; upon the frailties and imperfections visible in our best conduct; upon the crushed hopes, which, like flowers trampled under foot, strew our pathway all the distance back to where we began first to hope for ourselves ;-who is heroic enough to suppress the struggling sigh, to command the waters from the fountain of tears to stand still? Call it, if you will, graciously, or can, consistently with your views of what constitutes true manliness, a pleasant infatuation, or a recreation from the sterile duties of life, or an agreeable interlude to the monotonous, sing-song, dull, harsh tone of weekly, daily realities, but don't call it, -oh! don't call it a weakness for a man to weep in silence over the many, the very many faults, infirmities, sins, unhappy vicissitudes, cares, troubles, and cankerous anxieties that distinguish his pilgrimage on earth. To my mind, it is unjust, and cruel, and ungenerous, to lower man below the common par of manhood, simply because the susceptibilities of his nature are so exquisitely strung together that he can never thus solemnly reflect, without the assistance of tears. Heaven forbid, that your, or my bosom should ever heave from the throbbings of a stoical heart! We want a tender heart. Not one pusillanimously sensitive; but one, that will honorably, penitently, generously, weep, when musing upon the numberless circumstances in the duodecimo of our life, that ought to be remembered never without tears. Let it be a weakness thus to weep, thus to indulge in sadness. It is a fault that ten thousand aching hearts, now beating nervously around you, welcome. It is one, which although repudiated by the stoical, scorned by the high-minded, lest, by its indulgence, they should compromise their manhood, or womanhood, the poor, the humble, the lowly in heart, willingly prize as a fund from whence to obtain, time and again, a supply of comfort. It is a weakness that ought to be a virtue in every one's character. It befits all persons. It disgraces none. It compromises no one's dignity.

"Hide not thy tears; weep boldly, and be proud To give the flowing virtue manly way! 'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by!"

He who laughs at me-exposes me to ridicule—pitifully and gratuitously distorts his countenance with an ironic smile, aiming to act out the hero, in order to shame my seeming cowardice, because I weep, is an enemy, of whom I shall ever be afraid. Of the two, which is the coward, he who hesitates to let fall a tear, lest by the commission of such an offence he should forfeit every claim he may have made to courage and manliness, or I, who in the face of all the ridicule and scorn that the cruel-hearted may threaten, weep freely and boldly? Let me see a man of the former stamp alone in his chamber, under circumstances similar to those which may have lanced my soul and made it bleed in tears, and if the cowardly drops do not fall as profusely from his bold face as from my timid one, it will be because the tender fountains of his heart within have all been magnetized by sin, or consumed by the heats of passion.

More than six centuries ago an author of Iceland penned this sentiment: "Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is a sickness of the soul." When indulged in immoderately, it becomes, it is true, a moral consumption. It wastes the energies of the soul; it destroys, to a great extent, the vitality of every effort we may put forth to succeed in the great battle of life. It undermines the base upon which we erect every hope of success, and reduces us then to a condition of despair. But when indulged in moderately, there's a luxury in the sickness hurtful to no one. What chloroform is to the body, which, racked with pain, must undergo some severe surgical operation, the sadness of an hour alone, away from the troubles and cares of the world, is to the soul. It soothes it and fits it to undergo the painful duties devolving upon it with greater ease and comfort. But deprive the soul of this anodyne, and it will require a power greater than is lodged in you, or me, to prevent it from sinking in utter despair, beneath its load of troubles. The physician not unfrequently makes his patient sick, so that he may get well. If sadness, or the indulging in tears, be deemed a sickness, let me be made sick then occasionally, so that my health, morally considered, may not suffer, but be improved by it. If, after spending some time in such sickness as this, I rise from my couch or chair, and can brush away the tears, and at it again with a heartier will and busier hand than ever before, surely the folly will be excused—the sickness will not be regarded by the fastidious as mortal or loath-

How often, in the course of our experience, do we covet a place-a season, where, instead of betraying others into the delusion that we are happy, because we smile, we may boldly act out our real feelings. In a letter to William III, who was rusticating among the hills of Erin's Isle, Queen Mary discourses as follows: "I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I must grin when my head is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe." An appeal to many of the readers of this paper would disclose the fact, that could they have had but a short season, somewhere, in which to relieve their overcharged heart by tears, many a time they would have resumed their duties, whatever these may have been, with much more cheerfulness and zeal. Is this feminine? Let it be so, then. There is more than one quality in the composition of the female character, which it would be well for the socalled sterner sex to imitate.

Let us avoid this hypocrisy of smiling when we are more disposed to weep. The stubbornness that some manifest on this score springs not from any magnanimous motives, but from pride. It springs from a disposition like that which is manifested by one of the characters of Shakspeare's King Lear.

"No, I'll not weep, though I have full cause of weeping.

This heart shall break into a thousand flaws, Or e'er I weep."

Banish, then, the cruel sentiments so often urged against tears. They are wrong. They are blunders. They militate against your happiness. And whenever so disposed, retire to some sequestered place, and indulge in quiet, rational sadness. It will do you no harm, but much good.

"Raise it to heaven, when thine eye fills with tears;

For only in a watery sky appears
The low of light; and from the invisible skies
Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping
eyes."

I CANNOT TELL A LIE.

A REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

In the war of the Revolution, while General Lafayette commanded in the American army, a part of the troops were encamped at a certain place near the water's edge. One summer evening, a soldier, who was an excellent swimmer as well as fifer, took his fife with him to the water, and, engaged in fifing and swimming at the same time. The music reached theear of Lafayette. Early next morning he sent an officer in pursuit of the man who had thus disobeyed the orders of the camp.

The soldier was a native of Connecticut, and a man of truth. When arrested by the officer, he considered that, perhaps, he might escape a severe punishment by denying the deed. On a moment's reflection, however, he said to himself, "I have always spoken the truth,—I cannot tell a lie."

With this principle in his mind, he came into the presence of the General, who asked if he were the individual who played upon the water the evening previous; to which he replied, "I am."

"To-morrow evening, then, at such an hour, I wish you to repair to my tent."

He came at the appointed time. The General then informed him, that the tune which he had heard the evening before affected him very much; that, on a former occasion, it had been played at the funeral of a dear friend of his, who died in his native country. Since then, until now, he had never met with an individual who could play it. "For the purpose of indulging in the melancholy pleasure of hearing it once more, I have," he said, "sent for you."

The General, after being agreeably entertained with the conversation and music of his guest, dismissed him with his thanks and some money from his purse, as an expression of his satisfaction for the performance.

"I cannot tell a lie," is a good rule to follow.

AM I REMEMBERED?

A M I remembered, when the twilight hour,
Brings memories sweet of many a bygone
day;

oay;
Of mossy dell, and the cool, shady bower,
Where oft, in childhood's hours, we loved to stray?
When tones, long silent, in the ear seem ringing,
Filling thy soul with dreams, bright as of yore:
And smiling eyes their calm, pure radiance flinging,
Shed brightness o'er thee thou wilt feel no more,—
Am I remembered then?

Am I remembered, when the hearth is lending
A glow of light to happy faces;
When mirth and song their happy voices blending,
Banish sad thoughts and stay the starting tear?
When gathering near, some voice a tale is telling,
That pales the cheek, and fills the sonl with dread,
Of "lady fair" in haunted castle dwelling,
Or phantom hosts by spectre chieftain led,—
Am I remembered then?

Am I remembered! For I, too, once listened, And sought thy side with hucless lip, and pale; And gazed, with fear, when trembling moonbeams glistened

On frosted trees, like knight in burnished mail; How proudly then thine arms were thrown around me.

To reassure and banish every fear;'
And, smiling, soon I fondly gazed upon thee,
Happy and calm in having thee so near,—
Dost thou remember this?

Am I remembered, when the moon is shining 'Mid myriad stars in the deep azure sky; And jasmine sweet, with opening rosebuds twining, Shed mingling perfume as the breeze sweeps by? 'Neath the same moon, mine eyes once gazed upon thee;

Seems not their light, e'en now, to speak to thee,
Of one, who once unto thy heart was dear,—
Am I remembered still?

C. G. D.

(From the New York Herald, of Monday, May 4, 1857.)

THE DRAMA AND THE PULPIT.

THE DRAMA US. MORALITY—SERMON OF THE REV. DR. VAN ZANDT IN REPLY TO DR. BELLOWS,

AST evening, Rev. A. B. Van Zandt, of the Ninth Street Dutch Reformed Church, delivered an address on "The Theatre in its relation to Public Morals" to a very large congregation.

After an anthem by the choir, and the reading of a portion of the Scriptures, the 193d hymn was sung, commencing as follows,—

"Destruction's dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known and sought by few."

The reverend gentleman then offered up an appropriate prayer, and the choir sang another hymn, the first verse of which is subjoined,—

"So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine most divine."

He said his text would be found in the fifth chapter of Ephesians and at the eleventh verse, which reads thus, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." The speaker observed that there was a marked difference between those who were Christians and those who were not Christians; the former were designated "children of light," and the latter the "children of darkness;" and the works of darkness included all those ungodly practices and pursuits which spring from ignorance of God or a disregard of His authority.

In the use of the text, with reference to the subject of his discourse, "the theatre in its relation to public morals," he would endeavor both to justify its application, and fulfil its injunction, by showing that theatrical entertainments, as ordinarily conducted, properly came under the description of unfruitful works of darkness; and, as a consequence, that in any way to patronize and encourage them was unbecoming in Christians, or in any who professed to be the friends of morality. He was aware that the mere announcement of those heads of discourse would erect a barrier of prejudice in some minds against the truth which he desired to present. By thus indicating in advance the position which he intended to take, he would be cut off at once from the sympathy, and, perhaps, from the attention of all those persons who entertained modified opinions upon that subject. He might also, possibly awaken the charge of intolerance and bigotry, an imputation which, with some, would be enough in itself to outweigh all the force of evidence and argument. It seemed a matter of surprise to the reflecting, that not only the multitude but many sensible people were so easily carried away by the mere sound of words, which were often only the vocabulary of cant. An epithet, or a name, was often sufficient to take captive the understanding, and hurry it to conclusions which had no foundation in reason or in fact. We heard much in this age of liberal opinions and a liberal Christianity; and, as we looked back upon the intolerance of former ages, whatever called itself liberal was apt to meet with a favorable reception, which was not always deserved; while, for the same reason, whatever opinions or doctrines were decided and positive, though marked by no more than the inherent rigor of truth and righteousness, were easily discredited and evaded without the expense of either investigation or argument. The speaker continued at considerable length to criticise "modern liberalism." The advocates of that doctrine affirmed, that a man might be a good Christian, and yet deny the Divinity of Christ, and repudiate the cardinal doctrines of his holy Apostles. His Christianity might pass unquestioned, though he was not only conformed to this world, but self-installed as the prompter and leader of its worldliness, and the patron and defender of its most demoralizing institutions. But was Christianity to be suspected and morality snuffed at, as a hard gravity and a narrow prejudice, if a man abstained from practices and pleasures in which the

wicked delighted, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness? "If truth," said he, "has a positive character, and morality has its circumscribed limits, then truth must always necessarily be intolerant of falsehood, or the bounds of morality cannot be enlarged. Lay the standard of truth by what you will, and the boundaries of good morals where you please, you are bound, by your own rule, to be exclusive towards whatever is beyond it; but if the Word of God is your rule, you are bound, not only on the ground of consistency, but by his authority, to oppose and rebuke whatever in precept or in practice contradicts that Word.

Applying the test of this unerring standard to the subject in hand, he would show that theatrical entertainments, as ordinarily conducted, were a great moral evil, and properly came under the description of unfruitful works of darkness. The proposition was designedly limited by the clause "as ordinarily conducted," because a discussion upon that subject, to have any pretensions whatever, must deal with the fact and not simply with the theory of such entertainments. It was not merely the lawfulness of amusement or the drama, as it might be pictured in the glowing imagination of some one who had a vivid conception of what it ought to be with a fond dream of what it might be, that the advocates of the theatre were found to depend. But if they stepped forth as the champions of this particular amusement, they must boldly face the fact of the theatre as it is and as it ever had been. They told us (the religious world) that their arguments were fallacious, because they turned upon the abuses and not the uses of the theatre; but when they (the religionists) inquired after those alleged uses in any tangible good or gain to society. they found by the concessions of the advocates of the drama, as the lawyers would say -en passe not in esse-an imaginary result from a combination of causes possible to the conception, but never palpable to the experience. "If the theatre was so and so," then its influences would be "thus and so." A great deal could be said upon any subject with the help of an "if." If unquestion-

able plays were written by Christian poets; if Christian managers controlled the stage; if Christian players performed to a Christian audience; if the scenery and decorations were always chaste, and if brothels, barrooms and their vile appendages were abolished from the precincts of the playhouse; in a word, if the whole complexion, character, company, associations, and influences of the theatre, instead of being corrupt, were commendable, then they tell us it would be harmless and might be useful. And this hypothetical defence of an imaginary drama was the best that could be said for an institution which was entirely the reverse of what they said it ought to be, and fondly fancied that it might be, and Christians were illogical bigots and intolerant puritans, if they persisted in refusing to frequent those pestiferous haunts of impiety, and ventured to lift a warning voice against that moral miasma that hung around them; because, for sooth, the objection applied to the abuse and not to the use of the theatre. The logic of such a defence was "that we are not to condemn, but to cherish what we know to be bad, because we can conceive of something else that would not be as bad." The lessons of history taught us that the defence of the stage upon the ground of what it might be, had always failed to effect a permanent reformation, and without permanently improving its manners, its morals, or its decency. The attempt to reform it had only served to gild its grossness, and to extend its corrupting influences. young, who were glad of any excuse for gratifying inclination, would not stop to discriminate between the drama in theory, and the theatre in fact, if they could quote the name of a professed Christian, much more one who claimed to be a Christian teacher, as an advocate for the stage. Nor would they be discouraged to frequent the playhouse if they gave any credit to the recent teachings of one who claimed to be a teacher of religion, and who, while only pretending to justify the hypothetical drama, yet waxing warm in his argument, pointed out the pathway to heaven as leading directly through the pit and boxes of the theatre as it is.

This apostle of the playhouse, said the speaker, repudiating the puritanical maxims of Christ and of Paul, would sunder, upon his own responsibility, the broad lines of separation between the church and the world, and establish a fellowship of righteousness with unrighteousness, and effect a concord of Christ with Belial upon the benches of the theatre. He had discovered that the church, by maintaining its own peeuliar life and sanctity, was answerable for the follies and vices of the world in general, and for the malignant disasters and perilous influences of the theatre in particular. This teacher of morals and religion had discovered that not mingling with, but rather reproving the unfruitful works of darkness, was a wicked, selfish, narrow policy, and was the result of mingled hypocrisy and prejudice. The duty of Christians was not to abstain from impure and corrupting amusements, but to frequent and sustain them. Vice is to be cured not by avoiding and decrying its shameless exhibitions, but by fellowship with, and apologies for its unfruitful works of darkness. He regarded the proposition as intrinsically and palpably absurd, but with all its absurdity it demonstrated this fact; that after all that might be said about the lawfulness of amusement in the abstract, and all that fiction of the fancy relative to a purified theatre in particular, the whole question turned upon the question of the patronage of the theatre as it is. He expected to show in the sequel that public theatrical entertainments had in their very nature the essential elements of evil, which fully justified the universal proscription of the wise, the good and the moral, in all ages of the world. The whole argument for the defence of the stage was fully met and exploded when it was shown that in its ordinary management it is a prolific source of moral pollution, vice, and crime; that its influence is evil, and only evil, and that continually. Upon the degrading character and demoralizing influence of the existing drama, its advocates were for the most part content to put in the plea of guilty, though they urged many extenuations as a bar to the rigor of judgment. The main fact of the indictment

might safely rest upon their own confessions: but as the admission of a fact was generally coupled with so many species of apologies, and was often put in with the design of evading the effects of a detailed exposure, truth and justice required that the evidence in the case should proceed.

The reverend gentleman then proceeded to give a graphic delineation of the interior and exterior of the theatre. He asked what drew the rowdies, drunkards, gamblers, and prostitutes to the theatre? Was it the love of pleasure which was common to us all? But pleasure must be congenial to the taste or it ceased to please. The vicious would not visit the theatre if the stage did not minister to their depraved and dominant desires. In the management of a theatre we had a petty despotism in the hands of one who determined the character of the play, assigned the parts of the players, and who was not expected to rise above public taste, or be wiser or better than the community which supported him. For managers and actors, as individuals, he had not a word of unkindness, but a discussion of the theatre involved the evils and dangers of their profession, and he was only setting them forth in the language of their own champion. Of actors it was said that not only the religious but the irreligious world held them to be a class of persons who, to have adopted their calling, must have been lost to self-respect to have pursued it, and must abandon all pretensions to virtue. How could that deep tenacious prejudice, not only in the religious but irreligious world, against theatricals be accounted for, if it had not a foundation of truth in the history of the profession, and in the actual dangers of the stage?

The Doctor then glanced over the audience, and quoted Dr. Bellows' description of it. People did not visit the theatre to study the triumphs of art in the production of the pencil or the chisel, nor for the sake of the architecture or the music—all those were but the exercises which the devil knew well how to employ in giving zest to that which was the chief attraction of the place. It was perfectly understood by all its frequenters that the theatre was a place, in the

language of a gifted but graceless writer "where they may take an air for a season. beyond the diocese of the strict conscience, where no cold morality reigns, a place of fun and frolic, innocence and beauty-exempt from all sermonizing, saintship, the sober representations of life and duty, except so far as these latter may be introduced for the purpose of ridicule, in which form and production they are always the most popular favorites; a place where the most abandoned, debauched, and most shameless cyprian will find nothing to disturb their equanimity, though the eye of purity must be often pained, and its ears be made to tingle, and the cheek of modesty must be covered with confusion, if purity and modesty should ever venture there." The attendants at our theatres were those whose proclivities were profane and vicious, and who sought for amusement congenial to their taste. The speaker then noted dramatic literature, and argued that the productions of ancient and modern dramatists, with some honorable exceptions, were demoralizing in their nature. It was argued, in favor of countenancing theatricals, that amusement was necessary and lawful; but what had they to do with amusement which was unnecessary and unlawful? We are told, said he, that the stage is the most popular and fascinating of all amusements. So much the more dangerous it is, then, when its inseparable evils make its attractiveness a misfortune, and genius, art, beauty, and splendor conspired to make it a gilded gateway to hell. It was said that those evils were the accidents and abuses, and did not necessarily belong to the amusement. So false dice, marked cards, and cheating, and robbing, in general, might be called the accidents and abuses of gambling. So broken bones, squandered property, and delirium and death, might be called the abuses and accidents of drunkenness. But we would hardly think that, therefore, the upright and honest ought to patronize the gambling room to promote fair play, and to keep it from falling into the hands of sharpers and knaves; or that the sober ought to get drunk with decency and moderation, as an example of how the thing

should be done. We were told that the theatre was so popular that it could not be abolished, and if the Church does not accept and adopt it, all its influences and attractions must be given over to the devil. If it is the evil which we have represented, said the speaker, it is the devil's own, it belongs to him, and let him have it. The Church has no more use for the theatre, than it has for the dram shop or the brothel; and when with specious words the theatre is offered to the embrace of the Church, upon the condition of the Church's indorsement and approval of it, it is only just repeating the old proposal of him who claimed to control all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and once offered them to Christ, saying: "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." But in the language of the Church's Head, we would reply to the infamous suggestion, come through what channel it may, "Get thee hence, Satan." In conclusion, the reverend gentleman pointed out the duty of Christians in repressing those corrupting amusements, and portrayed the evils which would fall upon the youthful portion of the community if they were encouraged to visit the temple of the drama.

MOUNT VERNON SONNETS.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

I.

ON APPROACHING MOUNT VERNON.

MOUNT VERNON! queenly fair to look upon From the broad breast of bright Potomac's wave,

As first I greet thee 'neath a May-day sun,
Whose cloudless glories all thy freshness lave;
Monnt Vernon, name sung on from sire to son,
To tell of him whose arm our freedom gave;
Name ever linked with that of Washington,—
His loved retreat—the place that bears his grave,
A welcome hour, that brings thy brow in sight,
When to my eyes an early wish appears—
To see the mansion looking from thy height—
So like the pictures of my boyhood years;
To gaze in silence on the tomb of one

Whose name shall shine as long as shines the sun.

II.

MOUNT VERNON.

And, then, 'tis not a dream, that I have come To press my feet upon Mount Vernon's sod— The "Father of his Country's" chosen home, Where he resigned his spirit to his God. Nay, nay, 'tis not a dream; my every sense Is conscious of a wakefulness intense.

The whispering breeze has censed to touch the ear, As though the soul should pause in deep suspense To hold communion with the past, and hear

The still, though plain, revenlings utered thence.
From every tree the Chieftaln's hand placed here,
And in whose shade he sathim down to rest—

From these lone halls with footfall echoes clear— From each memento—is the heart addressed.

111

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

Here, too, the sentence, "Dust to dust," has passed;
The man whose worth a world delights to name,
Whose deeds shed glory on the seroll of fame,
Must needs his lot with all the earthborn cost:
For, could the love from countless hearts that came

For, could the love from countless hearts that came Have stayed the hand of death for once, at last, No tomb should ever here a place have known; Unwrought might have remained this sculptured stone.

Yet was it meet that one whose name surpassed,
In fadeless glory, king, and crown, and throne,
Should cease his toils, and lay him down to rest
Upon the soil he won as freedom's own,
That men more truly might their love attest,
As distant ages rise to call him blest.
Valatie, N. Y., June, 1857.

THIS IS NOT OUR REST.

EARTH, thou art rich with varied scenes,
The beautiful and bright,
Which but to view our bosoms thrill
With strange yet sweet delight:
But while we gaze, their beauties fade,
And with a sigh repressed,
Our hearts respond the sacred truth,
"This earth is not our rest."

Look on the rainbow's brilliant arch, Spanned o'er the vault of blue, Passing ere yet the ravished eye Has traced each glowing hue. Say, does the gorgeous bow awaks No sadness in thy breast? So vanish earthly pleasures all—Oh! "this is not our rest."

And when the midnight sky is gemmed With many a sparkling star,
How pants the spirit to explore
Each shining world afar!
How sink we from the fancied height,
Dejected and oppressed,
Joined to this changeful world once more,
"This transitory rest."

They too, our lovely and beloved,
In whom we centre all
Our joys and hopes, for whom we bear
This weary earthly thrall.
Ah! where are they, in whose sweet smiles
Our hearts were once so blessed,
Gone!—and in hopelessness we feel
"This cannot be our rest."

Oh! is there not a purer clime,
Where nought shall fade away,
Where the freed soul shall rise and soar
Above each stellar ray?
Where friends with friends shall meet again
In raptures unrepressed?
Then welcome, earthly grief and pain—
"There is a brighter rest."

WAS ABRAHAM A LIAR?

BY REV. CÆSAR MALAN, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DEADER.—When? if you please. Writer.-When, being commanded by God to offer his only son Isaac, whom he loved, for a burnt-offering, and when, to that very purpose, having cloven the wood, which he laid upon Isaac his son, and taken in his hand both the fire and a knife, he said to the two young men, his servants, to abide at the foot of the mountain with the ass, when he and the lad they should go yonder and worship, and come again to them. These last words, namely, that "he should return with his son," are the very ground of the question. Why? Was Abraham, who knew that he was going to slay his son, and to reduce him into ashes in a burnt-offering, altogether honest and sincere, when he said to his young men, "we, both, we shall return?"

Reader.—I must confess that the case is, in my apprehension, a delicate one, and I do not wonder when I read that Melchior Canus has positively said that Abraham fell, in that occasion, in a thorough lie; and also, when I see that very good and worthy friend, John Calvin, the Reformer, has affirmed something very like, where he says, in his Commentary on Genesis, that the declaration of Abraham, having certainly the appearance of a simulation and a lie, was most likely, "a confused manner of speaking in a thing quite obscure." For, as to the explication of those who suppose that Abraham spoke unconsciously as a prophet, I confess that I find no relish in it.

Writer.—Nor do I, indeed. But to return to the thing itself, I cannot really understand neither Canus nor even the correct Calvin, when I read in the Epistle to the Hebrews (11:17-19), that when Abraham, being tried, offered up his only son Isaac, of

whom it was said, that in Isaac his seed should be blessed, "Abraham accounted that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." That Scripture is perfectly lucid, declaring, as positively as possible, that Abraham depended absolutely upon the first promise of God, namely, that in Isaac he, Abraham, should have his seed blessed; and that, in consequence, he felt assured that as God was unchangeable in his promise, and since that very Isaac was to be slain, and by fire reduced to ashes, it was evident that God would restore that son to life, since in him, in his posterity, ought the nations to be blessed. So you see, reader, that far, very far, from being "confused" in that affair, and in his answers, Abraham was rather quite distinct, both in his view and in his assertion. He said a full and simple truth to his servants; for in his apprehension of the subsequent circumstance, he saw his son risen again from the dead, and coming back again with his father.

Reader.—But (as have written some commentators), if it were so, was not the faith of Abraham, and his obedience to God's command, a very little effort of his will, since he knew that the sacrifice of his son was, as it were, a kind of play, of juggling?

Writer.—I know what you say is advanced, but let those minds reason more soundly. Faith is to believe what God says. Now, suppose that God has said, pointing to a tree of my garden, that from that very tree he will give me, within five years, thirty full baskets of fruits to my hands; and that, however, at the end of that season, God commands me to pull up that tree by the roots, and to cleave and burn it, here is my faith tried; here it will be known whether I do really rest upon the first assertion of God; or if, miserably understanding by unbelief, that God has altered his mind, I will say farewell to my baskets of fruits, when I grub up the tree. But, by God's grace I am enabled to stand firm on the first ground of his positive promise; and, when I hold the mattock, I say, sincerely within me, "God, who had created and caused to grow this plant, is able to create it again in its

full size, and he shall do it, for he has promised to me its full crops!" I beat down the tree, therefore; but, as you see, I do it in a deep sense of faith on God's word. Therefore, to say that my faith is not so complete, because I feel assured that the tree will be created anew, is to speak lightly; since that very assurance is the manifestation of my faith. I am certain, because I certainly believe. So, when you come to me, in the very moment of the eradication, I say to you, "Please return on the next year, and from this very tree, I will offer to your acceptance plenty of fruits," I do not mock, I am solemn; and really I give glory to God. Such was the feeling of Abraham, when he addressed his servants. He knew that God could not lie, therefore he saw, by faith, Isaac risen again; and when he said, "We (and not I) shall return; I and the lad," he said a truth very clear to him.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT; OR, THE LAW OF ARREST.

BY E. L. BULWER.

NCE on a time, there lived at Hamburg a certain merchant by the name of Meyer; he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected in spite of his good nature. Among that part of his property which was vested in other people's hands, and called "debts," was the sum of five hundred pounds owed to him by the captain of an English vessel. The debt had been so long contracted, that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which town Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty, which, in my opinion, should, in a free country, never be permitted, viz., the liberty of applying for his money.

Our worthy merchant one bright morning found himself at Portsmouth; he was a stranger in that town, but not altogether unacquainted with the English language. He lost no time in calling on Captain Jones.

"And vat," said he to a man whom he

asked to conduct him to the Captain's house, "vat ish dat fine vessel youder?"

"She is the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta, sails to-morrow; but there's Captain Jones's house, sir, he'll tell you all about it."

The merchant bowed, and knocked at the door of a red brick house; door green, brass knocker. Captain Jones was a tall man; he wore a blue jacket without skirts; he had high cheek bones, small eyes, and his whole appearance was eloquent of what is generally called the bluff honesty of seamen.

Captain Gregory Jones seemed somewhat disconcerted at seeing his friend; he begged for a little time. The merchant looked grave; three years had already elapsedthe Captain demurred—the merchant pressed -the Captain blustered-and the merchant, growing angry, began to threaten. All of a sudden Captain Jones's manner changed; he seemed to recollect himself, begged pardon, said he could easily procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynherr Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed; his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat, and was walking out, when the waiter threw open the door, and announced two gentlemen.

"Ah, here comes de monish," thought Mynherr Meyer. The gentlemen approached, the taller one whipped out what seemed to Meyer a receipt.—"Ah, ver vell, I will sign."

"Signing, sir, is useless; you will be kind enough to accompany us. This is a warrant for debt, sir; my house is extremely comfortable; gentlemen of the first fashion go there; quite moderate, too; only a guinea a day, find your own wine."

"I do—do—understand, sare," said the merchant smiling, amiably, "I'm ver' well off here—thank you—"

"Come, come," said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time, "no parlavoo, monseer, you are our prisoner. This is a warrant for £10,000 due to Captain Gregory Jones."

The merchant started; the merchant frowned; but so it was. Captain Gregory Jones arrested Mynherr Meyer for £10,000; for, as any one knows, any man may arrest us, who has conscience enough to swear that we owe him money. Where was Mynherr Meyer—in a strange town—to get bail?—Mynherr Meyer went to prison.

"Dat be a strange vay of paying a man

his monish!" said Mynherr Meyer.

In order to while away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners.

"Vat be you in prison?" said he to a stout respectable-looking man, who seemed in a violent passion; "for vat crime?"

"I, sir! crime!" quoth the prisoner.
"Sir, I was going to Liverpool, to vote at
the election, when a friend of the opposing
candidate had me arrested for two thousand
pounds. Before I get the bail, the election
will be over."

"Vat's that you tell me? Arrest you to prevent you from giving an honest vote? Ish dat justice?"

"Justice! no!" said our friend, "it's the law of arrest!"

"And vat be you in prison?" said the merchant, pityingly, to a thin cadaverous-looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to his eyes that were worn with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could find a few names to indorse it. The bill came due; the next day, the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill; there were eight of us; the law allows him two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas, sir, for the lawyer,—but I, sir, alas! my family will starve before I shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men, called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folks."

"But ish dat justice?"

"Alas! no, sir; it's the law of arrest.

"But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the devil had deserted, and who was now the victim of his profession, "dey tell me, in England a man may be called innoshent, till he be proved guilty;

but here am I, who, because yon carrion of a sailor, who owes me five hundred pounds, takes an oath dat I owe him ten thousand, here am I, on dat scoundrel's single oath, clapped in prison. Is this a man's being innoshent, till he is proved guilty, sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer, primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that's quite a different thing,—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime!"

"But ish dat justice?"

"Justice? pooh!—it's the law of arrest!" said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated, as no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"Captain Gregory Jones, you mean?"

"Ay, mine goot sare,—yesh."

"He sailed for Calcutta yesterday. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you, for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth, till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow, Gregory Jones!"

"De tuyfel! But, sare, is there no remedy

for a poor merchant."

"Remedy? Oh, yes, indictment for perjury."

"But, vat use is dat? You say, he is gone ten thousand miles off—Calcutta."

"That's certainly against your indictment."

"And I cannot get my monish?"

"Not as I see."

"And have I been arrested instead of him."

"You have."

"Sare, I have only one word to say,—Ish dat justice?"

"That I can't say, Mynherr Meyer; but it is certainly the law of arrest," answered the magistrate, and he bowed the merchant out of the room."

WITH time everything vanishes and decays except the virtue of the true, which stands like a rock, and guards him unharmed forever.

Aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself.



Home Circle.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

"Now, there was at Joppa a certain disciple, named Tabitha, which, by interpretation, is called Dorcas; this woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did."

THERE is a beautiful simplicity in this story of Tabitha. These records of the heart affect us with all the freshness and power of a present reality, because the heart is ever new and ever young. Such is the affecting incident before us.

In the town of Joppa, which, under its present name of Jaffa, has been the scene of bloody tragedies in our own day, lived a young female, who had devoted the beauty and freshness of her youth to labors of humanity and mercy.

Tabitha was the Syrian name of the Gazelle, which, throughout the East, is the image of beauty and gracefulness: of

"Airy step and glorious eye,
That glance in tameless transport by ;"

and this, according to all antiquity, was given her for her singular loveliness and attraction. In the days of her youth, with beauty and fortune, when the world was brightening before her, she consecrated her life to works of kindness and charity. In the midst of her usefulness, she fell sick, and died; and many of the saints and widows mourned her loss. In their sorrow they

sent for Peter. How affecting is their meeting in the chamber of death! "When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber; and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments, which Dorcas made, while she was with them."

Peter at once perceives, that such a life cannot yet be spared. He kneels down and prays, and the life returns to the tenantless clay. That room of death and sorrow is transformed into one of life and joy! And, as the report of this wonderful scene is spread through the town, "many believed in the Lord."

May this touching incident inspire some of the young, to give themselves, in the spring-time of life, to the noble and Christlike service of doing good. You see, what enthusiastic devotion such a life awakened in the hearts of the pious poor, and how deep was the sense of personal loss, when it seemed to have closed in death. see, also, in this touching incident, the Divine testimonial to the importance of such a life, in the fact that Peter was empowered to call back Tabitha from the spirit-world, to resume her labors of love among the poor and neglected. How noble and Godlike is such a life, when contrasted with the flippant gossip and heartless frivolities of a life of vanity, dress, and fashionable dissipation! Let this beautiful example awaken a responsive feeling in some youthful heart, and kindle the holy ambition of becoming useful in the quiet walks of charity, sunned by the smile of God, and vocal with the benediction of those that were ready to perish. What a privilege, to engage in such a life, to secure such treasures of affection,—such pearls for your crown of glory!—

"Lives of sainted ones remind you,
You can make your life sublime,
And, in parting, leave behind you,
Footsteps on the shores of Time,
Footsteps, which, perhaps, another
Voyager o'er Life's solemn main,—
A forlorn and shipwreeked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

T. S.

DOING GOOD.

W E have selected the following story for the little ones, in the Home Circle. It is intended to show, how beautiful it is for children to be amiable and kind to their companions, and try to be useful to one another.

Annie Wells's Sabbath-school teacher once invited her class to pay her a visit at her own house. There were eight of them, and they enjoyed their visit greatly. They played "Blind Man's Buff" and "Hunt the Slipper;" they had many books and pictures to look at; they walked in the garden, and, in short, had such a fine time that they were quite surprised when they found it was time to go home. I forgot to tell you, that they went in the morning, because their teacher was going away at noon in the cars; but, as it was summer, and they went early, they had quite a long time to play.

As they were sitting in the arbor, taking a lunch, a little while before they went home, their teacher began to talk to them about doing good. Though they were little girls, she thought they were old enough to see the beauty of a useful and amiable character. She told them, how much better and nobler it was to live for others, trying to make others happy, than to think and act only for themselves. She spoke earnestly, for she felt what she said. She was

very anxious that her scholars should, while they were young, understand something of their duties to those around them. When she closed, each little heart throbbed as warmly as her own.

Walking home, all alone, Annie had time to think of her teacher's words. She thought that she really did wish to be useful, but she could not see any way by which she could do good to anybody. Her teacher might, she saw that very clearly; so might her father and mother, and, perhaps, Jack; but she, little Annie Wells, only nine years old, what could she do?. Yet Annie had a younger sister, and a baby brother, and a little cousin, at home. She forgot how many times in the day they came to her for help or company, and she turned peevishly away. Helping them! Why, it never entered her little head that that was doing good. If there were only some poor people in town, perhaps she might do something; but in the whole village she could not think of a single family where the children did not have plenty of food to eat and clothes to wear. Then she fell into a kind of day-She imagined a little old cottage, with the windows broken, the chimney blown down, and the door off the hinges. A poor, sick old lady lived there with her granddaughter, about Annie's age. They had no money to buy bread, and would have starved, if Annie herself had not found out their condition. She had their house neatly repaired, the windows mended, green blinds hung, a fence built round it, a pretty carpet placed on the floor, and, with a basket on her arm filled with jelly, cakes, and other dainties, tripped gaily down to their humble The little girl, whose name she home. thought should be Madeline, ran out to meet her, leaping and dancing for joy. The old lady raised herself from her lowly couch, but, just as she was about to pronounce her blessing, happy voices fell on Annie's ear, and tiny hands pulled at her shawl and dress. She looked up, and was surprised to see that she had reached home, and that it was her own sister Patty and cousin Claude, who begged her to come quick and see the house they were building down the

But Annie was vexed that her beautiful air-eastle should be thus rudely destroyed; so she pushed the children off with a peevish

"Do go away."

"Come, Patty, we'd better run. The young lady is cross to-day. Going visiting doesn't agree with her, hey?" exclaimed Master Chaude, and away he went. Patty followed him, and Annie, in no very pleasant mood, entered the house.

She thought she was vexed with Claude, for laughing at her; but she was really vexed with Annie Wells for suffering herself to be so impatient. When we are displeased with ourselves, we often vent our displeasure on those around us.

As Annic passed through the kitchen, she saw that her mother was preparing dinner, and looked warm and fatigued.

"Why, mamma, what are you at work for?" said she. "Where is Bridget?"

"Bridget has just heard that her mother is very sick, and has gone home," was the

reply.

Annie noticed, that Percy, the baby, was on the floor busily engaged with his playthings. The thought came into her mind, that she might help her mother by taking charge of him and keeping him amused. But she did not feel like it. She said to herself, that she was too tired. She had been playing all the morning, and then she had walked home in the hot sun. Besides, he was as happy as could be, and not doing the least harm. "But," said a still, small voice within, "you know, that, in two minutes perhaps, he will be climbing up on the table in the dining-room to get at the knives and forks, or pulling down the flower-pots from the stand;" for, though he was called "baby," he was more than two years old, and was very strong and active.

While all these thoughts were passing through Annie's mind, she stood by the kitchen door, twisting her bonnet-string round her finger, and now and then asking

a question.

"What was the matter with Bridget's

mother?"

"I don't know," replied her mamma.

"The letter only said that she was very ill."

"I wonder who wrote it. Bridget can't read writing, can she?"

"No. Her brother wrote it, I believe. Run, and get me the nutmeg grater."

Annie brought it. "Did her mother live with her brother,—with Bridget's brother?"

"Yes, sometimes; and see, if the fire is burning. If it is not, put another stick of wood in the stove."

Annie found that her mother was too busy to talk, and, in fact, she was not at all curious to know about Bridget's mother. She was only lazily debating with herself, whether she should go or stay, and the questions were asked without much interest. I am sorry to say, that her mother's request only increased her desire to go away by herself; so she went back into the parlor, threw her bonnet and shawl on the piano, and herself on the sofa. Her mother had taught her always to put her clothes away when she took them off; but she was so tired; and what difference would it make a hundred years hence, whether, on this summer day, her bonnet and shawl were hung up, or whether they lay a few minutes on the piano.

After she had rested a while, she went up stairs to her own room to arrange her dress a little, after such a dusty walk. There was no water in her pitcher, and she was obliged to go down into the kitchen again to get some. But the bucket there was empty too. She was sure, she could not go to the well, so she hastily filled her pitcher from a bucket of rain water that stood just ontside the door. It so happened that in this bucket were a number of those frolicksome little creatures ;-you have seen them, have you not?-that dance, and shoot round so merrily in rain-water, when it has been standing a little while. The children used to call them polywogs; though, I believe, that is not the real name for them. In fact, I do not know what their true name is.

Very naturally, some of these harmless, lively, little fellows found their way into Annie's pitcher. At another time, this would not have disturbed her at all, but now she was not quite satisfied with herself, and so was disposed to fret even for such slight cause as this.

"Dear me! Everything is full of polywogs!" she cried.

"Very unfortunate, really," said her mother.

"I don't see, what they are made for," continued Annie, without noticing her mother's remark. "I am sure, they are not good for anything."

"Perhaps you may not see the whole end and aim of their lives," replied her mother; "but you know God has made nothing in vain; therefore, we will take it for granted that polywogs have something to do in the world, though we may not know exactly what it is."

"There must be an exception to a general rule," muttered Annie, half to herself; "for I don't believe they ever did any good—ever."

Just at this moment Patty came running in with slate and book.

"Oh, Annie," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "I have been looking everywhere for you. I thought you were up-stairs. I want you to show me about my lesson. I——"

"Well, you will have to wait some time, I am pretty certain," interrupted Annie.

"Now, do help me," said Patty, implor-

ingly.

"No, I can't! You must wait till after dinner, for I have my hair to comb, and ever so much to do besides. I can't."

"But there is a great while before dinner, and Claude wants me to go down with him then, and I want to have my lesson all finished; do show me just a little; come."

"Well, what is it?" said Annie. "Was

ever anybody so plagued?"

"Here it is," said Patty. "I have just got into Long Division, and I don't know anything about it."

"Why, I should think you might know something about, if you had any sense. I

am sure, it is as plain as day."

"I suppose I have not any sense then," said Patty, slowly and sorrowfully; "for it is not at all plain to me. I don't know what it means."

"But why don't you look at the rule. The rule tells you all about it."

"I have looked at it, but I don't see what the rule means."

"Well, look on, and see how I do this."

And Annie took the slate and pencil and performed one of the easy examples as fast as her fingers could move.

"That is done wonderfully well," sighed Patty, when she had finished; "but I don't

see how you did it."

"Why, I did it by the rule, to be sure."

"What is this line of figures here?"
"The quotient."

"What do you put it out here for?"

"Because it is the place for it."

"But it ought to be under the dividend."

"No; not in long division. There is a difference between long division and short division."

"Oh, dear me! yes. I think, there is a terrible difference," said Patty. "So great, I am afraid, I shall never find it all out. Of course, I ought to have remembered that; but I have not any sense, you know. You took so much, there wasn't any left for me, I think. Three into eight goes twice and two over. Where do you get the five?"

"Bring it down."

"Bring it down! Where from, pray?"

"Why, the skies of course, you foolish creature! How dull you are," cried Annie, losing the very small stock of patience with which she began.

"There, there, that will do," said Patty, "you need not show me any more. You are a splendid teacher. I wish mamma knew how much you help me. If I were only a sensible girl like you. I wonder if all Miss Ellery's class are as kind after they have been to see her."

Patty was still talking on in this way, when Annie, taking up her pitcher, marched from the room. She was, in truth, in a most unenviable state of mind. She was both angry with Patty, and ashamed of herself. She did not, however, choose to take the trouble of finding out what it was that made her feel so uncomfortable. She dressed herself as nimbly as possible, trying very hard to think of something else. Then she took a book, and was just sitting down by the window to read, when she was startled by a loud crash, followed by a piercing scream. She rushed down stairs and met her mother holding Percy in her arms. The blood was trickling down his face.

"Oh dear! what is the matter?" cried Annie.

"Run, and bring me some cold water, quick?" said her mother.

As Annie passed through the dining-room, she saw just what had happened. Percy had been amusing himself with the leg of the table, unperceived by his mother. He had pushed it up so far that the leaf fell, and away in every direction went the dinner. Cold water and warm gravies were streaming all over the floor. Broken plates, shivered goblets, sauce and salt, pepper and vinegar were scattered around in the greatest confusion. A fragment of glass had wounded the little Percy's forehead.

Annie hastily filled a basin with the rainwater, and carried it to her mother. The wound was not severe. The child was more frightened than hurt. His mother tried to bathe his forehead, but he would push her hands away with his own little fat ones, and scream out, "No, no! mamma, hurt." He was too much excited to allow her to do anything.

Annie was standing before them holding the basin, when suddenly he caught sight of the "polywogs." "Oh! mamma, see!

wigglers! wigglers!"

In a moment, all sobs were hushed, all tears dried. The bleeding forehead was bathed and carefully bound up, all through the aid of the "wiggling" physician.

When the operation was completed, his mother remarked, very significantly, "I don't know what we should have done, if the kind polywogs had not 'wiggled' to keep our little baby still."

Annie looked up suddenly. The blood rushed into her face. Without saying a word, she went up into her chamber.

"I know," she said to herself, "I know, the little polywogs can do good, though I said they could not, and fretted so much about them. But I have not done any good, and I meant so hard to do it. Oh! I thought I could'nt do any, and I might have taken Percy, and I should have helped mamma, and he would not have been hurt, nor the table upset. Dear, dear! what a job it will be to clear it all up; and, oh dear, there's Patty too. I was quite cross to her and did

not show her well at all. I'll begin now," she suddenly thought, "I'll go straight down and help her this minute. I will; it is not too late. But I cau't help mamma about all those things on the floor. I wish I could. Perhaps I can do a little. But I will be careful after this. I will remember. I will! I will!"

Annie was as good as her word. Her mamma was pleased to see her explaining the long example to Patty very kindly and patiently.

That evening she had a long conversation with her mother, who warmly approved her good resolutions, but told her that she must not depend on them, but must continually ask God to help her to be patient, and kind, and gentle. As Annie rose to go, she remarked, "But who would have thought that polywogs were made to keep babies still?"

"And who would have thought," replied her mother, "that polywogs were made to teach little girls to do good?"

GAIL HAMILTON.

FAMILY WORSHIP ESTABLISHED BY A CHILD.

BOY, about fourteen years of age, who A had learned, at one of the schools belonging to the Gaelic Society, the value of his own soul, was deeply impressed with the importance of family religion. As none of the family could read but himself, he intimated his intention of establishing family worship. No answer was made, no opposition started, and as little encouragement given. Still he made the attempt. He read the Scriptures, and prayed for himself and for all present. The rest of the family looked on. Alone he continued to worship God in this manner for some time, the others being merely spectators; but, at length, one after another sunk down on their knees beside him, until the whole domestic circle united in the hallowed exercise; the grayheaded father kneeling down beside his child, and joining in his artless aspirations to God the Father of all.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Editorial Book-Table.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA. By C. W. SCHAEFFER, D.D. Lutheran Board of Publication, Phila.

We predict for this book an extensive circulation. It is written in a very pleasing and attractive style, and unfolds scenes in the early history of our Church in this country, which, to many of us, have hitherto been veiled in doubt and obscurity. Some of these scenes are of thrilling interest; and will inspire the reader with profounder sympathy with the Church of the Reformation, and enshrine the names of those venerable patriarchs of the Lutheran Church in hallowed memory. This book, from its subject and treatment, must become a classic in our Lutheran Church litera-We hope the grateful and admiring reception of this volume will induce the author to prosecute the work which he has so satisfactorily begun, and favor us with a continuation of these historical sketches, down to the middle of the nineteenth century. T. s.

LIGHT FROM THE CROSS. Sermons on the Passion of our Lord. Translated from the German of Dr. A. THOLUCK, Professor of Theology in the University of Halle.

This volume of sermons was sent to us by an American publisher, with the question, "Shall I issue an American edition of this work?" My answer was spontaneous and decisive, "Certainly; publish it promptly, or you will be anticipated by some one, who will see at a glance that such a volume cannot fail to be both a public benefaction, and a personal profit,—the latter consideration being quite as potent with publishers, ordinarily, as the former."

These sermons are selected from the fourth and fifth volumes of Dr. Tholuck's sermons. They were originally delivered in the University service at Halle, where Dr. Tholuck is preacher to the University. As these sermons were addressed to the students, they have special reference to young men, and, in this respect, will help to supply a great desideratum in our existing Christian literature. But, as the religious service in the University usually attracts a large, promiscuous congregation to hear one of the greatest preachers of the age, these discourses abound in truths suited to all classes and ages,-" rich thoughts drawn from the mine of Truth; deep, farreaching glances into the heart of man; and such an insight into the heart of Jesus in the hours of his suffering, as is vouchsafed not to learning or philosophy, but to humble faith alone." Most readers know something of Dr.

Tholuck as a great theologian, and one of the ablest expositors of the Bible. But if you would know him as a Christian man, and get some glimpses of his hidden life, you must read his sermons. I have read some of these sermons in the original with tears, whilst my soul felt the power of the Gospel coming through his great, loving, and sanctified heart. The appearance of an American edition of "Light from the Cross" will be hailed by thousands of anxious readers.

T. S.

LIFE-PICTURES: From a Pastor's Note-Book, By R. TURNBULL. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Company.

Dr. Turnbull is justly regarded as among the first writers in the Baptist Church. His works are read by admiring thousands of all denominations. In learning, gracefulness of style, and poetical beauty of thought, he ranks with William R. Williams, of New York, who is, in our humble estimate, one of the first writers in America. No one will regard this as a random, or an extravagant estimate of Turnbull, who has read his "Theophany," "Christ in History," or his "Genius of Scotland."

These "Life-Pictures,"-though out of his usual sphere of writing,-fully sustain his high reputation as a thinker and writer. They are touching narratives and facts connected with the development of the spiritual life in conflict with doubt and scepticism. Most of these Life-Pictures are taken from personal observation during a pastorate of a quarter of a century. Some of these life scenes are most beautiful and touching. "Frank Wilson, or The Student Sceptic," ought to be read by every inquisitive mind, haunted by the prevalent scepticism, or any forms of doubt. "The Aged Pilgrim" and "The Land of Benlah" are pictures for the heart,-pictures, that make one weep with joy, and give us visions of heaven through our tears. We should be happy to see this book in every family. We would avail ourselves of this method of acknowledging the author's kindness in sending us this book, with the accompanying note, expressing his personal interest in our "Home-Scenes." Apart from all personal considerations, we feel such an interest in the Life-Pictures, as will prompt us to do all in our power, to extend the circulation of a book so eminently experimental and practical on many of the vital questions and doctrines of Christianity.

THE TWO PILGRIMS. By Rev. F. R. AN-SPACH, A. M. For the Lutheran Board of Publication. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The title of this book, as the author remarks, in the Preface, "indicates the scope and subject-matter of discussion." The experience of the pions Israelite is viewed as typical of the Christian's pilgrimage to the

heavenly Canaan.

The Jewish history is more than the history of a nation; it is a record of Jehovah's dealings with His Church. That nation formed His Church; and its history accordingly assumes the character of a picture, wherein all His redeemed people may see shadowed forth their own pilgrimage through this world to Heaven. Every step in the pious Israelite seems a striking prefiguration of the Christian

pilgrim.

This book is eminently practical, and will serve to refresh, guide, and strengthen many a weary pilgrim on his way to Heaven. If we were disposed to be critical, we might object to the opening chapter, in which our fallen race is represented as adrift upon an ocean of storms, casting "priceless souls on the bleak rock of a cheerless eternity." The figure would not bear the rules of rhetorical criticism, and is inconsistent with the main

design of the work, which is a representation of a pilgrim and not a voyager.

But this is a small matter in a work of such abounding excellencies. It is written in the author's usual style—ornate and forcible; and contains many passages of great beauty and power. It is a book which every Christian pilgrim should read on his heavenward way, to refresh and strengthen his soul, to mark his progress, and keep his rest in view. We can give to this work the most unqualified commendation, and hope it may have a circulation commensurate with its merits. T. 8.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE. The Bible and Astronomy. By J. H. KURTZ, D.D., Author of "Manual of Sacred History." Lindsay & Blakiston.

The Testimony of the Rocks. By Hugh Miller. Gould and Lincoln.

These, with several other works, we have not yet read. We had no idea, when assuming this Department of the "Journal," that we should be favored with so many books; and, as we regard it as a species of dishonesty to speak of a book, without reading it, we are sometimes under the necessity of postponing the usual notices of books on our table. T.S.

Editorial Miscellung.

REV. D. GARVER ABROAD.-Just as we are about putting the present Number of the Lutheran Home Journal to press, we have received an interesting letter from our beloved brother, Rev. D. GARVER, who sailed, a few weeks since, from New York, in the Steamer Vanderbilt, for Europe. The letter is dated at London, June 12th, and will be published in our next. Brother GARVER promises to furnish us with a regular series of letters during his travels abroad. He purposes visiting England, France, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, and Germany. We bespeak for the letters of Brother GARVER, in advance, an attentive perusal. If the first is to serve as a specimen, the series will prove highly interesting. H.

CLERICAL CHANGE. — Rev. AUGUSTUS T. GEISSENHAINER, until recently the beloved pastor of the German Lutheran Congregation at Trenton, N. J., has received and accepted a call to the German Lutheran Congregation, at Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa. Mr. G. accordingly desires his correspondents to address him at the latter place. We do not at all doubt, that this, under the Divine blessing, will prove a most successful and agreeable connection. Mr. G. is well known to the Christian public as a most faithful and efficient pastor and

preacher, who has contributed very largely to the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and the up-building of the Lutheran Church in this country. May both pastor and people long prosper and rejoice in the interesting relations they have formed.

H.

THEATRES.—It is contrary to our general custom, to publish Sermons, as such, for the reason, that, once introduced, our pages would be occupied with little else. We deviate from the rule, however, to make room in the present number of the Home Journal for an abstract of a most excellent Discourse recently delivered, in the City of New York, by the Rev. A. B. VAN ZANDT, of the German Reformed Church. It is in reply to an Address previously delivered, in that city, by Mr. Bel-Lows, of the Unitarian Church, in defence of Theatres. We regard the views of Rev. Mr. VAN ZANDT as eminently sound and logical. In our opinion, he scatters the fine-spun, transparent sophistries of Mr. Bellows to the four winds, as if they had been a spider's web. One fact, connected with the Address of Mr. Bellows, struck us as full of significance. His defence of theatres, it is said, occupied two hours in the delivery, and fills almost an entire page of closely printed matter in the

New York Herald, and yet, from beginning to end, there is not contained in it a single argument taken from Scripture! One would suppose, that a discourse on a grave question of morals and religion, spoken by a professed minister of the Gospel, would, of course, abound with argumentation derived from that acknowledged fountain of truth, the inspired Oracles of Heaven, and yet, significant fact, there is not in the lengthy and labored address of Mr. Bellows even so much as a solitary Scripture quotation of three or five words! It might be said of the reverend defender of theatres, "One thing thou lackest yet,-The BIBLE." That, to him and his argument, it seems, was a sealed book. We desire no more convincing proof, that the address of Mr. Bellows has no favor in heaven, as it certainly has of very few truly good men on earth. .

CHARLES WESLEY'S LAST HYMN. — The Hymn No. 671, in the Methodist Hymn Book, was the last lyrical composition of Charles Wesley. It was taken down by his wife, at his dictation, a short time before he died. Its allusion to "age and feebleness" was in view of his own prostrate condition:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
Oh! might! catch one smile from thee,
And drop into Eternity!"

French Superstition.—A curious item of statistics in the French papers illustrates the superstition of the Parisians. It is observed, that on Fridays the omnibus travel of Paris diminishes in the proportion of twenty-five parent,—so strong is the superstitious avoidance of doing anything that can be helped on that "unlucky" day. It is also further remarked, that when Friday happens to fall on the 13th of the month, which has occurred twice this year, the omnibus receipts decrease at the rate of fifty per cent.

Taxes .- The Legislature of New York, at its recent session, assessed a State tax of three mills on the dollar upon all the taxable property in the State. New York City will have to pay \$1,535,221, in addition to \$6,664,851 for city and county taxes, making a total of \$8,200,072. There is a great deal of grumbling through the State at the increase. If there is any place, where economy is generally considered a virtue, it is in legislative bodies. The people are always in favor of cheap government or light taxation, and experience is in favor of this popular standard of legislative fitness; for the most expensive governments, those whose prodigality or wasteful expenditure makes high taxes necessary, whether municipal, state, or national, are generally either the most inefficient or the most corrupt.

NATURE THE TEACHER.—Hugh Miller says,

in his last great work, "The Testimony of the Rocks," &c., that there is scarce an architectural ornament of the Gothic or Grecian styles, which may not be found as fossils existing in The Illodendron, says Mr. Miller, the rocks. was "sculptured into gracefully arranged rows of pointed and closely imbricated leaves, similar to those into which the Roman architects fretted the torus of the Corinthian order. The Sigittaria were fluted columns, ornately carved in the line of the channelled flutes; the Lepidodendra bore, according to their species, sculptured scales, or lozenges, or egg-like hollows, set in a sort of frame, and relieved into knobs and furrows; all of them furnishing examples of a delicate diaper work, like that so admired in our more ornate Gothic buildings, such as Westminster Abbey, or Canterbury and Chichester Cathedrals, only greatly more exquisite in their design and finish." No one can rise from the perusal of Mr. Miller's volume, without feeling convinced, that it is one of the most interesting and erudite contributions to scientific literature of modern times.

THE BEGINNINGS OF EMINENCE.—There is a paragraph in a late number of "Harper's Weekly," asserting that Bulwer has succeeded as a novelist, dramatist, essayist, poet, historian, orator, politician, and man of the world, and that in each of these, except the last, he has commenced with a failure, but pushed ahead and reached the goal of success. This is Bulwer's own view of the matter, and, in expressing it, the intention is most benevolent, no doubt, being designed to encourage incipient authors, poets, and politicians to persevere, though success should not attend their first efforts. But the misfortune is, that those who need this instruction, are certainly not Bulwers, and those who do not, even if one in a thousand of them has merit, will be in no little danger of being spoiled, through just such overstimulating to force his way against all modesty.

THE CLOTHING TRADE.—The "Boston Post" estimates the average cost of clothing to each individual in the United States at \$50. With a population of thirty millions, this would take the enormous sum of one billion five hundred millions of dollars to be spent in dress. This is a little larger sum than would be required, even under the most extravagant fashions yet reached. The average cost for every man, woman, and child, in the country, probably, is not half the sum stated, which would still take an enormous amount of money to clothe the population. Adam certainly never contemplated the ultimate cost of clothing the world, when he commenced setting the fashion of dress, by using the primitive apron of fig-The vegetable and animal creations have since been plundered to find materials to adorn the person.

Lutheran Home Journal.

JULY, 1857.

REFLECTIONS AT SEA.

BY REV. DANIEL GARVER.

A LIFE on the ocean's wave, And a home on the rolling deep," &c., does well enough for a song, but give me rather

"A hul on the mountain's side, A cot on the prairie wide,"

with a tried friend, who will ease the pains and smooth the asperities of life. ocean is a continually raging, foaming monster, swallowing his thousands every year, and yet never satisfied; continually feasting, yet never fed. He tries indeed to atone for his voracity by bearing on his bosom the commerce of the world; but his exchange is unequal, for he takes life and gives only gold. As God can make "the wrath of man praise Him," so He can make the fury of the tempest and the madness of the sea "work together for good to them that love Him." Old Ocean may be pardoned for his cruelty, inasmuch as his winds are wafting and his waves are rolling to every tribe and tongue, to every isle and nation, the glad tidings of salvation through Christ crucified. In these last days, we seem to see the ends of the earth coming together, and the gradual dawning of that day when nations shall be as peaceable families, and all men shall recognize and love éach other as brethren.

Leaving New York on the 27th of May, about noon, the noble British screw steamship "Queen of the South" rapidly sped down the bay, and ere the curtains of night had

closed round us, we were out upon the deep blue sea, and "my native land," the "sweet land of liberty," had sunk below the horizon. Onward moved our glorious "Queen," eager to run her course of 3500 miles ere she would stop to breathe. This was my first essay to cross the pathless ocean. Long and fondly had I looked forward to this time, when I might visit the Old World, and stand where stood and fought, and labored and died, the giants and mighty men of former times, who have finished their course and received their crown. Am I really on my way to the East-the land of the fathers, or is it only a dream? Surely I do not dream, for I see the wilderness of waters round me. The land has apparently all sunk beneath the waves, and for a fortnight my vision shall not be delighted with tree. or shrub, or flower. Suddenly my thoughts leave the ship, and my spirit is back in America, living over days that are past but not forgotten. Thus I revelled, thus I communed with myself and the images of those most dear to me, as I sat quietly in our splendid cabin or strolled upon deck, luxuriating in the pure fresh air of the open sea. Thus, with mind filled with some sad and many strange and pleasing thoughts, I at length retired to my little room of 7 feet square, occupied by three of us, to spend the night in my bed 18 inches wide. In the morning I was sea-sick, and sea-sickness must be experienced to be appreciated. It is a feeling very much like that which a man has who has just smoked his first cigar, only a great deal more so. (I smoked when I was eleven years of age; thank Providence, I am tall enough now without flourishing a cigar. But among the two hundred men and boys on this ship, I doubt whether there are more than a dozen non-smokers. Jesuits among us can smoke and drink wine, of which they keep a good supply on hand, with any other two of our company. This sore affliction kept me abed the whole of my first day at sea. All attempts to leave my berth were met with the most violent resistance. "The whole head was sick," and seemed a useless appendage; the stomach had become most provokingly insolent, and would retain no deposits whatever that were made in it-it was restless as the sea. Thus, my body, horizontalized, was as unsettled as the needle of the mariner's compass. During this day strange visions passed through my brain-once it seemed as though we were just entering the principal street of a populous city, which on subsequent reflection, I thought not so strange after all, for were the thousands that are buried in the deep to arise, what a mighty city may they not people! The second day my sickness had almost left me, and the third I was perfectly well, whilst many around were in agony for days. Upon some the monster did not lay his hand at all.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

On the morning of the third day after leaving New York, my attention was attracted to a flock of beautiful little birds following the ship. Coming down from deck, I seated myself at one of the rear windows of the cabin and carefully watched their movements, wondering where they might have their resting-place, as we were more than 600 miles from land. They glided along over the waves as though they were utter strangers to fatigue. Learning that they are the birds called "Mother Carey's chickens," increased my interest in the homeless creatures. They are about double the size of the swallow, and resemble that bird very much in their movements, but have not the pointed wing and forked tail of the swallow. They seemed to me of a mouse-color, with a light spot on the wing.

As I was watching them the rain was fall-

ing in torrents. I think I never saw it rain faster. Their number increased until there were two or three dozen. How long will they follow us, thought I? Will they go with us across the pathless deep? Thus they seemed like guardian angels hovering round us, volunteering to escort us across the raging sea. Again, they appeared like the prayers and good wishes of friends in America, following after us, and surely they will not leave us until they see us landed beyond the Ocean. With exquisite delight did I view and watch our new companions, as they skimmed the waves in pursuit of us. But suddenly some offal was cast from the ship; the birds, that had so interested me, gathered round it, and lagged behind. I looked after them eagerly, but they were soon lost in the distance, and I found they had forsaken us, and, as their appetite was now satisfied, they would not follow us farther. I saw in the conduct of these birds the same spirit of selfishness that actuates the mass of mankind. I had given them credit for more than they deserved. Alas, how little disinterested kindness we find in the world! How many of the professed attachments of life are mere subterfuges for the greedy snatching up of sordid gain. How many forsake a tried friend for the sake of a dollar or a dinner. Their God is their appetite.

A few days afterwards, others of "Mother Carey's chickens" were after us, but I felt not that same attachment to them which I felt at first. They had deceived me. How sore is the wound in the heart made by a treacherous friend. David well understood this feeling, and most graphically described it in Ps. 55: 12, 14, "May God rather bless me with avowed enemies than curse me with false friends."

Steamer "QUEEN OF THE SOUTH," 12 days at sea, 400 miles from England, June 8, 1857.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A BABY on a sick bed lay—
A baby sweet and fair;
A troop of angels in their way,

Beheld the sufferer there.

They paused and whispered, "Will thou go,
With wings like ours to guide,

A voyage back with us?" When lo! The baby smiled and died.

THE GRACE OF CHRIST, A CONSTANT MIRACLE.

BY REV. B. SADTLER.

TIRACLES have ceased," is an assertion that has been so oft repeated, that, with many, it has passed into an unquestioned truth. The controversial Protestant stoutly maintains it, whilst the juggling priest of Rome appeals to holy coats, and liquefying blood, and winking Madonnas, and his deluded followers shout, "A miraele, a miraele!" There is not the land upon which the incubus of Romanism rests, that has not its legends of saints and martyrs, who have done all manner of wonderful things, from whipping the devil, in a fair fist-fight, to walking with their own heads under their arms after decapitation. The Protestant is unquestionably right, in his denial of the reality of such miracles; they are "lying wonders." Since the Apostolic age, there does not seem to be a well-authenticated case of the performance of a miracle, in which the course of nature has been reversed, and any superhuman agency has interfered with the laws by which God governs the world. Physical miracles have ceased. But there is another class that have not ceased: moral miracles are constant.

Christ was the great miracle of God, the "mystery of godliness," "the power of God and the wisdom of God." The babe that lay in the Virgin's lap was a miracle; the man that at one moment wept and at the next said, "Lazarus, come forth," was a miracle; he who stood at the despoiled sepulchre, a risen Lord, was a miracle; he who sits at the right hand of the Father, a glorified man and God, is a miracle forever.

All connected with Christ, is miraculous. His very words, his Gospels, recorded by men but inspired by the Holy Ghost, have had a vitality altogether supernatural. They have outlived the fiercest persecutions, a thousand years' reign of moral night, the dangers of manuscript publication, and the adulterations of heretics in the East and of Romanism in the West. They have come down to us in their purity, and with as much certainty as any moral evidence can afford, the humble reader of the Gospel may be

sure he is reading the words of the Lord Jesus. Upon them is the imprint of miracle, and their future history, as their past, is summed up in the sentence, "The word of our God shall stand forever."

The grace of Christ is a moral miracle and constant in its displays. The external vehicle of this grace is the Gospel, set forth in the written or preached word, or symbolized in the sacraments. And yet this word and these sacraments have not a particle of saving efficacy, until made "quick and powerful" by the mysterious agency of the Holy Ghost. When his unseen influences enter the soul, the word of Christ makes "wise unto salvation," our baptism is perfected. for it becomes the baptism both of water and the Spirit. The Lord's Supper gives us Christ, as well as bread and wine, as certainly as our faith believes in his blood, as shed "for the remission of sins." And yet how mysterious is not this Comforter, whom Christ sends from heaven to apply his grace in his operations! "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof. but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." If we may not trace his course, we may note his perfected work-we may hear "the sound thereof," when the soul, with filial spirit and confiding love cries, "Abba, Father," or, rising to more jubilant tones, exclaims, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion, forever and ever. Amen."

It cannot be gainsaid: the renewed man is "a miracle of grace." Leprous souls, corrupt to foulness in guilt, spotted and blotched and stained with hideous sins, have come unto Him, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, he has spoken over them, "I will, be ye clean," and thenceforth they adorned that Church, that is without "spot or wrinkle or any such thing." Spiritual demoniacs have been made the subjects of his power; have ceased their ravings and bold blaspheming, and may be found meekly sitting at the feet of their Lord, "clothed and in their right mind." Very Nimrods, who

hunted as their game the elect of God, and made havor of his Church, have been transformed into such that counted not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy, and testify the Gospel of the grace of God. Characters like unto the lion in ferocity, have forgotten to roar and destroy, and, retaining nothing but the nobility of the king of the forest, have become as lambs in gentleness. On the other hand, the feeble and timid have been elevated to strength and decision, and frail women have not shrunk from the rack and flame and the crouching tiger's deadly spring, when the martyr's crown lay beyond. Hoary age, laden with the sins of threescore years and ten, has felt the life-giving power of this grace, and though once so far off that hope and heaven seemed to it a vanishing prospect, has been made so nigh that in happy moments, when faith had quickened the eye and ear to unnatural sensitiveness, the hand that held the crown was almost visible, and the voice of the harpers almost audible. And more glorious still is the reverse picture, where "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he has perfected praise." Touchingly beautiful is the innocence of childhood and youth, but when that innocence is sanctified, it is verily a change ." from glory to glory."

We pause to ask, whether there is nothing superhuman in all these displays of the grace of Christ? Here are results that no known philosophy, or power, or agency of earth, could produce. Just is the conclusion, that every display of the converting grace of Christ, is a moral miracle. The age of miracles has not ceased, and never will,

"Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more."

A MAN's first care should be, to avoid the reproaches of his own heart, his next, to escape the censure of the world. If the last interfere with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise it cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applause of the public.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LUTHERAN S. SCHOOL OF MIDDLETOWN, PA., JUNE STH, 1857,

BY REV. M. VALENTINE,

AND PUBLISHED BY THE TEACHERS.

"From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation."—2 Tim. 2:14.

CHILDHOOD.

It was a wise answer of the warrior statesman Napoleon, when, in reply to the question, what France needed to elevate the character of its people, he said: "Good mothers." But the wisdom of the reply is centred in the clear appreciation it shows, of the peerless and controlling influence of early training in the formation of character and the destinies of life. And it is so,—children as a general rule become what their nurture makes them, good or bad, Christians or sinners.

In the text, interpreted in the light of some facts in the history of Timothy, it is distinctly intimated, that the Scriptures are competent to give even to childhood a wisdom that shall issue in salvation. Their influence is to mould the youthful character into a form that will grow, not simply to worldly manliness, but to the stature of ultimate manhood in Christ,-to raise it, not simply to social respectability, but Christian respectability, fit for fellowship with angels, and conformed to the model of the Divine Man, the Son of God. The importance of such a result as this, as the effect of early training made efficacious by the energy of grace, transcends all appreciation. never feel it as we ought.

We need not tell you that no soul is saved without conversion. At some time or other in the interval that separates birth from death, there must be a second birth, to escape the second death; and the proposition we wish to maintain is, that conversion may and should occur in childhood.

1. It may occur. It may seem strange that we should attempt to argue a truth as palpable as this is. You allow it as a truth

as soon as it is presented; and yet you must not forget that there is a great deal of practical disbelief of it. Else why is it that the result is scarcely ever expected? Why is its occurrence looked on as almost a fresh miracle? Let me ask why it is, that your nurture and instruction are so apt to take such a shape and style, as to correspond only with the idea that you expect your children to grow up in sin, and be converted when they are adults? Why is it that you never encourage children to believe that they can be Christians at once? And is not this error at the basis of the creed of those who, maintaining that actual conversion is the necessary prerequisite in the subject of baptism, refuse that ordinance to children? And yet this practical unbelief is exercised in reference to the very class of whom the Saviour has said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and intimated that they would come to him, would men only "suffer them."

But the palpable absurdity of this error is seen in the fact, that in conversion, whenever it occurs, the Holy Ghost is the renewing power. His agency is as competent with a child as with an adult. We do not mean to teach, that in children there must be any less a genuine and complete transformation of the moral nature, than in adults, or that it demands any less a real and direct intervention of the power of the Holy Ghost. Nurture alone never does the work. No simple cultivation of natural virtues will bud and blossom into religion and bear the fruitage of piety. The fruits of piety are the fruits of the Spirit-the Spirit of God. And the Holy Ghost must always do the work of converting the soul. But the thing to be remembered is, that he may accomplish this in childhood and youth, as well as in mature years. The Bible manifestly teaches this. And further proof that he can do it, is had in the fact that he has done it. On the pages of the Bible you at once recollect the names of a Samuel and a Timothy that were Christians from their childhood. And the history of the Church and of Sabbath-schools is full of illustrations,-bright examples, shining out as beautifully and thickly and cheeringly as the stars in the sky of night. You believe that little children or infants that die are saved. Yet they are depraved by nature, but regenerated by grace. The second birth may pass quickly on the first; and not a single bud has thus been broken off from its infant stem, that has not been whitened before it was transplanted, to bloom as a gathered lily in Paradise.

But not only does the fact that the Holy Spirit is the Almighty Agent in conversion show that it may occur in childhood, but also the fact that the susceptibilities of the heart then are at least as great as at any other age. Childhood is not pure, but probably it is less corrupt than the world will ever make its manhood. And if there are any susceptibilities of grace in the human soul at any time, they are probably tenderest at that age, of which it is said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." No man is religious, in a Christian sense, by nature, but every man has in his nature a capacity to become religious by grace. The soul has a place within it fitted for the grafting on of piety. "There is in the constitution of every child a folding up of susceptibilities and powers, having an ultimate reference to true religion, as distinct and definite as the organization of the lungs for breathing is before the birth of a child, or the adaptedness of the heart for propelling the blood through the arteries, the fitness of the eye for light, or the ear for sound." These susceptibilities are as open to the influence of truth and the renewing power of grace in youth, as in hardened manhood. The tread of years over the soul hardens it as a beaten road. If grace can subdue the hardened man, we are certainly warranted in the conclusion, that it can subdue the plastic heart of childhood. If the sun can melt the ice, it can surely melt the snow. Conversions have occurred in childhood, they therefore can occur, and

2. They should occur. Let us look at this. Should the young die, it is necessary; for their salvation depends on it. You know that death is no respecter of persons. Death, like the lightning, would as soon strike down the little child as the hoary-headed man. The sun of life often sets in

the morning, as soon as it is risen, and it drops down suddenly at any hour of its uncertain day. The little infants that are broken from the stem, as buds of life, not permitted to unfold here, we always freely trust to be taken from earth to bloom in Their age of accountability is heaven. not yet reached. But those that pass out of infancy and early childhood, pass into the range of accountability. There is an interval between infancy and manhood that is crowded with boys and girls to whom that great law applies, "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." These, as well as others, Death mows down with his broad scythe.

> "With his sickle keen He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between."

But with all the natural loveliness of these opening flowers of youth, they are depraved and wilfully wicked, they refuse to repent, they voluntarily transgress the divine commands, they neglect the great salvation, they believe not on the only Name given under heaven whereby they can be savedand eternity's night of woe often follows quickly on the morning of life. We know not how to characterize that system of doctrine and instruction, which cruelly shuts out from the privileges of grace and consigns to the uncovenanted mercies of God, that large and interesting class, which stands on the space between infancy and early manhood or womanhood. It seems to regard these as unprovided for in the love and grace of Christ. It interposes, between these two periods, an interval, in passing which, all the race, though fearfully liable to death, are not capable of being converted. Scarcely any effort is made to bring them under renewing grace. With some, under the force of the error of which we have already spoken, these children, though the offspring of a holy parentage, are even excluded from the divine ordinance of baptism. And thus, unbaptized and uncared for, they are left to play on the precipice of perdition, with no fencing but that which the uncertain death of the body may destroy, to prevent them from falling into the eternal gulf beneath. No, no; as conversion may occur

at any of these periods, and childhood is no more excluded from grace than infancy or manhood, so conversion *should* occur in childhood, that it may be sanctified to God and be fitted for heaven, should death call from earth.

3. But not only should it occur because children may die, but because they may live. They do need grace, that they may die happy, but they just as surely need it to live rightly. Indeed, living probably demands more grace than dying. Your living makes the dying you will have to experience. All the interests of eternity demand the formation of a good character, and this requires an early conversion to God.

You know how soon, under the depraved preferences of the unrenewed heart, the practice of children is perverted. They enter temptation as soon as they enter the busy world. They are out on the ocean, with no skill to guide the helm. And they are not ships at sea, but little barks, -so light and fragile, that a breeze of error may wreck them on a rock of ruin. They know not the danger that awaits them. They see only pleasure, and think not of retribution for their sins. To them the storm comes on with the rainbow before it, but the destroying flood overwhelms them afterward. With all the care and watchfulness of parents and teachers, a child will run into sin, and deform his youthful character with melancholy traits, unless a new heart and right spirit be given him. And we know of few sights more saddening than that of a wicked youth, setting at nought the laws of God and man,—an active rebel against both human and divine authority. Conversion in childhood is the only sure safeguard against starting on the journey of life, with a practice in the wrong direction -tending to misery, not to happiness,-to a disgraceful life, not an honorable one,to hell, not to heaven. Oh! guard the young against paving their way to hell with habits of sin, made strong and tyrannous by youthful practice of guilt.

But not only is their practice endangered, but, the evil going deeper, their very *prin*ciples may be irrecoverably corrupted, the very springs of action may become darkly muddy and foul. There is no such thing as honorable character without good moral principles. And nothing but the grace of God can give sure principles. Unless the foundations of character are laid in principles of truth and righteousness and purity, you may plaster up the exterior of the structure as much as you please, it will be only as a whited sepulchre, with a foul stench of corrupting elements within.

The mind of childhood is the garden for the planting of correct sentiments and principles. If left alone, it will be preoccupied by weeds. These will grow there spontaneonsly and cover the soil. The mind of childhood is awake and active, and the most pernicious doctrines in both morals and religion will be planted and flourish there, which no subsequent instruction may be able to root entirely out. The Gospel has its missionaries, but the Devil also has his, and you know how successful they are in corrupting the young. You could possibly point to some young persons in this town, whom a single emissary of Satan has deeply corrupted, and perhaps ruined forever. It is true that such persons may possibly be converted in spite of the barrier thus thrown in the way, but the probability of it is entirely removed. And even should their conversion occur in after-life, their moral nature has been so much injured and distorted. that you could never expect them to be symmetrical Christians. You never expect a man that was maimed in childhood to walk as though he had been unhurt. A huge scald on the face of the child, you expect will not add to the lady's beauty. After the ingraining of perverted principles into the soul, and the tread of foul sins over the youthful character, like the polluting steps of the fabled filthy harpies, there will be left marks and blots too indelible for the polishing of a lifetime to wear out. It would demand a double miracle of grace, to make a beautiful Christian of such a one. most symmetrical characters are begun in childhood. Their principles are formed in the nursery, or the Sabbath-school, under the sanctifying power of grace and truth. To make a good character demands long

sculpture, and you must begin early. And if it is important to have a well-proportioned character, with no blots or oblique contortions destroying the symmetry of the whole,—if it is important that the soul should go into Eternity, as straight and unwarped and pure as possible, then is it beyond all dispute important, that conversion should occur in youth, and the process that is to make an angel of a man, begin early, so as to extend over the whole of his life.

Think, too, of the fact that early conversion is necessary to make the most useful men. Even while a child, the little one, being imbued with the spirit of Christ, and diffusing it about the family hearthstone, often becomes the instrumental influence that converts the whole household. A wicked, unprincipled son or daughter is a curse in the house, while unrenewed, and mildews every plant of piety there. And then, too, in subsequent life, you look for an increase of power to do good, from the maturity of piety thus early begun. Doing good is an art, for which you must be trained, as well as for other arts. The earlier you enter the service, the more complete your training will be. You will thus gain more knowledge and experience, and symmetry of character and efficiency of action. Your early life will then oppose no influence against your efforts. Late conversions seldom make the most useful men in Church or state. The pillars of the Church are generally those whose Christian character began to form from their very childhood. The stateliest cedars of Lebanon grow not from stunted plants. And if you wish to form a generation that shall be strong Christians,beautiful, symmetrical Christians, -able to bear on rapidly the ark of God-to present an illustration of piety that infidelity cannot gainsay-to illumine the world with the light of the Gospel, and lift the earth up toward heaven,—a race of giants in Israel, you must train them from infancy, and bring them under converting grace in the plastic years of childhood, and lay the very foundations of their character in grace and purity. These will make reliable men,not driven by every wind and tossed, but standing like rocks in the midst of the sea,

only to break and calm the waves of sin that dash harmlessly at their feet.

Now you are engaged in the blessed work of Sabbath-school instruction. Your office is to bring children to Christ. None of your scholars are too old to be converted -none are too young. Think not, that the little ones of your class can never be made useful Christians. You know not what God may yet make of them, or to what position of usefulness he may call them. Your duty is to labor for their immediate conversion. You are to expect this, as the result of your efforts. Do not east your bread upon the waters only to find it many days hence. Look for conversion in childhood. It may occur, and it should occur. Your scholars may die. Some have died. And you know that ineffable interests are suspended on their conversion in this case. Oh! labor, each Sabbath, under the influence of the truth, that that may be the last time you may ever have an opportunity of directing those precious souls to the Lamb of God that taketh away sin. And should they not die, will you not labor to save them from the vicious practices into which they are in danger of falling? From the contorted perversion of their principles by the doctrines of devils in human shape, that blight and destroy both character and usefulness? Will you not strive earnestly to save them from a life that must end in both the first and second death? Your labor is an arduous one-but remember that if you are faithful, you may meet souls in heaven that may bless you for the agency which God caused you to have in their salvation. If faithful, you may, by effecting a single conversion, set in motion a train of influences, that will continue long after you are in your graves and heaven, and bring up to joy long arrays of ransomed and purified souls. Teach your scholars that they may at once be Christians. Do not, in your efforts to make them feel the truth that they are depraved, discourage them with the belief, that it is no use to try to be good. Teach them that God will help them to be good. Teach them what they are to do, and that in doing it, they will grow up under the influence of a regenerating and

sanctifying power that will make them Christians. Give religious instruction—give Gospel truth to their souls. Teach them the spirit as well as the truths of the Scriptures. Baptize your teaching with the breath of prayer, and you will soon see the fruit of your toils. But whether conversion be immediate or later, be assured that:

"You cannot toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky,"

Sow the seed in faith and love,—and there will ultimately be a blessed gathering of fruits.

> "Then when the glorious end, The day of God, is come, The angel reapers shall descend And Heaven sing 'Harvest home.'"

ALL SORTS OF MINDS .- There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common sense view of the subject, is for pushing out, by the head and shoulder, an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who seents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations, for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life. - Sidney Smith.

Godliness, with contentment, is great gain.

THE VINE BY MY FATHER'S DOOR.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

OH, the vine that grew by my father's door,
With a dark and lonely shade,
How the sunbeams lingered there of yore,
And amid the leaflets played.
And the summer wind, as it wandered by,
Had no sweet sound before
It wakened a wondrous melody
In the vine by my father's door.

White was the cottage, and low the caves,
And the roof was mossed and gray;
But there an emerald wealth of leaves
In the long blue summer lay.
They shivered against the window paue,
As the nightwind stirred them o'er,
And sweet was the sound of the dropping rain
On the vine by my father's door.

Softly the bee rung the pale pink bells,
Where starry dewdrops lay,
And the hum-bird sipped from the honied cells
Till the daylight fled away.
Then the holy light of the evening moon
Silvered the flowers once more,

Silvered the flowers once more,

And a faint perfume came up to my room

From the vine by my father's door.

Alas! our home is deserted now,
And echoes no mortal tread;
Tall rank weeds in the garden grow,
'Mid the roses white and red.
And my mother's prayer, with holy sound,
Goes up from that hearth no more.
Only the wind goes whispering round
The vine by my father's door.

The harvest moon hangs bright again,
O'er the cornfields and the rye;
But my heart is shadowed o'er with pain,
And the tears are in mine eye.
For the wind's low voice amid the leaves,
Wakes the very sounds of yore;
And I weep over Love's dismantled sheaves,
'Neath the vine by my father's door.

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we then remember words or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped in our intercourse with them? How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfilment of those offices of affection which may yet be in our power to perform; for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation!—Bishop Heber.

A FEW moments of divine sweetness in secret prayer is an antidote to any sorrow or trouble.

WOMAN—HER SPHERE, AND THE MEANS OF HER ELEVATION.

HERE are some parts of Siberia where a traveller is as likely to lose his way as if he were upon the sea; but a guide has been provided for man, when one is required, even amid those pathless wilds. There is a little plant that grows upon the stems and the branches of trees; and as it is always found on the north side, where moisture is most abundant, those who are acquainted with that fact can use it as a chart. The traveller can thus find his way amid difficulties which might baffle the instincts even of an American savage; and He whose goodness and wisdom are alike illimitable, is found to have provided for our safety where our own strength would be only weakness, and our own wisdom folly.

And in the same way has the great Creator planted a guide in the heart of society, such as might largely influence it for good, and prove a preservative amongst many perils, were it properly employed. We refer to the influence of woman,—man's original help and second self. Framed as she was at first to prevent monotony and loneliness even in Eden, she has continued, from the dawn of creation till now, largely to influence the destinies of man. In her proper sphere, she has proved heaven's richest earthly blessing: out of it, she has been man's heaviest woe.

We accordingly find that her position may be viewed as the barometer of society; we can thereby measure its elevation or depression. Is woman degraded below her proper position, and made only the slave or the menial of man?* Do we see her, as in the domains of paganism, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water; or the favorite of an hour, to be speedily discarded and despised? Is she the murderer of her little ones, as once in the South Sea Islands; or obliged by a horrid custom, to expire amid the flames of her husband's funeral pile, as

^{*}In the Russian language, the word soul is employed to designate male slaves. Ask a nobleman how much he has a year, and you must put your question in this shape: How many souls have you? But the reply does not include the female slaves. They are regarded as soulless.

sometimes still in India? Is she, in short, treated like the soulless slave in the harem, or a beast of burden in the forest? Then man is there found to be degenerate and corrupt, possessing in some respects, perhaps, certain of the properties which prevail among the lower animals, such as courage, cunning, or strength; but devoid of all that is exalting to an immortal being-at once depraved and depraving. By thus perverting its choicest blessing, man turns it into a curse, and that reacts upon him with a terrible force. In Russia, for instance, where woman has been for centuries degraded to the rank of a chattel, some have arisen to take ample revenge upon man. Monsters of ferocity have there appeared in female form, while the morals of not a few, even among the titled and the courtly, are described by men who are neither prudes nor puritans, as exhibiting "such crimes, such excesses, and so great turpitude, that a reader would shudder at the bare recital."

But, on the other hand, is woman placed where the Father of all designed her to be? Has she a position neither of degrading bondage nor of usurped supremacy, but just where God has placed her; that is, side by side with man, as his meet help? Then society is sound, for influences which both sweeten and hallow it are there at work.

Nor is this wonderful. God has placed the highest influence that is known upon earth in the hands of women. No monarch's sceptre-no human laws-no course of discipline, though stern and severe as that of La Trappe-can accomplish what she can achieve. Among the savage and the civilized alike, she wields a plastic power over man's heart, and therefore over man's destiny,-a power which is appalling when exerted on the side of evil, but beneficent as the very dew of heaven when put forth on the side of good. It is not too much to say, that as evil entered the world by woman, she will be found intimately connected with its continuance, in its worst forms and its infinite diversity; but neither is it too much to say, as has been said, that as the Saviour was born of a woman, so that she became the occasion of ten thousand times ten thousand blessings through him, her influence for good, wherever it is exerted aright, is not less than her influence for ill.

The history of the world contains proofs enough of this. The sleepless vigils, the self-sacrifices and devotion of woman at the bidding of affection, are such as to elevate our conceptions of the grandeur of our race. She lives 'mainly to comfort, and feels her mission only half accomplished unless she be so employed. "My mother's kiss made me a painter," said Benjamin West, when referring to an incident in his early youth, and the remark manifested his fine appreciation of the truthful, while it also illustrates the ascendency of woman. It proves how true it is that

"Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic, potent over sun and star,
Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's
breast."

But all other illustrations might be superseded by a glance at the origin of woman. Man then had a garden to enjoy, but that was not enough. He had all creation, in the flush and bloom of its innocence, to gladden him; but even that could not suffice. He had all that lived for his subjects, and all that flourished to admire; but his soul still needed something more. Above all, the first man in innocence had God for his Companion, his Father, his Friend, and far more than even these names can convey; yet one thing was wanting. The half of his nature was without an object. He felt even Eden to be insufficient: even there it was "not good for him to be alone." There was at least negative evil, and a meet help was the antidote. Man's want, before Eve was created, foreshadowed the future evils to which he might be subjected. Her heart became the echo of Adam's, and human nature was complete-he in her, and she in him; as twin beings summoned into existence to glorify their God.

In this way, from the first, woman has held the key of the heart, and been able to shut it up in hardness, or open it to all the impulses of affection. Little as he who boasts himself the lord of creation is disposed to concede it, she wields a mightier influence over him than he does over her. That influence is most signally visible—it is at least brought to a focus-in the control of a mother over a son. Let us think, for example, of some of those who have exercised the greatest influence upon the destinies of their fellow-men. They have dared the seowl or the dungeon of a tyrant, in defence of liberty; or they have gone to the stake in defence of God's truth. Neither a despot's vengeance nor a people's fickleness could daunt them. They rose superior to every opposition, and seemed, like the haleyon, quietly masters of themselves, even on the crest of some angry wave. And to what was all that owing? To the power and the pains of a mother. Borne up by affection, and directed by instinct, she persevered in her labor of love, and a benefactor to his race was the result. It is a Washington, prepared to give freedom to a people, and to do it in the fear of his God. It is a minister of Christ, turning many to righteousness, and preparing to shine as the stars forever and ever. It is a missionary of the Cross, denying himself to father and mother, to kindred and home, and hastening to the heathen, to "hazard his life for the name of Jesus." Not many years have elapsed since a certain conference of American pastors was held, where one of the objects was to discover what or who had been the instrument of their conversion to God. About one hundred and twenty-one were present, and more than a hundred of these ascribed their all-decisive change instrumentally to their mother. Is it not true, then, that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood?"

Cannot the heart and the hand of a mother achieve what neither coroneted splendor nor ancient lineage need attempt?

It is not to be concealed, however, that many women, in every sphere, have forfeited their ascendency and influence by attempting what they were never meant to accomplish. For what is woman's sphere? It is pre-eminently HOME. If she be either enticed or banished thence, her proper power is paralyzed. In that sanetuary her adornings are what an apostle wished them to be, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Abandoning that, she loses her second Eden; but acting there in the fear of God, she is at once blessed and made a blessing. One of those women of our day, who have helped to shed additional attraction round the female character—Mrs. Sigourney—has said, "Are not our rights sufficiently comprehensive: the sanctuary of home-the. throne of the heart-the moulding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation? Have we not power enough in all the realms of sorrow and of suffering-over all forms of want and ignorance-amid all ministries of love, from the cradle-dream to the sealing of the sepulchre?" Now were these sentiments common, the power which God over all has placed so largely in female hands would be yet more beneficently felt, and all this seems indicated where we read of such a woman as the Word of God approves,-"Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." All this points to home.

It is not our purpose to enter into the controversy, so long but so needlessly agitated, as to whether woman be inferior in mental powers to man. It is not the purpose of the Most High that they should ever be pitted in antagonism. They stand side by side, harmoniously co-operating for the common good. In truth, each nature is superior in its own sphere, and inferior out of it. The more feeble frame of womanthe greater sensibility of her nervous systemher delicaey and disposition to lean on some extraneous help,-all indicate what sphere she should fill, or where she may claim superiority. And her mental peculiarities all point in the same direction. Let her intrude into man's province, and her inferiority becomes apparent: let her retain her own, and man must bow before her. There are exceptions, -- women born for great emergencies, and trained for great achievements. Heroines they have proved at the head of armies; profoundly penetrating in the cabinet, or able to cope even with the heavings of the" fierce democracy." In another point of view, some have fathomed the depths or soared to the heights of science, and carried away the palm in some departments, even where man was the competitor.

But with all that conceded, we recur to the conviction that womanhood has a sphere assigned to it by God, out of which, as a general rule, it cannot safely wander. There, woman is "monarch of all she surveys;" elsewhere she is a subject, and may become a slave. Her superiority in enduring,-in calm, patient submission under wrong, in loneliness, in disease, in widowhood and poverty, cannot be questioned—all that has, been ten thousand times made manifest. For a single demonstration, we are pointed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, where man has faltered amid agony, or sunk into premature dotage during long confinement, while woman has borne the worst of woes, and retained at once the elasticity and the integrity of her soul, amid the fiendish efforts of superstition to crush her faith. More impressible by religious truth—with a heart more open, a conscience more quick-little addicted to the subtleties of reasoning, but more prompt in intuitive perception-woman receives through the medium of the heart what man regards too often only through the cold understanding; and she therefore holds more tenaciously than man that heavenly truth which is revealed in a medium of love, as it is designed to "purify the heart," and "work by love" among the children of men.

To that extent, then, woman is superior; and to deny it appears like a denial of what constitutes her real and peculiar nature. Count Leopold Ferri, of Padua, had a library, consisting of thirty-two thousand volumes, all of them composed by female. authors; and in literature, at least, that fact betokens no remarkable inferiority. But we stand upon ground even less questionable than that. It is not by volumes of books, but by living souls, that we judge of the sphere and the ascendency of woman; and in her proper sphere, her works are counted not by thousands, but by millions. Wherever she discharges her duty, she in effect asserts her power, and as a rainbow has been seen spanning a battle-field, that is an emblem of her power amid the troubles of life. By nature she may resemble Eve, who brought sin and death into the world, but by grace

she is made like Mary, the mother of Jesus, "THE LIFE."

And in beautiful accordance with all this is the place which woman holds in the Scriptures. In the case of Jezebel and others, we see the effects of her own sphere forsaken, and man's usurped. Paths are then pursued which end in oppression and murder, till the dogs lick the blood of the murderer. But, on the other hand, it is not less clear that the noblest offices ever performed by human hands were performed by woman of old; for follow the Saviour where you will, you find her ministering to him. Not even the agonies of His closing scene could scare her from that labor of love, nay, one, and another, and another, gazed through their tears to his cross. The wrath of man might rage, but that did not daunt them. The earthquake and the eclipse might combine to add their terrors, but even these could not repel. As the dying One had thoughts to spare amid his agonies for Mary, his mother, she, and others, her companions, clung to him when all beside had fled. The last at the cross, and the first at the sepulchre, sorrow and suffering, neglect and persecution, in the case of the Saviour, just drew their hearts more closely to His cause; and as they at last found hope in his cross, they sought from day to day to smooth the thorny path which led to that scene of mingled ignominy and glory-ignominy at the hands of men, but glory from God over all.

But in contrast with all this, we may glance at woman's condition, when the truth of God has ceased to be her guide. All exquisite as her temperament may be, or beautiful her endowments from God, the abuse of the best things turns them into the worst. It happens then, according to the words of Malachi, "I will curse your blessings."

There is, first, the useless woman. She never realizes the purpose of her mission, and, by consequence, she does not fulfil it. Nay, she is a burden at once to herself and the earth on which she walks. Like a weed upon the waters, she floats valueless through life, absorbed by trifles, or tossed without an aim, from wave to wave. Paul has put

his brand upon such women as "womanlings" rather than women; * and the picture which he draws of their character and conduct might have sufficed for a beacon to all who followed after.

The proverbs of the wisest man often speak in the same strain. He tells us of the foolish woman, who plucks down her house with her hand-of the odious woman, whose marriage disquiets the earth-of the woman devoid of discretion, as resembling a jewel of gold in a swine's snout; and draws other charac ters of a similar kind, all tending to the disgrace and shame of those whom God designed for the ornament or the glory of man. Untaught by the wisdom, and unsubdued by the grace of God, such a woman is at once a pest and a burden. Whether it be the defects of education and training, or the natural waywardness of the heart, which refuses to be trained at all, some women continue useless or worse until their dying day. Degraded by frivolity, or inflated by vanity, they appear to have reached the conclusion that they best assert the rights of womanhood by being helpless and useless on the earth.

Or descending farther in the scale, there is woman fallen, lost, and degraded. The case is too painful to be dwelt on; and yet it should be named as displaying what woman becomes when the path in which God would have her to go is forgotten. She may be restored. The Saviour laid a foundation of hope even for her; but the firebrands, the arrows, and death which she scattersthe woes with which she pierces her own and other souls, are such as only the judgment-day can declare. An abandoned woman is the most abandoned of all God's creatures; and we adopt in all their extent, the words of a master in Israel,-"The heart of woman is the richest treasure on earth; but if it be not the treasure of God, it becomes the treasure of the devil; and one might be tempted sometimes to think that, instead of having been given by God to man for his help, it was the fiend who formed her, saying, 'It is not good for man to be alone; I will make for him a drag, similar to himself."

Such, then, being woman's mission, as a help and a blessing to man, and such the danger of her failing to discharge it, we should consider how the duty may best be done, and the danger best avoided. These ends will not be promoted without painstaking; and what direction should our painstaking receive? In our day, measures of a strenuous kind are employed to elevate young men. Institutions of various kinds are opened-appliances of various kinds are brought to bear upon them-that the soul may not be entombed in the body, or eternity overlooked for time. But no such appliances have yet been proposed, with sufficient earnestness, on behalf of the other Many of them are the children of handicraft and hard labor. There is danger lest they should sink, and drag others with them; for it will be found in this land, as well as by missionaries in the East, that all attempts to elevate the one sex are vain without corresponding efforts on behalf of the other. Now, in the hope of aiding in such efforts, we would draw attention to the life and history of woman under various aspects; and that with a view to show what endeavors are needed ere there can be any proper elevation-any permanent benefitanything accomplished to make woman what she should be, or to keep her so. The daguerreotype fixes down the face of nature or of man at one definite moment, and there it remains while the materials endure. But there can be nothing akin to that in mind. There the law is progress, expansion, and growth, and if that law be violated, then degradation ensues; there is an end of all that is lovely and of good report in character. A female, famous for her learning, has said, that in knowledge at least, "it is a sin to be contented with little;" and that sentiment should be rooted in every female mind.

It may encourage us in our efforts, to know that there is no sphere debarred from self-culture, or from bestowing benefits on our day and generation. An aged female, in her solitary chamber, with children gathered around her from a neighboring factory, to be taught the Word of God, has been known to found an institution which issued in the training of thousands, and the

conversion of not a few. The honor lies in acting well our part, whatever be our sphere; and the little Syrian maid who told her master of the means of curing his leprosy, and by her hint led to very momentous results, was only one out of multitudes employed by Him who chooses weak things to confound the mighty. Has not the household servant been sometimes owned by God to shed eternal blessings upon the souls of those whom she served? Have not some of the ungodly stood in awe before their own dependents, and feared them even more than God? As the Saviour came "in the form of a servant," and in that character shed blessings innumerable upon a groaning world, the lowly, if taught by the Spirit of God, may sometimes be the means of shedding light and consolation around them.

THE READING OF THE YOUNG.

TE once sent a Sunday-school book by a lady patient of ours as a present to her little daughter. On inquiring afterwards how she liked it-"Indeed, Doctor, I did not give it to her, as I have not yet had time to read it myself." . That mother soon passed away, and doubtless to the better land, and long years have passed away also, but we have never failed to admire that mother's heart as often as the remembrance of her ceaseless vigilance has occurred to us, accompanied with the earnest wish, that all parents should emulate that mother's care. Up to the age of fifteen at least, and as long after as affection for the parents will prevent the child from doing anything contrary to the known wishes of father or mother, no book should be read by a child without the parent's permission. Impressions are made for life, for eternity, on the mind, and heart, and memory of childhood-impressions which would mould the character for aye, or open up channels of thought which fix the destiny.

Untold mischief has been done to the minds and morals of the young by reading books on "Physiology," so termed, causing apprehensions which have acted as a ceaseless torture to multitudes, until by consultation with honorable physicians, the ground-

less apprehensions have been removed, which had been excited by plausible falsities and brazen-faced untruths.

Equal care should be exercised as to the religious, moral, and miscellaneous reading of the young. Very few of our daily penny papers are fit to be read at the family fireside. Certainly not one in a dozen of all city weekly papers, not connected with a daily issue, but is chargeable justly with being made up with the veriest trash, to say nothing of their frequent obscenity, their spiteful hits at religion, its ministers, its professors, and the Bible itself.

A drop of water will ultimately wear through the solid rock, and drop by drop will empty the ocean, and so is the influence of the repeated exhibition of bits of sarcasm, and infidelity, and profanation, which portions of the press are steadily throwing out. Not only are the minds of the young injuriously affected by these things, but persons of maturity, of intellect, of mental culture, will suffer by them.

It is not long since that the death of Pereival, the poet, recalled to many memories of his early promise, his later failure. How, with a heart, a mind, a culture capable of achieving great things for humanity, his light went down in the night of misanthropy and almost atheism! What was it that froze the heart and made desolate the whole character of that gifted man? Reading in the springtime of life the obscenities of Don Juan, the malignant diatribes, the ranting atheism of Lord Byron. Had other books been placed in the hands of this unfortunate man at that critical period of his life-books which would have cherished the better feelings of his nature, which would have invited out his sympathies towards his brother man, he might have died a Howard, or a Harlan Page, about whom sweet memories will arise for ages to come, instead of dying, as he is said to have done, an uncomely oddity, a misanthrope, and an infidel.

Parents! Have a ceaseless eye to what your younger children read.

Holiness, the most lovely thing that exists, is sadly unnoticed and unknown upon earth.

A VISIT TO NEWGATE STATE - PRISON.

IN the year 1828 I visited London, and, in company with a friend, succeeded in obtaining an introduction to the late Mr. Wontner, the governor of Newgate prison, and had the opportunity of going over that vast establishment, where many hundreds of criminals are at all times confined, and on the roof of the central part of which every month, convicted criminals then publicly paid the last penalty of human law.

That excellent man, whose firmness often made the most turbulent submissive, and whose piety had a most happy influence on not a few of his prisioners, calling the principal turnkey to conduct us over the building, said to us, "Prepare yourselves, gentlemen, to acquire sad lessons from the scenes you will witness, and take special care of your pockets, for you know we can inflict no farther punishment for the crimes committed by the greatest rogues we have here. Most of those you will see are already under heavy sentences."

I have not space fully to describe what we saw. High and strong walls, dark and dingy cells, coarse mattresses, hundreds of criminals clothed in prison uniforms, and the roughest manners of the great majority of those we saw, gave us a strong conviction that truly "the way of the transgressor is hard." We passed through the wards occupied by from two to three hundred of those charged with crime, but who were waiting for trial, and proceeded to two others.

Having passed into a large yard, the gate locked, and we looked on a scene of apparent merriment which I can never forget. Near the gate was a party of men playing cards, and two or three others looking on; at a short distance were five or six engaged at pitch or toss, or, in other words, gambling on a small scale; and at the further end of the yard were a number of others playing at ball against the high wall of the prison. A greater scene of apparent mirth we had seldom witnessed. With one exception, they seemed the happiest of men. That solitary exception was a poor man whose face presented all the indications of despair, and

who paced to and fro in seemingly intense distress. Our attention having become absorbed, and the question being proposed by one of us, "Are these indeed prisoners?" the turnkey said, "Gentlemen, you are now locked up with twenty-nine men, all of whom are under sentence of death, and all of whom know that on next Monday morning three or four of them will certainly die. But as every man hopes he may escape for the present, he tries to forget his condition. On Wednesday the death-warrant will arrive, and then, as they suppose, they will prepare to die." Never before did I see so strongly the hardening nature of sin, or the awful infatuation of sinners. Strange, that under such circumstances, they could make themselves merry; and yet, though death to all of us is equally certain, how many are utterly neglecting "the things which make for their peace !"

We turned from this scene with painfully excited feelings, and immediately found ourselves in another yard, where more than a hundred women and girls stood, and walked, and danced, and sung, using language the most awful. "These," said our guide, "are all under sentence of transportation, and in a week or ten days some fifty of them will be sent out of the country for life." As he was closing this short statement, we were struck with the solemn silence which the prisoners instantly imposed on themselves, and, turning round, we saw that our friend, Mr. Wontner, with another set of keys, had introduced two female Friends, one of whom we at once recognized as the excellent Elizabeth Fry, who, for fifteen years, had devoted much of her life to visiting scenes of this character, and who had the happiness of knowing, that in hundreds of instances she had succeeded, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, in directing even such guilty sinners to the Cross of Christ for pardon, not a few of whom, in life and death, thanked God, who sent that honored woman to guide their feet into the way of peace.

Surely, this short narrative teaches us the awful depravity of man, and the mighty power of the Gospel in changing the hearts of the guiltiest sinners who believe in Christ.

J. B.

AND MUST I DIE TOO?

BY LILY RAY.

WE are all mortal. Our delicate frames contain the seeds of dissolution, and must finally return to atoms. Can there be no hope of a reprieve from Death's mandate? Is there no smiling angel of mercy, commissioned from the courts of Heaven, sailing on wings of love with a full pardon from Death's stern decree? Alas! no; no hope, no pardon, no reprieve! All, all must die.

And must I die too? Yes, I have seen it pictured in the changing seasons; beheld it in the countenances of weeping friends; traced it but too plainly in the rigid form of departed relatives, and felt it in my trembling frame. Yes, die and give up the world, with its mingled joys of hopes and fears. Banish ambition's wild dreams of deathless fame, leave dear and hallowed associations, part with cherished, tried, and true friends, and alone, enter the portals of another world, there to commence a new life, that will never, never end.

Oh, how vast, how incomprehensible the thought! What a sublime depth in that one word, immortality! What glowing, what rapturous emotions fill my breast, even when in imagination I am freed from mortal mould, released from this short existence, and, on seraphs' wings, travel on through interminable boundaries of endless space. What enchanting scenes I view! What delightful prospects! what grandeur! what sublimity in Infinite Wisdom! Ah, what is life on earth, cramped, chained, fettered, as it is with mortal mould, crushing, trammelling soul-life, confining spirit-existence to so small a sphere! It exhibits only the mirrored shade of the individual identity, reflecting every hue on life's broad dial-plate: and each shade, hue, and coloring, will become wider, deeper, and more indelible, and ultimately become more brilliant and lasting, when reflected from mind's canvas, in duration throughout the cycles of eternity.

Again, the thought comes back, I, too, must die. It comes so soft and still, on the zephyr's breath, striking plaintively tender, yet sad, Dying mortal, haste, haste away! My guardian angel whispers, in my dreams,

words fraught with unfading hope; and when night's dark mantle has wrapped earth in death-like sleep, no voice is heard, no sound repeated, save those musical strains of love, saying, "Child of immortality! sleep no more; awake, arise, in glory!" Methinks, in such an hour, oh, how sweet it would be to yield up all fancied enjoyments, and bid a long, a last farewell to earth. The time will certainly come, when I, too, must die; the conflict will begin; the struggle will soon be over; death prove victor, and my soul be free. Yes, I must gaze for the last time on weeping friends, bid a final adieu to earthly joys, and as the cold, clammy death-dew starts from every pore, and the nerveless hand and filmy eye indicate a speedy dissolution, my life compressed in one brief moment, my history one short compend, the treasures of the universe unable to purchase for me one moment of time, - methinks, in such an hour, how sweet to be certain of a home in Heaven!

Yes, I must die; I feel it in my quickened pulse and trembling nerves. Die, and be forgotten by all, save some dear friends, who may sometimes think of me, sometimes weep, when I am gone. But all this will avail nothing. It may be soothing now, to think that I will not be forgotten; yet my heart's desire is, to have my name registered in the sacred archives of Heaven, in the Lamb's Book of Life, where it can never be obliterated by eternal ages; and when my journey is ended, my pilgrimage brought to a close, my life spent in usefulness, the goal almost won, and as the pale messenger arrives with my happy release, I read the summons without fear or trepidation; for my home is above, and I can only arrive there but by death. Then I shall not be afraid of the King of Terrors, but, with gratitude, realize at last, that I, too, must die.

The pastis disclosed; the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past and fearful of the future, regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

As cold water to the thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.

THE POCKET BIBLE;

OR, "HIS LOVING KINDNESS CRANGES NOT."

BY CHARLES A. GOODRICH.

WAS standing at the counter of a bookstore, some years since, when a lady entered and inquired for Pocket Bibles. I knew her well. A few years before she had married a respectable young merchant, who, although possessed but of little, if any eapital himself, had been started in business by a gentleman of wealth, with every prospect of success. He was active, honest, and enterprising; and, although he had married early after commencing business for himself -perhaps too early—the lady whom he had selected as his companion was worthy of his choice. She had more ambition, some of her friends thought, than comported with their circumstances; and though she tried to repress it, in consideration that her husband's income for the present was small, it was apparent that her spirit was aspiring, and that she was looking forward with some impatience to the time she should be the mistress of a fine house, with furniture corresponding. A friend of hers, who was married about the same time, had at once 'entered upon the enjoyment of these objects of ambition, and had even a carriage at her command. Quite possibly, MATILDA GRANT cherished the secret hope that she might one day be able to visit that friend in a similar establishment of her own.

The dispensations of God, however, not unfrequently intervene to thwart our plans and defeat our hopes of worldly good. He has higher views respecting us than we ourselves entertain—the elevation of our souls, and those of our friends, to a crown of glory in his own blessed mansions—and a preparation therefore is necessary, which requires sorrow here in order to joy hereafter. Through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of God.

For a few years Mr. Grant went on well in business. His purchases were made with judgment, and his goods were credited to those who, he then thought, would be able to pay. But unfortunately, and unforeseen, his principal creditor failed, and in a single day Charles Grant was a bankrupt.

At the time of this sad reverse he was ill of a fever. It was difficult to conceal it from him; but the news had a still more unhappy effect upon him than was anticipated; and from that hour he continued to decline, and in a few weeks was carried to his long home. It was a grievous blow to his wife, with whom her friends most sincerely sympathized, and to whom they tendered for herself and two children—a son and daughter—all the kind assistance which their circumstances allowed.

On an investigation of Mr. Grant's affairs his failure proved even worse than was feared; and although the gentleman who had advanced the capital was quite liberal in the settlement of the concern, the widow and her children had but a few hundred dollars, and for most of that she was chiefly indebted, it was thought, to the generosity of her husband's friends.

This result, added to the loss of a fond and truly estimable man, made the shock still more than terrible. She felt the calamity keenly, and the more so, as she had no near relatives at hand to condole with her, and was ignorant of the Divine consolations of religion. The Spirit of God came in to heal that troubled spirit, and to sanctify those trials to her soul. And at length she was enabled to bow in humble and quiet submission to the will of God, and betake herself to the support and education of her lovely children, now her solace and delight.

At the time I saw her in the bookstore she was in pursuit of a Pocket Bible for her son named Charles, after his father. The purehase was soon made-it was a beautiful edition-not expensive but just such as a fond and religious mother would wish to present to a son whom she loved, and which she hoped would prove a lamp unto his feet. A further circumstance about this Bible I knew in after years; on presenting it she turned the attention of the happy little fellow to a blank page in the beginning, on which, in a beautiful wreath, she had inscribed her own name, and under it the words "To my Son," followed the appropriate and touching lines:

> "A parent's blessing on her son Goes with this holy thing:

The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift, remember, boy."

And still a little below were printed in small beautiful capital words which a mother's faith might well appropriate: HIS LOVING KINDNESS CHANGES NOT.

At the age of seventeen, Charles Grant was a stout, strong, active youth. He was more than ordinarily ambitious, but his ambition had not full scope; he was restless, and I sometimes thought, unhappy. Had his mother, at this critical era of his life, been able to find him some employment, suitable to his active and ambitious genius, it would have been fortunate indeed; but she knew of none, and beside, she needed his aid—but what was more than all, she was alone, and felt that she could not dispense with his company.

About this time, a young sailor by the name of Thornton, belonging to the neighborhood, arrived home from a voyage. Charles naturally fell in his way, and was delighted with the story of his adventures. He listened long and intently. His age and circumstances combined in his ambitious bosom the desire for similar exciting scenes. Without designing any special wrong, young Thornton at length proposed to Charles to accompany him on his next voyage, which he should commence in a few weeks. For a time he hesitated, or rather declined; his mother and Alice would never consent, and to leave them by stealth was more than he felt willing to do. Thornton did not urge him, as it afterwards appeared, but Charles was himself strongly inclined to go, while the young sailor was quite willing to have a friend and companion so bright and enterprising as Charles Grant. In an evil hour, the latter decided to go, and to go without the knowledge of his mother.

On the night appointed for their departure Charles rose from his bed when all was still, and softly feeling his way to the door, opened it and escaped. It was a beautiful night; and as he proceeded round the corner of the house to get a small bundle of clothes which he had concealed the day before, his heart beat with unusual violence, and for a few moments a faintness came over him at the

thought of leaving a mother and sister, the only objects on earth whom he had ever truly loved. He stopped for a moment, as if meditating a better resolution, and then proceeded to the gate, which he opened and went out. Here he again paused-turned -looked-lingered-hesitated-and even put his hand again on the latchet, half resolved to creep once more to his little bedroom. But at that moment the low call of Thornton, at some distance, reached his ear -he had lingered longer than he was aware. and now the moment had arrived when he must go, if at all-with a sort of desperation of feeling he hastened away, the tears trickling down his cheeks as he bade adieu to the humble cottage which contained all he loved on earth. His bundle was under his arm, and in that bundle I am glad to say was a mother's gift, the Pocket Bible. Charles felt that he could not go without that, and perhaps he felt that the discovery that he had taken it, might serve somewhat to assuage a mother's sorrow.

Before morning the young sailors were a long way towards the sea-port whence they expected to sail, and a couple of days brought them quite there. The ship, it so happened, was ready, and Charles having been accepted on the recommendation of Thornton, took up his line of duty before the mast. Shortly after, the ship weighed anchor, and stretched forth on a far-distant voyage.

I must leave my readers to imagine, if they are able, the surprise and even consternation of Mrs. Grant and Alice, the morning following Charles's departure, at not finding him in the house, nor about the premises. What could it mean?—what errand could have called him away?—at what hour did he leave?—what accident could have befallen him?

Search was made for him by the increasingly anxious and terrified mother and sister for an hour and more, before they ventured to make known their solicitude to their neighbors. My own residence was not far distant; and, before I had finished my breakfast, a messenger, in haste, made known the truly distressing situation of Mrs. Grant and Alice. I hastened to the house

-other friends at no distant hour were there,-inquiries were instituted,-messengers were despatched around the town, but not the slightest information could be obtained, and even conjecture was baffled. At length, however, Mrs. Grant made the discovery that his better suit was gone, and there was a transient gleam of joy on her face as she announced that his Pocket Bible was also not in the chest. Some days passed, long days and long and gloomy nights, before any satisfactory intelligence was received, and then the amount of that intelligence was in a short but affectionate letter from Charles himself, just then on the eve of sailing for the Pacific Ocean. It was thus:

My Dear Mother:—Can you, will you forgive me for the step I have taken without your knowledge or consent? My heart has smote me every hour since I left you. I am at ——, and on board the ship ——, which sails in an hour for the Pacific Ocean. Fondest—best of mothers—do not grieve. I will one day return to bless and comfort you and my dear Alice. I must do something for you and her. Kiss her for me. Mother, I can write no more, only that I hope I shall have your prayers. I have got my Pocket Bible, and shall keep it next my heart. Farewell!

Your affectionate Son.
P. S.—I have somewhere read, what I am sure will prove true in my own case,

"Where'er I rove,-whatever realms I see, My heart, untrammell'd, fondly turns to thee."

By some means the letter did not reach the post-office so soon as it should have done, and the uncertainty bore heavily on the heart of the mother and sister. The postmaster, on its arrival, kindly sent it to me, and hoping that it contained tidings of the lost child, I ventured to break the seal. The truth,—sorrowful as it was,—was a great relief, and was felt to be so by Mrs. Grant and Alice. Yet for a season—and who can marvel?—their hearts were filled with a sadness which searcely admitted of alleviation,—it was a dark and mysterions providence; and when friends called in, as

they often did, to mingle their tears with the weeping, and to administer consolation, the most they could do was to weep, and to say, "His ways are in the sea, and His judgments past finding out."

But time does something,—religion does more. By degrees these sorrowful ones were able to pray, and as the Christian poet says, "Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

So it did for them. They did not, indeed, recover their wonted cheerfulness, but they were calm and subdued. No murmur escaped the mother's lips, and even Alice seemed to have imbibed the spirit of a holy resignation, "Father, thy will be done."

But there were days of keen and bitter anguish, and in those nights, when the storm swept its angry blast across their humble dwelling, and rocked their bed, it was impossible for a mother's heart not to tremble for her sailor boy, far off upon the stormy ocean, and perhaps suffering the perils of the billowy tempest. But even at such times she was enabled to commit herself and her wandering child to the care and grace of a covenant-keeping God,—uttering the language of holy confidence,—"His faithfulness is as the everlasting mountains."—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Four years elapsed, and nothing was heard of Charles Grant. Some time during the second year of his absence a rumor reached us that a ship, supposed to be the —, which sailed from —, and on board of which Charles was supposed to be, was burned at sea, and but two or three only were saved, and among them was a young man named Grant. But the rumor, though not contradicted, was not confirmed, and another period of uncertainty and anxiety fell to the lot of the long-stricken and heart-saddened mother and sister of the absent boy.

At length, the friends of Mrs. Grant perceived a visible change in her health. The indications of that too fatal malady, consumption, were too apparent to be mistaken. Its approach was indeed slow and insidious, and for a time was kept at bay by the assiduous attention of our village physician;

but medical prescription at length lost its power, and she became at first confined to the house, then to her room, and finally to her bed.

I often visited her, as did other friends. Her room was no longer the abode of gloom and sorrow. She had for some months been making rapid progress in resignation to the will of God; and though her feeble tabernacle was shaken, and was likely to be dissolved, through years of anxiety and affliction, yet her faith seemed to acquire more and more strength, and to fasten with a firm hold upon the Divine promises.

One day, as I sat conversing with her, she alluded to the faithfulness of God, and expressed her unwavering confidence in Him. She said it had been her desire to acquiesce in the Divine will, and she hoped that she should be able to do so, whatever it might be in relation to herself or her absent son. But, continued she, I have prayed long and fervently that I may once more see him,—see him a true penitent,—and I cannot relinquish the belief that God will hear and answer.

I was about to say something which might tend to soothe her, in case her hopes were not realized, as I must confess I saw little present reason to expect they would be, when she stopped me, and observed, "You may think me presumptuous, but my faith must enjoy its hold on the Divine promises. Has not God said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me?' I have called, yes I have called by day and night, and God has seemed to help me. Has He excited such strong, such intense emotions Has He enabled me to for nothing? wrestle so with him, only to be disappointed? I am aware that probabilities are against me. I must soon fail; this heart will soon cease beating, and the narrow house be my resting-place, but I still have confidence in the faithfulness of my heavenly Father. What though I see no immediate prospect of the return of my poor boy? I believe I shall yet press that poor child to my bosom. Years since, I wrote in a Pocket Bible I gave him, 'His lovingkindness changes not;' and do you think it will fail now?"

I confess I admired the steady faith of the mother,—a faith strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; and yet it seemed scarcely possible that her hopes should be realized. At length my faith faltered, for it was apparent that her hour of departure was not far distant.

That night, two or three female friends, fearful of her failure before morning, offered to stay with the mother of Alice. This the latter cheerfully assented to, though she had decided not to leave her mother. The necessary arrangements for the night were made, and at an early hour all was silent in and around the humble cottage.

It was a glorious night abroad,—clear, soft, mild,—just such a night as a saint might well choose in which to take its departure and soar to the temple above. The poet must have had some such night in vision, when he penned those beautiful lines:—

"The moon awakes, and from her maiden face Shedding her cloudy locks, looks meekly forth, And, with her virgin stars, walks in the heavens, Walks nightly there, conversing as she walks Of purity, and holiness, and God."

It was just such a night, and Alice had risen from her seat; and to hide her emotions, as her dear parent breathed more heavily, had gone to the window, the curtain of which she drew aside, and was standing leaning her arm on the sash. In the distance, just beyond the gate, she descried, as she thought, the figure of a man who seemed to be approaching. For a moment she started back, but again looked, and his hand was on the latch. The gate was opened with great caution, and the stranger approached slowly towards the house. Presently a gentle knock was heard at the kitchen door. It was impossible for Alice to summon courage to attend to the stranger; but she whispered to the nurse, who, upon unlocking the dcor, inquired the reason for so late and unseasonable an intrusion.

"Does Mrs. Grant still reside here?" inquired the stranger, in a kind but earnest tone. "She does," replied the nurse, "but she is dangerously ill, and we fear she cannot live many hours; you cannot see her."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the stranger, and so audibly were the words pronounced that the sound fell on the ears of Alice, and her heart beat with strong and distressing emotions. "I must see her," continued the stranger; "do not deny me, madam, quick, quick!" and he gently pressed open the door, still held by the surprised and even terrified nurse.

Alice listened to the sound without being able to decide their import; but at length, fearing that her mother might be disturbed, she stole softly out of the room for the purpose of ascertaining what the stranger wished.

"Alice—Miss Alice," said the nurse as she approached.

But before she had finished what she was attempting to say, the stranger inquired, with his countenance wild with emotion, "Is that Alice Grant?" and the next moment he swooned and fell on the floor.

"Miss Alice," exclaimed the agitated nurse, "what does all this mean?—who can it be—what shall we do?"

Alice herself stood amazed; but as the light fell upon the features of the apparently lifeless stranger, a thought flashed across her mind, and the following moment she was nearly falling beside him.

"Nurse," said she, "softly, but quickly, bring me some water." This she applied liberally to the temples of the stranger, who slowly recovered his consciousness, and at length sat up. He looked round and presently fastened his eyes most intently and inquiringly on the pale and motionless Alice. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "it is she; it is —it is my own beloved Alice!"

"Charles—Charles—my brother!" uttered Alice, as she fell upon his bosom. "Oh, heaven be praised! Charles, is it—is it you? Oh mother!"

The sound of the voice reached the dying mother, and she inquired, "Alice, my child, what—what did I hear?"

Alice, scarcely able to stand, hastened to her bedside, and taking her mother's hand, already cold with death, spoke in accents tremulous—for her whole frame was agitated—but kind.

"What did I hear, Alice?" the mother softly whispered. "I thought I heard something. I thought he had come. Did I dream, Alice?"

"Mother, dear mother," said Alice, putting her face close to the cold face of her dying parent, and scarcely able to draw a breath—"who did you think had come?"

"Why, Charles; it seemed as if he had come. But I dream't—did I Alice?"

"Mother," said Alice, "could you see him? could you sustain it if you could see him?"

"Surely, child; why I long to see him, and I did think I should see him once more before I died."

At this instant the door softly opened, and Charles approached cautiously, inquiringly.

"Mother," said Alice, "here, can you look up? do you know who this is?"

"Who is it, Alice—who is it?" inquired the half wild but still conscious mother.

"Mother," softly whispered Charles, as he kneeled down and kissed her cold cheek, "mother, my dear mother. Oh will you—can you forgive your long-lost, but penitent, broken-hearted child?"

"Charles, my dear Charles! is it indeed you?" said the now dying mother, at the same time endeavoring to put her wan and feeble arms around his neck.

"My dear boy you have come; yes, I said you would come—you have; yes I now can praise God. One question, Charles, and I die in peace—Is my boy a penitent?"

"Mother," said Charles, his tears nearly choking his utterance, "that Bible and a mother's prayers have saved me. I have come in season to ask forgiveness. Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Mother, my dear mother, and will you forgive me also?"

"Enough, enough!" said the departing mother, "yes it is enough!" her countenance beaming, as it were, with seraphic joy.

"I am nearly through, but go my son—. go my dear Alice, and publish it to the

mothers of the land, what I have found true—and will continue true as long as praying mothers exist—

"His loving kindness changes not."

For a few moments following it was thought she had ceased to breathe; but she revived sufficiently to press once more gently the hands of Charles and Alice; and then she was heard singing, in a faint and scarcely audible tone, those beautiful lines which she had often expressed a wish that she might have occasion to sing:

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal powers must fail, Oh may my last, expiring breath, His loving kindness sing in death!"

The prayer was answered. "His loving kindness" were the last sounds which were heard. They ceased here only to be resumed and to be sung by the glorified and triumphant saints before the throne of God.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE HONEYMOON.

BY JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL, (DAUGHTER OF HON. ELLIS LEWIS.)

"Far, far from the home of thy young days,
Thy lot calls thee!
From the looks of love that girdled round
Thy infancy!"

A LICIA ATHERTON was as lovely and happy a bride as ever the sun shone upon; spirited as maidens are apt to be, ere they submit to the taming influences of matrimony. Affectionate, and tender withal, and combining in her character all the elements necessary to render herself beloved, and her husband happy; but, alas! she was young, inexperienced, and untamed, and, to crown all, under the baneful influences of the honeymoon, which as everybody knows, makes lunatics of most people.

Frank Atherton was passionately fond of his witching bride, and as he stood by her side receiving the affectionate and tearful adieu of her friends, his heart swelled with tender, though manly emotions. "What a monster I am," thought he, "to tear this sweet creature from those who have reared her with such devoted love. If ever I cause her a moment's sorrow, may I wear horns and a tail like my fiendish prompter."

"Sweet Alicia," he said, as the carriage

rolled away, "how much you have sacrificed for me! Can I ever supply the place of all you have lost?"

"Thy people shall be my people," said the tearful girl, as she was pressed to her lover-husband's heart.

How blest would Alicia have been, by the perfect love which environed her, but for her mournful memories of home. Never before, in any absence, had her mind reverted so constantly and sadly to those she left behind her. Heretofore, her speedy return, and joyous reception, were always in anticipation; but now she felt that the venerated spot was no longer her home; that hereafter she should be

"A stranger at her father's gate."

"The place therefore should know her no more," and the inmates monrned her as lost to them. These thoughts oppressed her heart with a strange awe, and she ejaculated, "How much is marriage like death!"

"Because they are both an introduction to a new life, Alicia."

However, these impressions were away, and her spirit regained its natural buoyancy.

"Oh, Frank! what beautiful roses are growing among those cliffs," cried Alicia, on one of their evening rambles.

"Shall I gather them for you, dearest?"
"Oh, no, it is dangerous—don't."

But Frank had already scaled the rocks, and the wild roses quivered in his grasp.

"How fragrant!" said Alicia, when he had descended, and she reached forth her hands eagerly.

"No, no, pretty one, I cannot afford to give them: you must pay a price for every one. This," and he held aloft the largest bunch, "shall be yours, when you tell me the sacred secret, you were never to divulge; not even to your husband."

"Give me the roses, Frank; I told you all my own secrets long ago, and I cannot betray those of my friends," and making a slight spring, she grasped the flowers.

Frank hastily drew them away, and the crushed petals fell in a shower, while a large thorn lacerated Alicia's hand.

Irritated with the pain, as well as the destruction of the roses, of which she was so fond, Alicia exclaimed, "You unmannerly

fellow!" Her face was flushed and angry, and her beautiful eyes filled with tears, when she added, "You shall kiss the injured hand."

This Frank would have done of his own accord, as everybody knows, had she waited, but the tone of angry command in which "shall" was uttered, alarmed his benedictine dignity.

"You must!" persisted the bride, in a way that showed her heart was set upon it.

"No, no, my love, I can do no such thing."
Alicia, shocked by this unfeeling obduracy,
exclaimed, "I shall never kiss you again,
unless you do!"

"How can you be so foolish!" said the husband, throwing his arm around her, and imprinting a kiss on her cheek. He paused for a reply.

Alicia averted her face, and adhered to her resolution, and they returned homeward in silence.

Frank Atherton felt thoroughly uncomfortable, and once or twice it occurred to him he might have complied with her childish request at first, "but it will never do to yield now," thought he. "Poor thing, her mother taught her that :- I suppose they kiss and cure at home. What a fool I was, to refuse her, and she alone here too, with no one to love and humor her whims, but her husband." Under the influence of these feelings, when they entered the house, he clasped her in his arms, told her the old tale of how he loved her, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her cheek, neek, and brow. Alicia, true to her resolve, made no response to these caresses, but significantly placed upon his lips the slighted hand.

"Alicia," said he, seriously, as he removed it, "it is very wrong for you to attempt to overcome your husband's resolution."

"You are trying to overcome mine."

"You should never have made yours," he replied, "and having made it, you ought to break it."

"Begin at the beginning, you should never have made yours, &c.," persisted she.

"Come, come, my little wife, you are struggling for the ascendency; beware, how you entertain the desire of governing your husband; so kiss me, and make friends,—it is your duty to do so."

Alicia's face was still averted, and likely to remain so, when Frank seized his hat and rushed from the house, muttering "What an obstinate temper the girl has! I'll never give up, I'm determined!"

"My duty," thought she, "oh dear! I suppose it is;" the awful sentence, "love, honor, and obey," rose up before her mind, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Dear reader, "both were young, and one was" a spoiled child! What a pity it is, that the happiest periods of our lives are clouded by imaginary sorrow. Childhood,youth,-how redolent of blessings are these seasons, but they are embalmed in their floods of tears. Not until they have passed away forever, and the cold iron of reality is rankling in our hearts, do we know how blest we have been. Oh, bring them back! those vanished years, with their slighted pleasures, that we may live them o'er again. We call in vain! We have cast our flowers upon the tide, and they are swept from our grasp forever. Dry your eyes, Alicia, and be happy while you may!

Mr. Atherton returned to the parlor, after the evaporation of hasty passion, and found Alicia reclining on the sofa, in a pensive attitude that touched his heart. He bent over and gazed earnestly into her eyes. It is very hard to retreat, after once having taken a certain stand, and particularly so for the petted Alicia, who had never been required to yield a point in her life. But she had resolved, so placing her little hand on his shoulder, after a moment's hesitation, she impressed a kiss upon his cheek. It was very light and cold, Frank thought, but it was enough that she had yielded. She has since learned to do so more gracefully.

This edifying scene, was the first of the series of collisions, misunderstandings, and heartaches, which prevailed during the honeymoon. These were not the result of any want of affection, or any decided fault on either side. They arose from the conflicting tastes, views, and habits which distinguish a newly married pair (for people always admire and marry their opposites), and an ignorance of each other's characters and prejudices.

One day, Alicia returned from a shopping

expedition, and passing the parlor door, she observed a large painting, in a handsome frame, which had been placed over the mantelpiece during her absence. She had been lamenting the want of pictures, to complete the elegance of her rooms, and gratified by her husband's ready attention to her wishes, she drew up the blinds to inspect the acquisition.

Alicia was a woman of cultivated taste, and she was somewhat shocked when the light glared upon the new ornament. It appeared to be a representation of the death of Washington. The body lay ghastly and exposed, upon its couch, with the mourning family around; the distorted countenance of a negro servant peered from the drapery, while above hovered the Goddess of Liberty, with averted face. The whole was executed with flaming colors, and in a rude, unformed style. Alicia turned away in disgust, and encountered the beaming, happy face of her husband.

"What do you think of it, love?" he inquired, with a delighted air.

"The most wretched daub I ever saw," she replied.

"The painting is somewhat faulty," he said, with a fallen' countenance, "but the design is fine, is it not? Observe the drooping figure of Liberty, mourning the loss of her champion. It reminds me of that noble line:—

'And Freedom shrieked, when Kosciusko fell.'"

"The artist has made an odd jumble of his ideas," responded Alicia, mischievously, "and I can't decide whether the Goddess of Liberty weeps over the dead General, in the bed, or living slave, who appears to be wiping his nose on the curtains."

"Alicia!"

"Do ring for John to take it down; I shall die of mortification, if any one should see such a blot upon your walls."

"You are unreasonable," said Frank. "I placed the picture there, intending it to remain, and I perceive no reason for changing my determination."

"Then I would advise you, at a venture, to frame the first tavern sign you meet, as a companion-piece," she suggested with mirthful raillery.

Frank swallowed his rising wrath, and remonstrated: "It's a very impressive picture."

"Nothing can be more so than a death scene, adorning the walls of a parlor," said she, with an expression of irony. "I think if you place a death's head amid the bijouterie of the centre-table, I shall be kept in salutary remembrance of my end."

"Alicia, you have neither sense or feeling!" exclaimed the incensed husband.

She opened her eyes with wonder, for she had spoken in good-humored derision of the picture, expecting him to be amused, not offended.

"Then I make a sorry wife for a gentleman so distinguished for taste and politeness," retorted Alicia, as with a courtesy, she left the room.

She flew to her chamber, and indulged in a paroxysm of tears. She was stung,—mortified,—miserable. "Is it possible he thinks so badly of me? and he is my husband, bound for life to me, whom he believes to be destitute alike of sense and feeling! Oh, is there no escape?" Alicia at that moment would have given worlds to be free. All their little variances arose before her mind, and she felt that they were unsuited to each other. "I have not made him happy, and yet, how I have loved him!" was her exclamation, and her tears burst forth with redoubled bitterness, until exhausted with weeping, she fell asleep.

When Alicia awoke, her head ached violently, but she determined to dress, and go out. Her home and husband were almost hateful to her, and she felt a desire to fly from both. Her toilette was just completed, when a friend was announced.

"I have come," said Mrs. Lester, who lived several miles in the country, "at mamma's instigation to spirit you away. We are to have a deal of gaiety at Woodlands, this week, owing to a brace of birthdays, and you must not refuse to aid in the celebrations. Will not Mr. Atherton resign you to our care for a week?"

"Gladly," answered Alicia, "as gladly as I will come;" and she flew up stairs to make the necessary preparations. While her maid packed her trunk, she indited a brief note to her husband, informing him of her plans, and telling him he need not come for her, as Mrs. Lester would drive her to town when she desired to return. These frigid lines, so unlike the usual outpourings of Alicia's affectionate heart, Frank Atherton still preserves, in memory of this desertion.

The young wife was far from happy, amid the gaiety of Woodlands, for the unhandsome remark of her husband rankled, a poisoned dagger, in her heart. She was both proud and sensitive, and she felt herself to be an insulted woman, as well as an injured wife. "'Neither sense or feeling!" how dared he say so, to any lady? how could be say so to her, who had lavished the richest treasures of her heart on him?" She had been so absorbed in her lacerated feelings, that it now struck her for the first time, how singular was his admiration of the odious picture. Although not a connoisseur, he was not deficient in judgment in such matters; and she remembered hearing him comment upon works of art with taste and discrimination. Alicia was satisfied there must have been some hidden feeling, which induced him to turn thus cruelly upon her, and that reflection awakened a jealousy of the motive that could overpower his regard for his wife. sorbed in these musings, she did not observe the approach of George Lester, laden with midsummer flowers, which he was distributing among the ladies.

"Mrs. Atherton," said he, mischievously, "will you wear this sombre flower? It is called the 'Mourning Bride.'"

The blossom was already in her hand, and she colored at this hint of her having betrayed the troubled state of her mind.

"Fie, George! what a selection! I suppose you will offer grandmamma an orangeblossom," said Mrs. Lester, as she disengaged a rosebud and some heartsease from his bouquet and handed them to her guest. "Never mind, my love," she added, in an undertone, "you will feel happier when the bride has waned into the wife."

Alicia was startled, to find that Mrs. Lester understood, and sympathized with her, and she raised her blue eyes tearfully to the speaker.

"Because," said Mrs. Lester, in answer to her look of inquiry, "you will then understand all the puzzling ins and outs of your respective characters, and assimilate your tastes and habits."

"But I thought the first year of married life was always the happiest," with a smile at her naïve confession.

"Tout au contraire," exclaimed Mrs. Lester, "as I discovered to my sorrow! Last evening, when George attempted to accompany you in one of those duets, which you sing so charmingly with Mr. Atherton, he was obliged to desist, owing to the want of harmony in your voices. A little practice would obviate all that, and your tones would soon harmonize. Matrimony is a duet, in which there is apt to be some discord, until the characters modulate themselves to each other."

Alicia looked around with a smile, at this comparison, and encountered the eves of her husband, who had that moment arrived, fixed steadily upon her. She returned his bow with politeness, and continued conversing with her hostess. Mr. Atherton advanced, and was received with much cordiality by Mrs. Lester, and the young gentlemen, with whom he was a favorite, gathered round to welcome him. The conversation became general, at which Alicia rejoiced, for she dreaded a tête-à-tête meeting after having parted in such displeasure. Frank, on the contrary, was eager to see his wife alone, for their short separation had awakened all his tenderness, but he found no opportunity for a sotto-voce expression of his desire, and as he could not catch her eye, his free-masonry of significant glances was unavailing. Presently he was interested in a discussion between two gentlemen near, and when he looked around for Alicia, she was gone.

"She is in the grounds with Elizabeth," said Mrs. Lester, in answer to his inquiry; "shall we not follow them?"

Atherton offered his arm to the lady, and they were not long in finding the fugitives in a rural temple, half hidden by the shrubbery. After a few moments, Mrs. Lester judiciously withdrewher daughter, and Alicia found herself alone with her husband, feeling as awkward as a mouse cornered by grimalkin.

"My wife, will you not forgive me?"

In the bitterness of her resentment, she had thought she never could forgive him, but at the first word of tenderness and repentance, the barrier which pride had reared gave way, and like many a more injured woman, she threw herself into his outstretched arms, and wept.

"Frank," said she, lifting her dewy face
""neither sense or feeling?" Oh! why

did you marry me?"

"Because I loved you, my own! but not half so well as I do now. I am irritable, hasty, impetuous, but cannot my wife bear with me?"

"And I am irritating and-"

"You are all that a woman should be, Alicia, but I fear I have not half understood you. Neither have you entirely understood me, dearest, and it is meet that we should open our hearts more fully to each other. First, let me explain the cause of my unpardonable rudeness to you. When I was a boy I had a dearly loved brother, who was two years younger than myself. He was a child of wonderful loveliness, and precocious genius, 'which were enough alone to love him for,' but he had a more melancholy claim upon our sympathies and affection, being the prey of a hopeless disease. I remember looking upon my gentle playmate with affectionate reverence, and realizing, as I gazed, that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,'-so angel like were his looks and ways.

> 'We grew together, side by side, And filled our home with glee,'

until he had attained his fourteenth year, when he died. This event had been for a long time expected by the sufferer, and those who loved him, and he had endeavored to leave behind him mementos for each of the family. These consisted of drawings and paintings in oil, in the execution of which he evinced extraordinary taste and skill. I was the youngest of the family. The nearest his own age, as well as the dearest to his heart, and the most important of these paintings was designed for me, and is the same you so unmercifully ridiculed. To its completion, he devoted the failing energies of life, and it has always

been hallowed to my heart by these associations. Judge, if you can, of my feelings, when I heard you—you! my beloved Alicia! with whom I had hoped to share my admiration and regrets, speak of that sacred memento in terms of levity and disgust. Forgive me, if I thought you heartless!"

Alicia hid her face in her hands—"Oh, Frank, why did you not tell me this before?"

"Although it has often been on my mind, we were always too merry, or too happy, to turn to a reminiscence so sacred and so sad."

"How shall I ever forgive myself for the pain I have caused you, or the injustice I have done your brother! The painting is certainly an extraordinary production for a young and self-taught invalid."

"So experienced judges have pronounced. But one confession more, Alicia. I am not proof against your satire, and are you not

sometimes malicious?"

"Oh, Frank! I hope not. I have a buoyant, happy heart, and a lively fancy, that lead me into athousand extravagances, when I should be walking demurely by your side; and then, I have an inconvenient perception of the ridiculous; but believe me, I speak in mirth, not in malice."

"But are you not thoughtless sometimes?"

"Oh, yes! and young and foolish, with a dozen more such faults, as you and I could name, but *time* will correct them all, and I dare say you will pronounce me perfect some day."

Time did its work, in accordance with this careless prophecy, and the spirited and lively girl was moulded into a sensible and feeling woman, realizing the ideal of perfection in her husband's heart.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—Nothing here (in Paul's discourse) of the fringes of the North star, nothing of the down of angels' wings, or the beautiful locks of cherubims, and clouds rolling in airy mansions. No; these were similitudes above the apostolic spirit; for they, poor mortals, were content to take lower steps, and to tell the world in plain terms that he who believed not should be damned.—Robert South.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

TE are indebted to the kindness of an old friend for the following valuable document; valuable not only from the revered source from which it emanates, but because it affords many excellent lessons from an able and practical farmer; it is, too, strongly characteristic of the American hero. We see here the exercise in private life of that attention to detail, that inflexible devotion to order and discipline, which so eminently marked the public character of Washington. No one can read this letter without seeing at once that the writer was an industrious, sound, practical farmer. · He, whose indomitable energy had given freedom to a world, did not esteem the most minute details of agriculture unworthy his attention.

It will probably surprise the reader to find Gen. Washington insisting upon the use of harrows and cultivators in the cultivation of his corn; this our farmers have been accustomed to plume themselves upon as a much more modern invention.

The letter, directed to his overseers, is taken from the manuscript in Washington's own handwriting, and, as we are informed, now appears in print for the first time. H.

PHILADELPHIA, 14th July, 1793.

GENTLEMEN: -It being indispensably necessary that I should have some person at Mount Vernon, through whom I can communicate my orders; who will see that these orders are executed; or if not obeyed, who will inform me why they are not; who will receive the weekly reports, and transmit them; receive money and pay it; and in general to do those things which do not appertain to any individual overseer-I have sent my nephew, Mr. Howell Lewis (who lives with me here), to attend to them until I can provide a manager of established reputation in these matters. You will therefore pay due regard to such directions as you may receive from him, considering them as coming immediately from myself. But that you also may have a general knowledge of what I expect from you, I shall convey the following view (which I have of the

business committed to your charge) as it appears to me, and direct you to govern yourself by it; as I am persuaded nothing inconsistent therewith will be ordered by Mr. Lewis, without authority from me to depart from it:

1st. Although it is almost needless to remark that the corn-ground at the farm you overlook, ought to be kept perfectly clean and well ploughed—yet, because not only the goodness of that crop depends upon such management, but also the wheat crop, which is to succeed it, I cannot forbear urging the propriety and necessity of the measure in very strong terms.

2d. The wheat is to be got into the barns or into stacks as soon as it can be done with any sort of convenience, that it may not (especially the bearded wheat, which is subject to injury by wet weather) sustain loss in shocks; and because the shattered grain in the fields may be beneficial to the stock; but no hogs are to be put on stubble fields in which grass seeds were sown last fall, winter, or spring; other stock, however, may be turned on them, as it is rooting that would be prejudicial.

3d. The whole swamp, from the road from Manley's Bridge, up to the lane leading to the new barn, is to be got into the best and most complete order for sowing grass seeds in August, or, at the furthest, by the middle of September. The lowest and wettest part thereof is to be sown with timothy and clover seed mixed. The swamp on the other side of the aforesaid lane (now in corn and oats) is to be kept in the best possible order, that the part not already sown with grass seeds may receive them either this autumn (as soon as the corn can be taken off with safety), or in the spring, as circumstances shall dictate.

No exertions or pains are to be spared at Dague Run to get the swamp from Manley's Bridge up to the meadow above, and the two enclosures in the mill swamp, in the highest order for grass, to be sown in the time and manner above mentioned. But that no more be attempted than can be executed well, proceed in the following order with them as the weather may happen to be, for this must be consulted, as dry weather will answer to

work in the low parts best, whilst the higher grounds may be worked at any time:

1st. Begin with the swamp from Manley's Bridge upwards, and get all that is not already in grass, well prepared for it, and indeed sown. 2d. That part of the low meadow on the mill run, which lies between the old bed of it and the race, and within the fences. 3d. After this is done, take that part of the enclosure above (which was in corn last year), lying between the ditch and fence No. 1, up and down to cross fences. 4th. Then go over the ditch and prepare slipe after slipe, as the ditch runs from one cross fence to the other; and continue to do this as long as the season will be good, or the seed can be sown with propriety and safety.

I conceive that the only way to get these grounds in good order and with expedition, and then to tear them to pieces with heavy harrows. Whether it be necessary to cut down and take off the weeds previous to these workings, can be decided better by experiments on the spot than by reasoning on it at a distance. My desire is that the ground shall be perfectly clean, and laid down smooth; without which meadows will always be foul, much grass left in them, and many scythes broken in cutting what is taken off.

4th. The buckwheat which has been sown for manure ought to be ploughed in the moment a sufficiency of seed is ripe to stock the ground a second time; otherwise, so far from its answering the purpose of manure, it will become an exhauster. For this reason, if the ploughs belonging to the farm are unable to turn it in time, those of Muddy Hole, Dague Run, and Union Farm, must combine to do it—the work to be repaid by the farm which receives the benefit as soon as the work is accomplished thereat.

5th. Where clover and timothy seed are mixed and sown together, allow five pints of the first and three of the latter to the acre; and where timothy only is sown, allow four quarts to the acre. Let the seed be measured in the proportions here allotted, and put into a half-bushel, and the half-bushel filled with sand or dry earth, and extremely well mixed together in your own presence or by your-

self, which will answer two good purposes, viz.: 1st, to prevent theft—for seeds thus mixed would not sell; and 2dly, the seedsman being accustomed to sow a bushel of wheat to the acre, would be at no loss to cast a bushel of this or anything else regularly on that quantity of ground.

6th. It is expected that you will begin to sow wheat early in August, and in ground perfectly clean and well ploughed. I would have, and do accordingly direct, that not less than five pecks of seed be sown on each acre. The plan of the farm over which you look is given to Mr. Lewis, from which the contents of each field may be known. And it is my express direction that every watch and the best attention may be given to see that this quantity actually is put in; for I have strong suspicions (but this ought not to be hinted to them) that the seedsmen help themselves to a pretty large toll.

7th. As soon as you have done sowing, and even before, if it can be done conveniently, you are to set heartily about threshing or treading out the wheat; and as fast as it is got out, to have it delivered at the mill or elsewhere, according to directions. The longer this business is delayed, the more waste and embezzlement will there be of the crop. The wheat is to be well cleaned; the chaff and light wheat are to be properly taken care of for the horses or other stock, and the straw stacked and secured as it ought to be against weather and other injuries; and until the whole be delivered, it will require your constant and close attention.

Sth. The oats at the farm you overlook are, I presume, all cut; in that case let all the scythes, and cradles, and rakes which you have received, be delivered over to the mansion house; or if you choose to keep them against next harvest, you must be responsible for them yourself.

9th. The presumption also is, that the flax is, ere this, pulled; let it be well secured, and at a proper season stripped of its seed and spread to rot. During this operation, let it be often turned and examined, that it be not overdone, or receive injury in any other respect by laying out too long.

10th. Get the cleanest and best wheat for

seed, and that which is freest from onions. I would have about one-third of my whole crop sown with the common wheat; one-third with the white; and the other third with the vellow bearded wheat. The overseers (with Davy, as he knows the state of his own farm and the quality of the wheat which grows upon it) may meet and decide among themselves whether it would be best to have some of each of these sorts on every farm; or, in order more effectually to prevent mixture, to have one sort only on a farm. In the latter case, the cutting of that which ripens first, and so on, must be accomplished by the force of all the farms, instead of each doing its own work. If the seed on one farm was to be sown on another, especially if seed which grew on a light soil was to be sown on a stiff one, and that which grew on a stiff one sown on a light ground, advantages would unquestionably result from it.

11th. The potatoes at the mansion house must be worked by the ploughs from Union Farm, and when this is required, it would be best, I conceive, to accomplish the work in a day.

12th. It is expected that the fences will be made secure, and no damage permitted within them by creatures of any kind, or belonging to anybody—mine any more than others.

13th. The greatest attention is to be paid to stocks of all kinds on the farms; and the most that can be made of their manure and litter. They are to be counted regularly, that no false reports may be made; and missing ones, if any, hunted for until found, or the manner of their going can be accounted for satisfactorily.

14th. A weekly report, as usual, is to be handed to Mr. Lewis. In this report, that I may know better how the work goes on, mention when you begin to plough, hoe, or otherwise work in a field, and when that field is finished. The increase, decrease, and changes are to be noted as heretofore—and let me ask:

15th. Why are the corn harrows thrown aside, or so little used that I rarely of late ever see or hear of their being at work? I have been run to very considerable expense in providing these and other implements

for my farms; and to my great mortification and injury, find, generally speaking, that wherever they were last used they remain, if not stolen, till required again; by which means they, as well as the carts, receive so much injury from the wet weather and the heat of the sun as to be unfit for use: to repair or supply the place of which, with new ones, my earpenters (who ought to be otherwise employed) are continually occupied in these jobs. Harrows, after the ground is well broken, would certainly weed and keep the corn clean with more ease than the ploughs. I hope, therefore, they will be used. And it is my express orders that the greatest care be taken of the tools of every kind, carts, and plantation implements, in future; for I can no longer submit to the losses I am continually sustaining by neglect.

16th. There is nothing I more ardently desire, nor indeed is there any more essential to my permanent interest, than the raising of live fences on proper ditches or banks; yet nothing has ever been, in a general way, more shamefully neglected or mismanaged; for instead of preparing the ground properly for the reception of the seed and weeding and keeping the plants clean after they come up—the seeds are hardly scratched into the ground, and are suffered to be smothered by the weeds and grass if they do come; by which means the expense I have been at in purchasing and sending the seeds (generally from Philadelphia), together with the labor, such as it is, that has been incurred, is not only lost, but (and which is of infinitely more importance to me) season after season passes away, and I am as far from the accomplishment of my object as ever. I mention the matter thus fully to show how anxious I am that all the seeds which have been sown or planted on the banks of the ditches should be properly attended to; and the deficient spots made good, if you have or can obtain the means for doing it.

17th. There is one thing I must caution you against (without knowing whether there be cause to charge you with it or not)—and that is, not to retain any of my negroes who are able and fit to work in the crop, in

or about your own house, for your own purposes. This I do not allow any overseer to do. A small boy or girl for fetching wood or water, tending a child, or some such thing, I do not object to; but so soon as they are able to work out, I expect to reap the benefit of their labor myself.

18th. Though last mentioned it is not of the least importance, because the peace and good government of the negroes depend upon it; and not less so my interest and your own reputation. I do, therefore, in explicit terms, enjoin it upon you to remain constantly at home (unless called off by unavoidable business, or to attend Divine worship), and to be constantly with your people when there. There is no other sure way of getting work well done and quietly by negroes; for when an overseer's back is turned, the most of them will slight their work, or be idle altogether. In which case correction cannot retrieve either, but often produces evils which are worse than the disease. Nor is there any other mode but this to prevent thieving and other disorders, the consequence of opportunities. You will recollect that your time is paid for by me, and if I am deprived of it, it is worse than the robbing my purse, because it is also a breach of trust, which any honest man ought to hold most sacred. You have found me, and you will continue to find me, faithful to my part of the agreement which was made with you, whilst you are attentive to your part; but it is to be remembered that a breach on one side releases the obligation on the other. If, therefore, it shall be proved to me that you are absenting yourself from the farm or the people without just cause, I shall hold myself no more bound to pay the wages, than you do to attend strictly to the charge which is intrusted to you by one who has every disposition to be

Your friend and servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Editorial Miscellung.

Washington as a Farmer. — We commend to the attention of our readers the interesting letter contained in the present number of the Home Journal, written in the year 1793, by the illustrious Washington. Not the least among the many virtues of the First President was his evident zealous devotion to the science of Agriculture. He was as ready to obey the Divine behest to labor, as to lead the armies of his country to battle, or to preside over the administration of the Civil Government. Unlike most of the prominent men, whose names grace the page of history, time serves not to din the lustre of the fame of Washington, but only to disclose new elements of greatness. H.

Christianity is the great thought of God. It should, therefore, be the great concern of man. It is, indeed, the great world-fact of the human race, and it is destined to become the great thought of the universe. Great truths lie everywhere in the field of history, of nature, and of Providence, waiting for patient and persistent application to make

them emerge, enlighten, and bless. The Old Testament was a prophetical cartoon of the future, which the events of the Gospel dispensation have filled up. In the life and death of Christ was solved the profound mystery of Heaven, and the great problem of life. For four thousand years the world had summoned its thoughts and energies, and exhausted its wisdom on the single question, "How shall man be just with God?" The smoke of the first altar-fire kindled on the unpeopled earth, as it curled slowly heavenward, was burdened with this question. From the borders of the deserted Eden-from the mountains of Ararat -from the Bethel of Abraham, and from the tents of Jacob, had the sacrificial flame gone up towards Heaven, with the same solemn questioning. The priests of Aaron had stood before the altar, and struggled for ages with the same mighty problem. At last the appointed hour comes. The Angel choir announces to the Shepherds of Bethlehem, and the star in the East reveals to the Magi, the advent of the long-expected Messiah. Altars and sacrifices, man's painful questionings, as to

how he might come before the Most High God—all his fears and hopes and joys are concentrated in the great Deliverer, Jesus of Nazareth. H.

TRAVELLERS ABROAD.—There can be no serious objection to extensive travelling—except it be that, like every other luxury, it sometimes stimulates to an insatiable passion, which keeps its victims forever on the run, so that, like rolling stones, they "gather no moss." Judicious travelling, and with right purposes in view, doubtless does store the mind with useful and varied knowledge, that may be turned to excellent account.

It is to be feared, however, that too many American travellers proceed upon an ill-digested system. Their curiosity leads them to aspire after a personal observation of the customs and wonders of foreign lands, before they have formed more than a very slight acquaintance with those that abound so plentifully in their own. They freely commit their precious lives to the perils of a steamship, to spend a season in the French metropolis, and to have it to say that they promenaded on the boulevards-but they have never visited the Capitol of their own country, never looked in upon the Senate and House of Representatives, the White House, the Patent Office, and other national attractions. They traverse thousands of miles, to linger with poetic melancholy at the tomb of Shakspeare, or Byron, or Scott, but have never been able to spare a day to visit Mount Vernon, the consecrated resting-place of the immortal Wash-INGTON. Sea and land are compassed to luxuriate at Naples, and months are spent to see Vesuvius vomit up a bit of fire and smoke, but it costs too much to visit Niagara Falls, and to see how the Wonder of Wonders tumbles its mountain-deluge into the boiling caldron beneath. Switzerland's mountains must be seen, but not the granite hills of New Hampshire, nor the towering Alleghanies. Distant Italy with her blue skies and her bright sunshine (not to speak of her moonshine), must be gained, but there is none so poor as to do reverence to the bewitching skies and the inimitable mountain scenery of our own blue Juniata and majestic Susquehanna. The praises of the Thames and the Rhine are sounded, by those who have never once condescended to look upon the great Father of Rivers, bearing upon his broad bosom the rich

tributes of the distant and mighty West!
Now, all this, in our opinion, is an absurd mode of seeing the world, placing the beginning where should be the end. But it is productive of a yet greater evil. It begets a viticated and pernicious national sentiment. It exalts other lands, at the expense of our own. Before an American travels into the domain of King and Queencraft, let him become thoroughly familiar with the remarkable pherocompanies.

nomena of his own country—so that, if interrogated concerning them by a foreigner, he do not betray a lack of knowledge. We do not defend the cultivation of any narrow-minded prejudice, which would induce a Jonathan to contend that his native mountains measured higher, his vallies deeper, his rivers wider, or that his sun shone brighter and his thunder eracked louder, than on the other side of the Atlantic. But we would, at least, insist upon so much devotion to home productions, as to make them the starting-point of interest. Then if we have time and money to spare, we may properly cross the sea, and see what is to be seen—but not before.

II.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION .- It pains us much, to hear any allusion to the possible or probable destruction of this Government, the possible or probable dissolution of this Confederacy. It pains us, not because they inspire us with any fear, but because we ought to have one unpronounceable word, as the Jews had of old, and that word is Dissolution. We should reject the feeling from our hearts, and its name from our tongues. This story of " Woe woe, to Jerusalem," grates harshly upon our ears. Our Jernsalem is neither beleagured nor in danger. It is yet the city upon a hill, glorious in what it is, still more glorious by the blessing of God, in what it is to be-a landmark, inviting the nations of the world, struggling upon the stormy ocean of political oppression, to follow us to a haven of safety, and of rational liberty. No English Titus will enter our temple of freedom through a breach in the battlements, to bear thence the ark of our Constitution, and the book of our law, to take their stations in the streets of a modern Rome, as trophies of conquest and proofs of submission.

Many a raven has croaked in our day, but the augury has failed, and the republic has marched onward. Many a crisis has presented itself to the imagination of our political Cassandras, but we have still increased in political prosperity as we have increased in years, and that, too, with an accelerated progress unknown to the history of the world. We have a class of men whose eyes are always upon the future, overlooking the blessings around us, and forever apprehensive of some great political evil, which is to arrest our course somewhere or other on this side of the millennium. To them we are the image of gold, and silver, and brass, and glass, contrariety in unity, which the first rude blow of misfortune is to strike from its ped-

For our own part, we consider this the strongest Government on the face of the earth for good, and the weakest for evil. Strong, because supported by the public opinion of a people inferior to none of the communities of the earth in all that constitutes moral worth and useful knowledge, and who have breatled

into their political system the breath of life; and who would destroy it as they created it, if it were neworthy of them, or failed to fulfil their just expectations. And weak for evil, from this very consideration, which would make its follies and its faults the signal of its overthrow. It is the only Government in existence which no revolution can subvert. It may be changed, but it provides for its own change, when the public will requires. Plots and insurrections, and the various means by which an oppressed population manifests its sufferings, and seeks the recovery of its rights, have no place here. We have nothing to fear but ourselves.

HISTORICAL INCIDENT.—The Rev. John Marsh, in an address before the Greene County Temperance Society, introduced the following

pleasant historical incident:

A beautiful story has been told of a little boy, who was placed at the door of the hall in Philadelphia, to give notice to the old bellman in the steeple when the Declaration of Independence should have been signed. The old man long waited at his post, saying, "They will never do it," when he heard a shout below. He gazed on the pavement, and there stood the little boy clapping, his tiny hands and shouting "Ring, ring!" Grasping the iron tongue of the beil, backwards and forwards he hurled it a hundred times, proclaiming "liberty to the land and the inhabitants thereof." That sound crossed the Atlantic, pierced the dungeons of Europe, the workshops of England, the vassal fields of France. That sound spoke to the slave, bade him look from his toil, and know himself a man. Yes, and the voice of that little boy, lifting himself on tip-toe and shouting "Ring!" has come to us, and let us ring the fiend's doom, and proclaim liberty to our land and the world. We will shout to every philanthropist, every patriot, every father, every mother, every orator, and every preacher, "Ring!" and we will sound it through the world, we will be free!

The Day of Rest.—At a recent religious convention at Buffalo, very numerously attended by clergymen and distinguished laymen, the due observance of the Sabbath was a topic of prominent interest. Stirring addresses were made by Dr.Edwards and others, and among a series of resolutions passed were the following:

Resolved, That we recognize with great pleasure the increasing conviction manifested in various parts of our country of the *utility*, as well as the duty, of keeping the Sabbath holy.

Resolved, That the influence which many

editors, of secular as well as religious papers, are exerting in favor of the keeping of the Sabbath, while it increases the influence of their publications, is adapted to promote the welfare of the people.

The fact was communicated that, in accordance with the general wish of the people on that route, the Postmater-General had contact to discourants. Salkhah, mails he

that route, the Postmaster-General had consented to discontinue the Sabbath mails between Albany and Buffalo, and, as a consequence, it is understood that all Sabbath day cars on that line will henceforth cease to run.

No Sunday mail, it is believed, is now carried in any part of New England, and a very large number of such have within a few years been discontinued in other States, as well as here, embracing lines amounting in all to upwards of eighty thousand miles. A very great saving of expense to the department has thus been effected, among numerous other items, sixty thousand dollars a year by the discontinuance of Sabbath made mails at one time. H.

GOOD FOR AN ENGLISHMAN! -- Lord BROUGH-AM, the British statesman, so justly renowned for his varied and profound learning, commenting on the Declaration of American Independence, paid the following eloquent tribute to that immortal document. It is not the less grateful, nor true, coming from such a quarter: "In the history of mankind, there is no more important event, on which side soever of the Atlantic its consequences may be regarded; and if tyrants are sometimes said to feel uneasy on the thirtieth of January, how much more fitted to inspire alarm are the recollections associated with the Fourth of July, in which no remorse can mingle on the people's part, and no consolation is afforded to their oppressors by the tendency of cruelty and injustice to mar the work they stain!"

Sabbath Schools -We invite the attention of our readers to the able and instructive address, recently delivered by Rev. M. Valen-TINE, before the Lutheran Sunday-School, at Middletown, Pa. It will well repay an attentive perusal. We regard the Sabbathschool as the great barrier to the spread of infidelity in this country-an agency in the preservation of our national freedom, more effective than the triple alliance of musketry, fire, and sword. But, more than this, the Sabbath-school is the nursery of the Church throughout the world. It has contributed more to the overthrow of Satan's empire, than any other instrumentality connected with the Gospel Ministry. If the Sabbath-school is extended over the world, the Church must and will triumph over every obstacle that earth and hell shall array against it.

Antheran Home Journal.

AUGUST, 1857.

THE PROSELYTE.

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Translated from the German.)

THERE were many persons living, at the close of the last century, in Vienna, who recollected the fervid eloquence and the interesting appearance of Gabriel Kaunitz. He was a Lutheran preacher, educated at Jena, and while yet but young, was instituted pastor of a congregation in the capital, shortly after the Treaty of Dresden had settled the troubles in Germany.

The protracted war of the succession had long occasioned a laxity of religious feeling throughout the empire, for men of every sect soon forget mere speculative opinion in the more absorbing objects of national excitement; and the elegant MARIA THERESA, when she found herself firmly seated upon the throne of her fathers, seemed anxious to obliterate all remembrance of her adverses, in the variety of amusements which she patronized in her brilliant court, and which were furnished in every profusion which her accomplished taste could imagine, or her unbounded resources could supply. An apathy of feeling so natural, and an example so influential, produced a state of society on which the sacred themes and great abilities of the young minister, would be well calculated to produce a powerful impression. It was no unusual thing to see the narrow little street, Gruffhausen, which then diverged from the Graben, crowded with crested and coroneted carriages, and his chapel, there situated, filled to overflowing with an admiring audience, composed of the elite of the society which then thronged the city of the Kaisers, and who, at that time of the general discussion in the Roman Catholic courts, which preceded the downfall of the Jesuits, gloried in manifesting the fashionable liberality by attending the ministry of the opposite faith. Kaunitz was in truth a remarkable young man. To a deep and ardent piety, there was joined in his character a warm imagination and a gifted mind; and the enthusiastic zeal with which he proclaimed the lofty doctrines of Luther, had many attractions for the volatile population of Vienna. His abilities were not a little enhanced, in the opinion of his fair auditors, by a commanding person and a noble countenance; to which a delicate complexion, shaded by a profusion of dark, curling locks, and lit up with a pair of animated black eyes, gave an intellectual and interesting expression. Kaunitz, however, only seemed to regard his popularity as an additional means of doing good, and time after time he addressed the crowded congregations which filled his chapel with no other feelings than those engendered by the zealous discharge of his duty.

There was one evening, however, when he was more than usually animated, and when he declaimed, with all his energy, on the sublimities of the Christian faith, and the matchless love of the Redeemer, that his eve was arrested by the countenance of one of the most beautiful females in Vienna, who seemed to drink in all he said with an ear-

VOL. II. NO. 8.

nestness he had never witnessed before in any of his fashionable hearers. She was a fair and dark-haired girl, and her large hazel eyes had in them that expression of radiant softness which witches the heart at once. The young minister was unaccountably pleased with her deep attention; and when her lovely features were lit up with devotion, and she would recline her brow on her white and delicate hand, he thought he had never seen a form of earth look half so engaging. There was, indeed, in her appearance, that touching charm of superior beauty, irresistible in its very softness, which would excite interest in any situation; but which then, in that place of holiness, connecting the heart in ready association with the seraph forms of a brighter world, would make an impression on a mind predisposed to catch the allusion, altogether ineffaceable. Thus Gabriel Kaunitz returned home, after the service was concluded, and of all the thousand faces he had seen, that alone had left its image on his heart. He could not be in love; his soul was too much devoted to his God to thus cast itself away before any meaner shrine; but often, when his feelings were distracted or disturbed, and the world would press heavily upon him, in its cares and anguish, those enchanting features would recur to his mind, and bring joy and freshness in their recollection; nor could be conceal from himself that he walked to his chapel on the following Sunday with a quicker and more anxious step than he had recollected before.

An assembly, brilliant and crowded as usual, awaited his appearance; but he gazed upon them with his wonted abstraction, until his eye, in the same spot, rested upon the same fair young countenance, gazing on him with an expression in which the purest innocence seemed elevated and refined by a deep and absorbing devotion; and then the young minister felt his heart tremble with an involuntary delight, and his spirit was awed, he knew not how, in the presence of an unknown and simple girl. There is nothing finds a surer avenue to the affections than a deep attention on the part of others, to any opinion we may express. Thus Kaunitz could not but feel a strange and

fascinating interest in the evident and unusual deference with which the young stranger seemed to regard all he said. Her soul seemed to hang on his lips, and as he became animated or affecting in his discourse, her countenance suffered a corresponding change; her fine eye at one time brightening with the loftiest hope, or at others suffused with a tear, she cared not to conceal. During the service, Kaunitz had leisure to observe this strangely interesting girl with more attention than he had opportunity at first; but there was that about her which baffled alike his suspicions or his conjectures. She seemed in all the crowd to be alone. Her person was hid from observation in a large cloak, and there was an evident anxiety about her to shrink from the gaze of any eye but the one, and that his own, which she regarded with such awe. He only felt convinced she could be of no common rank; -her whole appearancethe delicacy of her small, white hand-and one jewel of dazzling lustre wreathed among the golden ringlets on her beautiful brow, told that the sweet maiden was of rich connections, and of proud descent. The strange, melancholy feeling, which had oppressed the mind of Gabriel throughout the week, had a corresponding influence on his choice of a subject; and he dilated with such pathetic energy on the wondrous story of salvation, and the affecting sufferings of the Saviour, that numbers of the congregation were powerfully moved, and the young creature, in particular, whose features he took such delight in watching, was so overcome with weeping, that she fell fainting in her seat. In the bustle which ensued, Kaunitz suffered the keenest anguish, that his situation prevented him from rushing to offer her that assistance which it would have soothed and delighted him to give. soon recovered, and as she refused to leave the house, he made up his mind as soon as the service was concluded, to ascertain, if possible, who she was, and administer that consolation which his sacred duty told him she required. With this view, when he had finished, he hastily descended the pulpit, and made his way through the dense multitude, who were pressing out. He recognized

the form he sought, standing for a moment against a pillar. The light from one solitary lamp in the portieo fell upon her agitated features, harmonizing in touching beauty with their pensive loveliness, and shed over her face a tinge that spoke of holy thought, such as the impassioned pencils of the early painters had impressed on the angelic lineaments of their Madonnas and their Virgins. She appeared irresolute, and in doubt; as if she had lost her carriage, or was waiting for some one in the multitude. Yet then, when she was indeed before him, Kaunitz, for the first time in his life, felt a timidity in the discharge of his duty; and a thousand scruples of delicacy he believed could not have entwined themselves with the motive which was his object, made him shrink from addressing her. He had not long to reason with his timidity, for a close carriage driving up, he saw the young lady-who manifested some surprise, if not alarm-ushered into it by a couple of gentlemen, when it drove off at a rapid rate towards the country. In the solitude of his retired apartment, the young clergyman often revolved everything connected with this interesting convert in his Her rich and fascinating beauty would rise to his imagination; the pensive lustre of those dark, soft eyes, liquid with tenderness, and radiant with unuttered thought, as they gazed upon him; the exceeding eagerness with which she imbibed all he said, and the gush of feeling that would subdue and soften down her lovely countenance, when her heart was touched with his theme, would all cross his mind in vivid reminiscence, and call up scenes and thoughts on which his fancy loved to dwell. Even the very mystery which hung about her, only wove the strong spell of her recollection closer round his heart. He could not picture who she was, but he could frame a thousand imaginings of who she might be; and the shadowy and tender feelings by which his spirit seemed connected with hers, formed a link, which in the brighter world of his own thought, made her more dearly and intimately known.

The constant occurrence of these ideas so powerfully impressed the mind of Kaunitz, that it was with a degree of feverish anxiety no effort of self-control could altogether subdue, that he entered his chapel on the following Sunday; and his heart almost caught the thrill of anticipated delight as he lifted his eyes to the spot last occupied by the delicious creature. She was not there—and his deep disappointment was almost perceptible. He searched, with his looks, every corner of his church, but she was nowhere to be seen, and that single circumstance made him feel solitary and dispirited. He went through the service with unusual apathy, and returned to his home in spite of his every effort, with vexation gnawing in his mind.

It were a strange wonder in the philosophy of nature, for which it would be difficult to account, how that one image could have interlaced itself, so finely and so firmly, with every other feeling of the popular and eloquent young minister. Admired and respected by a brilliant circle in society, and looked up to with deference by all, this strong and causeless attachment might, to the careless or superficial, seem strange, if not impossible; but to those who know the ingoings of the human heart, and the deep workings of the spirit-who have felt the strange and fascinating power with which out of a tone, a look, a glance, imagination can create and vivify, in her own enchanting empire, beings invested with all earth's charms, and all idea's loveliness, it will not seem wonderful that the enthusiastic soul of Kaunitz should shrine within itself that radiant form, until it became part and parcel of his happiness. But ardently as he wished it, he was not destined again to see his chapel enlivened with her presence. Sunday after Sunday he would resume his labors, but with a mind sadder than before. It was in vain that in his closet he would fling himself upon his knees and implore the Divine resolution to strengthen him against a delusion so fraught with infelicity. It was in vain he would call reason to his aid, and ask himself, was it anything extraordinary that a giddy and fashionable girl should come on a few occasions to his church-that she should be affected by his preaching, and forget it as easily as it moved her at first. All this he

knew; but when memory would conjure up that form, with its holy looks, the strong and intense attractions of her first impression would remain powerful as ever. Thus did he go on for a length of time, unblessed by that sight which would have been to him so cheering, and suffering visibly in his health, from the anguish he was unable to conceal. His congregation attributed his altered appearance to his great exertions, and besought him to moderate his labors; but the unhappy Kaunitz, who found his surest consolation in those ennobling exercises of piety, only went through his duties with the more unwearied assiduity. Week after week thus rolled on, and that diseased affection was wearing away before the overmastering efforts of his reason, till he soon began to wonder how a delusion so strong could ever have taken hold of him; and, to place the strictest guard over his conduct and his thoughts, he retired altogether from society, to the seclusion of his own apartment, and never mingled with the world, except when discharging the duties of his office. This resolution had its effect. In a short time he ceased to be the subject of such general regard; the visits of his friends became less frequent; and he was at length left altogether to the company of the single domestic he maintained.

One evening, in his study, as he was arranging some confused papers, he was alarmed by a loud and continued knocking at his outer door. He had scarcely time to revolve the circumstance in his mind of an interruption so unusual, when his apartment was opened, and two men, enveloped in large cloaks, entered it unannounced.

They both seemed above the common rank; and one of them especially had such a noble and commanding figure, but a countenance so gloomy and reserved, that he struck the simple clergyman with awe. Kaunitz requested them to be seated. "We have not time," replied the elder of the two; "your religious assistance is requested immediately, by a member of your congregation, in the greatest distress." The young man looked at them with unfeigned astonishment. He was not aware o fany of his parishioners being unwell, nor did he know any of the members who belonged to the

evident rank of the strangers. He had not time to answer, when the other continued, in a somewhat peremptory tone, "Get ready immediately; the case is urgent, and the distance is considerable." The astonishment of Kaunitz was still more great; but he found words to reply, "My services are always at the command of any one who may need them, but I know not of any of my flock at a distance from the city. May I hear the name and the cause of this sudden requisition?" "Neither," said the stranger, with peculiar emphasis; "it is a case of extraordinary occurrence, and of vital importance; and we must insist upon your immediately accompanying us;-that shall reward you," putting a heavy purse of gold upon the table. "Gentlemen," said the minister, though with strange feelings, "I want no payment for the discharge of my duty. I am at my Master's disposal. I am ready to go with you."

The taller of the gentlemen deliberately drew from beneath his cloak a large handkerchief. "You must submit," said he, "to have your eyes bandaged." "Sir," said Gabriel, instantly surmising that he was intended to be made the dupe of some vile artifice, perhaps for seducing female innocence, "I will not consent to any such arrangement. For the callings of my duty, for the purposes of religion or charity, I am always prepared; but I will never lend the sanctity of a minister of Christ to a deed of darkness." The stranger seemed ruffled by his excitement, but continued in a tone faltering with command, while his eye, at the same time, flashed a determination before which the young man involuntarily quailed, "Gabriel Kaunitz, you must come with us; the duty you shall have to perform will not in any way compromise your character; but the unqualified compliance with everything we request will be insisted on, aye, even if it should be necessary, at the forfeit of your life. And more, sir. Before you leave this house, you must swear upon your knees, that you will never disclose anything you may see." The clergyman trembled with undissembled terror. A thousand dark images of despotic power, of Jesuits, Inquisitions, and State policy, rushed into his mind, and he besought the strangers, in an earnestness of

agony, to respect the decorum of his character, if not the sanctity of his office. The only answer he received was by one of them taking out a richly bound book, which he opened and laid upon the floor. Kaunitz perceived it to be a Hebrew Bible. "To show," continued the spokesman, "that we want nothing from you which we will not do ourselves, we will guarantee to you, in the most solemn manner, the preservation of your life," and each kneeling down, kissed the holy book with devoutest reverence, and raising their right hand to heaven, swore as they had mentioned. "Now kneel down," said the mysterious visitant, while the other, without speaking, drew from beneath his cloak a long and glittering dagger, that flashed brightly in the gloom of the apartment. Cold perspiration started to the pale brow of Kaunitz, but conscious how futile, even dangerous, would be resistance, and breathing an inward prayer to his Maker for support, he did as he was directed. The words were dictated to him, which slowly and reverently were repeated by Kaunitz, sacredly pledging himself, at the forfeit of his life, not to disclose anything he might see. He was then allowed to rise, and the other, advancing and holding the dagger to his throat, said, while his teeth gnashed with savage fierceness, "Should that oath be broken, no power on earth shall save you from our wrath. The fate of Kartz will serve you for a warning." The clergyman spoke not, but recollected, with innate shuddering, a converted Jew peddler, who was murdered in the market-place about two years before, with circumstances of appalling mystery, and to which the utmost exertions of the government could never find a clue.

Kaunitz now felt himself a passive instrument, and offered no resistance to the strangers, as they bandaged his eyes with such scrupulous care that he was severely hurt by the tightness of the stricture.

He was led to a carriage, standing near the door, which, the moment the parties were seated, drove off at a furious rate; in what direction, the terrified clergyman could not at all conjecture. Thus they continued for a considerable time; and as they still went

on, the feelings of Kaunitz partook more of wonder than alarm, as he felt convinced, by the frequent turnings, and the uninterrupted rattling of the pavement, that they were going, not into the country, but were traversing, over and over again, evidently to deceive him, the different streets of the city. The companions in the extraordinary proceeding maintained an imperturbable silence, and when the long continuance of their drive allowed the feelings of Kaunitz to wander from the more immediate terror by which he was at first engrossed, he indulged in a thousand agonizing speculations as to what could be the object of this mysterious adventure. The evident rank of the strangers, their fierce anxiety for his presence, their dreadful adjuration to secrecy, and their awful denunciations of vengeance-all oppressed his mind with a terrible anxiety of fruitless conjecture. Secrecy so jealously guarded, must, he had no doubt, have some dark object for its purpose—what, he felt totally unable to divine; and with a mind full of the gloomiest forebodings, he threw himself upon the protection of his Maker, and, with a trembling heart, awaited the result.

For nearly four hours, Kaunitz conjectured, the carriage continued its circumgyrations, and when it did stop at last, his feelings were wound up to such an intensity of excitement, that his heart audibly throbbed against his side. As he was led down from the vehicle, he could not help remarking, that he stepped not upon the soil or the sward, as if he had been in the country, but upon flags, smooth and well worn. Such conjectures, however, though carefully noted in his mind, found no betrayal in his conduct. He was conducted through a large hall or apartment, and then over such apparently interminable flights of stairs and ranges of passages, that the building which enclosed them must have been vast as a palace of romance. He at last found himself at rest, and his feelings were wound up to a tension of painful curiosity and dread, as his stern conductors were removing the bandage from his eyes, which was no sooner accomplished than they left the apartment.

Kaunitz found himself alone, in a spa-

cious saloon. The furniture was of the richest character; one solitary lamp, of massive silver, burning near an inlaid sofa, partially revealed a dome-like roof, and walls glittering with fresco paintings or costly tapestry, while rows of crystal, depending from superb chandeliers, and flinging back the dim light in a thousand fairy lines, gave a shadowy splendor to the room, comporting well with the minister's idea of its Eastern gorgeousness. There was, notwithstanding, something ominous in the dull silence of that vast apartment, which shaded the heart of Kaunitz with a dread he was unable to shake off; and in the unnatural quiet, his morbid ear thought it could detect stifled noises looming in dull distinctness, as if a multitude was hushed by force or fear into a startling stillness, more fearful than the loudest clamor.

In this state of excited apprehension was he standing, irresolute and alarmed, when the door suddenly opened, and a tall figure in a cloak and mask entered, leading by the hand a lady, whose graceful and slender form was ill concealed by a deep black veil, which completely covered her from head to She was led in silence to the sofa, and the instant she was seated her conductor withdrew, without saying a word, locking the door behind him. While the young minister, in visible alarm, awaited the full development of this mysterious adventure, he could not help gazing upon the lady with feelings of deep compassion, as the victim of some nefarious scheme, in which she was probably to be an unwilling agent. No person again immediately entered the room, and in a short time the lady removed the veil which enveloped her person. Oh, God! to what a thrilling agony were those sensations deepened, when Kaunitz recognized the very features, so long, so indelibly imaged on his soul. A thousand feelings of slumbering love and delicious recollection called into instant life by that remembered glance, gushed in deep suffusion to his face, and an instant reaction sent them back as coldly to his heart. It was indeed that lovely creature, for whom, without knowledge and without consciousness, he had from the first entertained an interest that trembled into intensest passion; and for whom, even now, with no other claims than those innate yearnings of the heart, he felt awakened within him sympathies and prepossessions of profoundest force. The alteration in her countenance, since the time he had seen her, was indeed fully calculated to awaken similar feelings in one whose recollections were not half so warm as his own. The exquisite symmetry of her features had given way to lines of care and anguish, and the roseate tinge of beauty on her cheek, once delicate and fair, as if impressed with an angel's pencil, was turned into a snowlike paleness, faintly streaked with carmine, as if the pride of woman's loveliness was unwilling to leave its favorite throne. Yet still there was a hush of sweetness in the very composure of those softened features, that wakened a finer and more touching thrill within the heart, than could the full bloom and radiance of her charms. Kaunitz saw that the burning blush on his own cheek called up an answering suffusion in the wasted features of the lady, but it was of that purely intellectual emotion with which earth and its feelings have no community whatever, and the embarrassed young man felt himself greatly relieved when the lady requested him to be seated, and addressed, him in tones which, though weak and feeble; were of the sweetest courtesy. "I know not, sir, under what circumstances you have been brought here; perhaps they were violent; but there never was any human being I desired so ardently to see." Kaunitz answered her, with some confusion, that he would forgive any violence which would make him the means of rendering her a service. "Ah," said she, taking his hand, and fixing her large dark eyes upon him, with an expression that touched his soul, "you little know the service you shall have to render me, or the relationship in which we stand to each other."

The young minister colored again, and his heart almost stopped within him, as he felt a scalding tear drop upon his hand. She continued, "You do not know me, but still I venerate you as my deliverer, my instructor, as my father." Kaunitz, with new sympathy, deeply awakened, begged of her

to explain. "You will not think it strange that I should use such language when you hear my story; though you may have, perhaps, seen me in your church; yet-start not-I am a Jewish maiden, and was educated in the deepest abhorrence of that Jesus of whom I have often heard you speak in the most delightful terms. I might have remained so forever, and been like thousands of my sex and persuasion, happy and admired in my ignorance. But I had a young and beautiful friend, to whom, though proscribed by my relatives as a Christian, I was passionately attached. But in the very pride of her young beauty, she was stricken by disease-alas! destined to be mortal. As I watched by her bedside one evening she took my hand, and said to me, in a tone which sunk into my heart, for it was such as I had never heard her use before, 'Zora, will you promise me one thing, and I will die happy?' I promised her solemnly, for I would have promised her anything. 'Zora, then,' said she, 'dearest Zora, will you only engage to love my Saviour?' The tears gushed from her eyes as she spoke, and they gushed from mine too; for I was horrified at her request. But she continued. 'Oh, I am too weak to tell you of the happiness and delight you would feel. But will you go and hear the minister of whom you have often heard me speak? He can tell you of the power of the religion of Jesus better than a dying girl. Oh, Zora, do tell me, that you will go?' She looked at me with such an earnestness of agony in her countenance, that I assured her I would do all she asked; and in delight she pressed my hand close to her bosom, for she was too exhausted to speak. In a short time I felt her grasp become weak and clammy, and, oh, mercy! she died even while holding my hand."

Here the tears of the beautiful girl choked her utterance, and Kaunitz, who well recollected the lamented young lady of whom she spoke, freely mingled his own, at this affecting narrative of her last moments. The lady seemed deeply touched by his emotion, and in a short time continued a narrative, to Kaunitz now become intensely interesting. "That request, so earnestly en-

treated, and so solemnly registered to the dead, you may be sure was kept, though it cost me many a pang of strange and shuddering reluctance. At length, deeply disguised, I hired a close carriage and went alone, for I dared not trust another with my secret, to the place she had mentioned. It was to your chapel. You cannot appreciate the conflict of my feelings when, alone and unprotected, I found myself in a place and among a people I had always looked upon with abhorrence and detestation. But I had not listened to you long before I forgot every other feeling in a glow of awakened tenderness. It was of my own and ever dear Maria you were speaking; and you described her loveliness, her purity, her resignation, in a manner which filled my soul with the most exquisite emotion; but when you came to speak of her death, and to dilate on the efficacy of faith in the Redeemer, in the awful moments of dissolution, my soul was touched with wonder. 'And is this,' said I, 'the Jesus I have heard reviled?' My very heart sunk within me at the reflection, and I thought God himself must forever condemn me for my impiety. I was, in fact, wretched in my mind, until you, as it were, opened the portals of heaven, and pointed out my departed friend, robed as an angel, singing the praises of her Saviour in an eternal paradise, and declared, that transcendent bliss would be the lot of all, who, like her, would take that Saviour for their portion. Then, oh, then, my soul seemed to have changed its residence-so new, so delicious were the hopes and the feelings awakened in me; and I vowed that night, if I were not too great an outcast for mercy, I would live so as to join my lost and loved companion in her bright abode. That evening I purchased a New Testament, and words would be insufficient to tell the delight, the rapture with which I perused the wondrous story of redeeming love. In a short time I found my chief delight consisted in attending your ministry, and in reading over the precious record of salvation. In spite of doubt and darkness, I soon experienced the sweet serenity of being reconciled with God; and I sometimes fancied my beloved Maria was hovering

near me on her wings of light, to cheer me in my path, and to assure me of reward. Alas! my hopes were early overcast. Hitherto, conscious of the irreconcilable enmity of my friends, I had kept to my own bosom the fearful secret of my altered opinions. But, whether from observation or suspicion, they soon viewed me with a jealous eye; and great was my horror one night on leaving your chapel, to find that the carriage which had hitherto conveyed me was gone. In the midst of my embarrassment, my father and my brother drove up, and I was conveyed home, more dead than alive between terror and alarm. Since that time, oh, could you know what I have suffered! Every comfort was removed, and the most systematic and relentless persecution adopted. Once discovered, I well knew the iron opposition of my friends never could be softened; and I besought of the Jesus I had dared to love, to give me strength for the terrible conflict. Oh, my dear sir, how glad would I have often been, in the gloomy hours of solitude and privation I had to encounter, to have seen you-to have heard your lips explain once more those delicious truths, at once my comfort and my bane. My repeated solicitations to that effect were, however, of no avail; and it was at last only when, in the tremor of weakness, they had extorted from me a terrible promise, that my relatives consented you should be brought. I cannot express the joy your presence has inspired. Oh, do tell me," she continued, while she clasped her hands, and her countenance assumed an expression of the deepest earnestness, "is there any hope of heaven for one so long an unbeliever? Can an outcast such as I am, enjoy any portion of that Saviour's love, so long but unconsciously despised?"

As she was speaking, her beautiful but wasted features would at times light up with an expression that seemed, to the intensely interested minister, to glow like the prophet's of old, with a halo of inspiration; and again be veiled in an imploring dejection, as if her very heart was withering within. When she finished a narration that melted the softened minister to tears, the exertion seemed too much for a frame so debilitated,

and she sank back exhausted upon the sofa. Kaunitz, with unreflecting impulse, caught her in his arms. All consciousness seemed to be suspended—her thrilling eyes were veiled in their long dark lashes-and as her motionless but yielding form was pressed to his, the gentle pulses of her bosom seemed to be at rest, and life itself to have fled. Yet there was a holiness in the saint-like composure of that reposing form he felt it would be profanation to disturb, and the deep silence of the place, broken only by the audible throbbings of his own heart, had something so sacred in its very stillness, that he felt his existence could have resolved into the kindred state of the lovely inanition in his arms, before his slightest breath would have recalled to life, by invoking infidel assistance, a spirit so purely and unequivocally destined for the skies. The warm tears, however, in which his agonized feelings had found vent, gushing unrestrained upon her features, brought back her hovering soul once more to earth. She opened her eyes, and her glance resting on the speaking tenderness of Kaunitz' gaze, beamed with an instant and joyous recognition. Her first words were of her melancholy but ever-constant theme. "Oh, tell me," said she, "can I hope for pardon?"

The overpowered clergyman relinquished his hold, and affected, with inexpressible emotion, knelt down beside her, and in an eloquence of soul he had never felt before, besought the throne of Mercy to pour the full assurance of pardon in her heart. As he grew more fervent in the power of his God, he called upon the present Jesus to finish the redemption of a spirit so ripe for heaven; to remove the awful obduracy of her relations, and to strengthen that gentle mind with more than creature firmness in the ordeal of danger she would have to encounter. When he had finished, the lovely convert still remained in an attitude of intense devotion; her fair white hands were clasped upon her bosom; her countenance was upturned to heaven; but the agony of doubt had departed. Her soul seemed entranced in rapture, and her exquisite features were lit up with a beaming satisfaction, that partook of the radiance of anticipated im-

mortality. Kaunitz never saw any form of earth look half so lovely. Every trace of anguish and despair had left her features, for a joyous flush of resplendent satisfaction; and the unutterable charms of the heart's deep and unearthly delight, shining through the most perfect lineaments of mortal beauty, gave, in that exquisite moment, such an angelic lustre to her person, that the first impulse of the impassioned clergyman was to adore, what seemed to be a revelation of heaven's own sinless and immortal loveliness. In that holy time, too, he felt, in the kindred glow of his own excited spirit, all those ardent feelings of sympathy and admiration, with which the casual sight of that fair creature had first inspired him, explained and resuscitated, but so refined by the redeeming influence of her stainless purity, that not a tinge of earthly love or passion mingled in his thoughts.

In a short time the lady rose from her knees, and the celestial animation of her face was clouded, but only deepened by the tone of solemn and emphatic seriousness in which she said, while she clasped her hands convulsively, "Oh, my God, I feel, I feel now, that thy religion is worth all which I will have to suffer. Yes, my dear Maria, the blessed knowledge of thy Jesus, and the certainty of thy glorious eternity, is worth" -a cold damp came on her brow - "is worth, I feel, is worth, dying for." As she spoke the word, to which her lips almost refused to give utterance, Kaunitz felt a shivering thrill of instinctive dread steal over his frame. The horrible mysteries with which his visit was accompanied, the terrible promise she had mentioned, and her words now, all rushed, with numberless dark associations, into his freezing mind. He seized her hand, and gazed at her pale damp features with an unconscious agony. "Lady, what suffering? Worth dying for? Zora, dear Zora, what is it you mean?" She returned his look with cold and chilling earnestness for an instant, but another smile of inborn happiness again lit up her fastsinking features with all their former beauty. "Yes," said she, "it is not for me to know the pleasures of your religion and live. Oh God, support me! This very night. Your

arrival is the only mercy I could obtain. This very night-even in a few short moments, unless I abjure the religion of Jesus, I will be put to death. By my own dear father. By my own relatives, in the presence of the full Sanhedrim, and with the great solemnities of our religion, will I be STONED TO DEATH!" Kaunitz's eyes grew dim; he stirred not-spoke not, but every word fell with dark and withering distinctness on his heart. "Look here," continued the hapless maiden, summoning strength to rise, and walking to the side of the apartment, "look here, and you will be convinced of the reality of my fate?" She drew aside a curtain. Kaunitz, with a chill as if his heart was turned to ice, saw a large heap of stones collected in the recess. He had not the power to move. The room was still as ever. But that ominous silence and its smothered noises now spake fearful volumes. The full extent of the appalling tragedy flashed in instant comprehension on his mind. Then, too, he recollected, in crowding horror, many a dim tale of the relentless tortures with which Jews were said to martyr any of the converted sect who ever fell into their power; and when, in the same instantaneous act of mind, he thought of the spotless innocence and exquisite beauty of the delicate victim they had doomed before him, and, as it were, made him a very party to the atrocious deed, his energies seemed to melt and dissolve in the weakness of intensest agony. But the reaction to that paralysis of terror was instant. He already fancied he heard the tread of the murderers-the fearful preparations for the sacrifice—the unavailing shriek of the lovely victim. His blood seemed turned to fire at the thought, and his frame to iron. He stepped back, and he felt his body, as it were, swell beyond the stature of humanity, as he said, in a tone that echoed like thunder throughout the midnight stillness of the vast apartment, " By the God I serve, in whose power, and whose minister I am, this shall never be!"

Instant and gathering noises collected like an answer on every side. Distinct and dread commotion was in the house. But this was no time for the infuriated man to parley with his fears or his reflections.

Maddened with superhuman excitement, he dashed against the door with a giant's might. In an instant-crash, like the ex--plosion of artillery, the whole partition went thundering to the ground, and a burst of dazzling light, from unnumbered lamps, streamed, like the blaze of meridian day, into the room. The very arcana of their mysteries.—the Holy of Holies of the Jewish faith, in all its splendor, was before him, with its Seraphim and Cherubim, and Ark of gold; its curtains of richest purple, its network of silver, and its countless lamps, burning with frankincense, and glittering with costly gems. The glories of their revealed religion,-the enchantment of the scene, stopped him not a moment, for, in simultaneous fury, host after host of armed and shouting wretches, in their national costume, rushed into the room. Nerved for the occasion, with more than mortal power, to dash the intervening myrmidons to the earth, and to clasp the intended martyr in his arm, was, with Kaunitz, but the work of a moment. Ere they had time to overmaster his roused and terrific energies, he had snatched a dagger which an assailant had already at his throat, and, as he sprang over his shrinking and shrieking foes, every brandish of the weapon was bathed in blood. A huge window, streaming with painted story, was before him ;with a tiger's bound he reached the casement; the glass shivered with the shock; the iron network behind yielded like a cobweb to his Herculean strength. All was dark and deep below. Without a thought of consequences, or quiver as to danger, he clasped his rescued charge, in exultation, closer to his breast, and sprang into the

It becomes painful to even trace the narrative. There is no heart so cold that would not catch a throb of delight in the success of that tremendous effort; nor is it in humanity to peruse the story and not feel the glow of its warmest feelings interested in the preservation of that innocent and lovely martyr. The gallant attempt of the generous young minister was not, however, attended with the success which its reckless heroism deserved; and the terrible

mansion was too securely adapted for its deeds of darkness to admit of an escape so easily. Himself and his charge escaped unscathed, indeed, from that host of fiends, but it was only to fall again into their meshes with more certain fatality. A crowd of infuriated enemies was soon around him: egress seemed impracticable; and, weakened by his vast exertions, the heroic young man soon fell bleeding and insensible beneath their blows.

Awful as was the scene and excitement through which Kaunitz passed, there was a deeper terror on his mind,—a blacker cloud upon his feelings,—when he recovered his senses and found himself in his own room, surrounded by anxious and inquiring friends. The mysterious messengers had kept their oath. His wounds were not dangerous, nor even severe; but his instant perception of the absence of the lady left a withering feeling in his heart, that darkened the future and extinguished hope.

His harrowing narrative caused an immediate and vivid commotion throughout Vienna. By the orders of administration, the officers of justice commenced a vigorous and extensive scrutiny,-public opinion was fearfully excited, -a cloud of accumulating suspicion seemed to gather over one of the richest banking houses in the city. One of the wealthiest Jews was arrested on the unequivocal testimony of the minister; but the financial embarrassment of the government, after the protracted war in which the empire had been involved, afforded the ample solution of State policy to the termination of the proceedings. Further official inquiry was dropped; the contractor was released; and, in a short time, the terrible narrative of the Proselyte ceased to be the topic of conversation. Kaunitz, however, was never after seen to smile. His pulpit was deserted, and he at length totally disappeared. Whether the threat consequent upon disclosure was fulfilled, or whether to hide the anguish of his spirit, he had removed to a foreign country, could not be ascertained.

Let us drop the curtain on this tragic story. The mind cannot presume to penetrate the undeveloped mystery of that unfortunate's fate, without recoiling on itself; and it is fitter for the honor of humanity, that that black transaction should repose forever in the darkness, which all the authorities of the time could not remove, than that curiosity or research should throw the light of certainty upon awful doings, of which the bare surmise gives a shudder to the heart, and which the finest sympathies of our nature would prefer shrouding in appropriate and impenetrable obscurity.

The only elucidation necessary to this extraordinary story, will be found in the following extract:

Kurtz nach der Ermordung Kartzes, wurde allgemeine Aufmerksamkeit auf sie (the Jews) gerichtet—wegen einigen auserordentliche Entdeckungen eines Lutherischen Predigers in Hinsicht des Martyrerthums einer jungen Dame welche zum Christenthum bekehrt worden war. Wegen diesem Verdacht wurde der Principal eines Wechsel-Hauses in Wien in Verhaft genommen, aber da er ein Staats-Glaeubiger zu einer bedeutenden Summe war, und da kein ausdruecklicher Beweis statt fand, so wurde gegen ihn nichts weiter verfahren.—Kasbach's Beschreibung. Stuttgard, 1802.

THE LUTHERAN BOARD OF. PUBLICATION.

ADDRESS BY REV. S. W. HARKEY.

DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOARD,

HELD AT READING, PA.

THE Lutheran Church has wants, and all her true friends must rejoice in every enterprise that holds out a reasonable hope of aiding in the supply of those wants. She needs an increase of piety, intelligence, liberality, church-love, and of the spirit of fraternal union and co-operation. I advocate the cause of the Board of Publication, because I honestly believe that, if properly sustained and managed, it will greatly promote all these ends. I think indeed that the present condition of our beloved Zion in this country is a most hopeful one. There has, in latter years, been a mighty advance in all that tends to her development, and her true greatness and glory.

There is much reason why we should thank God, take courage, and press forward. Still it is true that we have only made a fair beginning. Much yet remains to be done. The past and present are but an earnest of the future. We have an immense and most responsible work yet before us.

Let us inquire what influence the plans and efforts of this Board of Publication, if properly and vigorously carried out, are likely to have upon the Church.

1. And first, we will look at its influence

upon the piety of the Church.

This is the first and great thing. No Church can fulfil her mission in the world, or secure the approbation and blessing of God, except in so far as she promotes vital piety, holiness of heart and life, among mankind. No wealth, or education, or power, or zeal, or eloquence, can make up for the want of this. I rejoice to be able to express my conviction that there has been a great increase of piety among us in the last fifteen or twenty years. The Gospel has been preached with much plainness and fidelity, pastoral visitation has been attended to, the young have been carefully instructed, and special efforts made to bring them to Christ; protracted meetings have been held, and many precious revivals of religion have been enjoyed; prayer-meetings have been established, and multitudes of family altars erected, in every part of the land where previously there were none. A much greater degree of life and vigor has been infused into the whole body. Still much more is needed. We want a deeper, more uniform and consistent piety-one that not only feels, burns, and blazes during a revival or protracted meeting, but that continues, like the path of the just, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." Now will not the publication and circulation of good books and tracts tend powerfully to bring about this result? Is not the power of the press very great for good or evil? Can we Lutherans longer overlook or neglect it? We honor the American Tract Society as a mighty instrumentality for good. Its influence upon the piety of the American Churches has been very great, and we would not only refrain from saying a word

that might seem to disparage the labors of that noble institution, but if we could we would increase its efficiency a thousandfold. But does it leave nothing for us to do? Is it doing all, or can it do all for us that ought to be done? Can it, in the nature of things, effect as much within the pale of our own Church as a Lutheran Society could? If the colporter of the American Tract Society, who knows no denomination when engaged in his work, may do good among our people by carrying around books and tracts on practical piety, and visiting our families and praying with them, would not books and tracts written by our own men and carried around by Lutherans, do still more for us? Would not this give employment to hundreds of pious men and women among us, who are anxious to do good, and now seem to have no appropriate sphere of labor? The American Tract Society has a peculiar work and field, not so much within the Church as outside of it, and this is great and mighty almost beyond conception—it is the conversion of the world! God speed it! But our work is within the bosom of our own Church. Can strangers come in amongst us and do our work as well as we could do it ourselves? And if they could, would this excuse us? Are we not responsible for the state of piety among our own people? Are we not to feed the lambs and sheep of our own fold? Can we longer do without this instrumentality while all others are making such powerful and vigorous use of it? Oh, how our laborious pastors, with their large fields, would welcome these Lutheran colporters with books on practical piety, written or approved by our own men! With what confidence they would send them to visit and pray with their own families, and to labor to bring the careless among us to our own sanctuary l

Why should not multitudes of the great and good books which our Church in the Fatherland has produced, be published by us and scattered broadcast over this country? Why should not our men write tracts, Sunday-school books, and works on practical piety, for our people? Shall this great matter always be left in the hands of other

denominations to be done for us? Surely here there is a wide field open among ourselves, "white unto the harvest," and I contend that we must go in and possess it. A Board which would be able to publish such books, and introduce and circulate them among our people, must do immense good. O! methinks I already see these Lutheran colporters coming around with their baskets of our own good books, beautifully gotten up, hunting up the destitute among us, conversing and praying with the careless, and leaving some of these books in every family! Who can calculate the influence that this would have upon the piety of our Church? Brethren! we must have, forthwith, not only this Board of Publication organized and issuing books, but also sending out its colporters in all directions. Who will not help in this great and blessed work?

2. What will be its influence upon the intelligence of the Church?

Our people as a whole are in this respect far behind some of our sister denominations. In many parts of the Church education has been sadly neglected. For three-quarters of a century no Colleges or Seminaries were established, very few books were published, no newspapers circulated among our people. Multitudes of them had no education at all, or so little as not to deserve the name. The extensive prevalence of the German language shut them out from the benefits of the English schools and literature of the country, and many of them read nothing and knew nothing that was going on in Church or State beyond their immediate vicinity. In latter years a great and happy change has taken place in this respect. Colleges and Seminaries have been founded in the various sections of the Church. Many books and papers have been circulated among our people, and there has been a very great advance in general intelligence. Still the work is but just commenced. The business of education and general enlightenment must have a mighty increase among us. Our people must educate more, read more, and take a much higher stand in intellectual attainments.

We must create a taste for reading and

general information among them by placing within their reach such books, tracts, and periodicals, as must attract their attention. And how can we better do this than by means of this Board of Publication? Here books will be brought out in a cheap and attractive form, and carried to the doors of the people. Our men will be stimulated to write valuable books, knowing that they can be published and circulated. A portion, at least, of the literature of our Church in Europe, by far the richest and best in the world, will be brought out in this country. In History, Science, Philosophy, Philology, Theology, and Practical Divinity, what amazing works has not Germany produced? Grammars, Lexicons, Commentaries, Sermons, Hymns, Poetry—the world has never seen the like. Why should we suffer ourselves to be robbed of these rich treasures, and others benefited at our expense? Strangers deem it worth while to translate and publish our Lutheran books in this country, often in a mutilated and distorted form; and shall we sit quietly by, and have nothing to say? Calvinists and Baptists translate and publish Mosheim, Neander, Guericke, Knapp, Olshausen, Tholouck, and many others, and write Lives of Luther and Histories of the Lutheran Reformation, and circulate them even among our own people, and we, good, pious souls, have nothing to say or do! Is it not a burning shame to suffer ourselves to be thus dealt with? Shall we always allow others to enrich themselves with our inheritance, because we will not assert our birthright, or "sell it for a mess of pottage?" Cannot the whole Lutheran Church get up a publishing house, if she will unite her strength and efforts, that shall be able to compete with any in the land? Every other denomination has its Board of Publication, and is scattering its books and tracts,

"Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown."

And they are all in this way accomplishing a mighty work for themselves. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and even the United Brethren and Albrights! Shall we alone withhold this means of intellectual improve-

ment from our people? Certainly our people are beginning to read more, and with our numerous institutions and increasing facilities of education, this will be more and more the case. If we do not supply them with books and papers, others will; and can they not in this way mould our own people, right under our eyes, according to their liking? Can they not take our books and so shape them as to make them teach their doctrines? A Predestinarian may, by notes and a liberal translation, make Mosheim not only acceptable to him, but even favor his own views. A Baptist will make Neander support his notions of Baptism, and even our theological students will study these books, and be left under the impression that Mosheim and even Luther were Predestinarians, and Neander a Baptist! Nor can we blame these sister denominations. They have seen the value of many of the works of our great men, and if we do not appreciate them and bring them out in this country, they will.

3. We inquire next as to its influence upon the liberality of our people.

I would fain hope that a great advance has been made among us in this respect, and yet it must be confessed that we are still very much behind. It is still true that most of our people give only one or two, or five or ten dollars, where they ought to give hundreds and thousands. We only begin to see and feel this when we wish to engage largely in the work of building up Colleges and Seminaries, and that of Missions, home and foreign, Church extension, and other great enterprises. Why have we such difficulties to obtain the necessary means to carry on our operations? Why must many of the noblest spirits among us be crushed in the attempt to carry forward some great and important cause? labor and toil for years, and wear themselves out to obtain the paltry sum of a few thousand dollars to build a College or found a Professorship? One of our laborious agents comes to a rich Intheran for a donation to establish a College, and he puts him off with five or ten dollars, and thinks he has done his duty, and hopes he will not be asked again, when a man in similar circumstances among the Presbyterians or New Englanders would

have given that many hundreds or thousands! Why is this? Are our people made of a different material? or are they naturally such miserable misers that you cannot squeeze anything out of them? No, no! What then is the reason? Have others nobler hearts, a purer creed, a Church more worthy of being built up? No, no; none of these. Have we then no wealth? Yes, verily we have wealth enough to do more in one year than we have ever done in ten. And nobler hearts never beat than in the bosoms of Germans and their descendants. when they are properly enlisted in a good cause. And our Church is great and good, and worthy of being extended and built up, in all that can constitute greatness and goodness. Great in her origin, history, doctrines, literature, spirit, aims, and destiny. Great and to be admired, especially in her army of great and good men. What then is the reason that so many of our people are so far behind in this respect? Why do they seem to have their hearts shrivelled up to nothing, and to hold their purse-strings as with a dying grasp? I answer, that it is simply because they have never been enlightened on the subject of giving. They have not been trained and schooled in the exercise of the duty of benevolence. They have never been made properly to regard themselves only as the stewards of God, whose cause it is the great business of their lives to promote. They do not know that large donations are needed. They lack information upon the subject. Men's hearts are naturally selfish-frozen up against generous impulses. Only the truth and Spirit of God can thaw the icy mass. But let them have line upon line, precept on precept. Let them hear and read constantly of the wants of the Church, and of a perishing world, and of what others are doing. Let the cries of the destitute and dying sound in their ears day and night, and a change must be effected. And here I contend this Board of Publication can do an immense work. Let it spread lightspread light-spread light-and this darkness must give way. What has not the American Tract Society done in this respect by her prize essays on the subject of benevo-

lence, and the facts and arguments given to the people? Why cannot the same, and even greater things, be done among us, by giving our people the necessary information?

4. Its influence upon Church-love. What is Church-love? Not bigotry, not sectarianism; but an intelligent and ardent attachment to the Church of Jesus Christ-love to the Lutheran Church, because she is the Church of Jesus Christ. There is general complaint on this subject, that our people do not love their own Church as they oughtthat they do not rally around her, and labor, pray, and give for her prosperity, as other denominations do; that some of them are easily drawn off from her fold by surrounding proselyting sects; that they put so small a value upon their own rich inheritance. Now, why is this? What reason can be given for this want of attachment to our beloved Zion, on the part of her own children? I answer, they know too little about her. They do not appear to see any difference between the Lutheran and any other Church; all churches are alike to them! They are not sufficiently acquainted with the history and character of their own Church, nor of other churches, to form an intelligent opinion. How shall this evil be remedied? I answer, by making our people better acquainted with their own Church; with her greatness and glory; with her history, doctrines, principles, spirit, literature, and great and good men, and they cannot but love her. Let them know that she is the first-born of the Reformation, from which all others have borrowed; that she is first in learning, in her great institutions, in the greatness and purity of her doctrines, first to commence missions among the heathen, first in her liberal principles and form of government, and they must love her, they cannot leave her. They will see that they cannot forsake her fold without losing much in every way. Let this Board of Publication bring out these facts. Let it make known our great authors and their books, our great institutions and history. Let us Lutherans bring out our own books, as they are, and not leave it to be done by others in a mutilated form. In this way we

shall make our people see and feel that, as a Church, we have nothing to beg from any one, but are able to give, and have been giving to all others. Thus, we shall awake to a consciousness of our life, worth, greatness, and power.

5. Its influence in the promotion of union and brotherly love. Here I am aware that I am treading upon delicate ground. Controversy on non-essential points has, for some time, been the order of the day in our Church, into which the Board of Publication has also been dragged. I am sorry to say that this controversy has, in some in; stances, assumed a bitterness and personality utterly at variance with the spirit of union and harmonious co-operation. The subject of the basis or ground of union among us has, in consequence, become exceedingly tender. Well, I have no disposition to hurt anybody. I will endeavor to tread softly, so that none, unless it be those who are afflicted with ecclesiastical corns, shall feel the pressure. I am a free-born American, a freeborn Lutheran, and cannot but speak freely. The question is, *ought* we not to be united? Can we not be? Cannot our men write and publish books without this continual and unpleasant agitation? Are we willing to fraternize and co-operate with other denominations in the publication of books, and not among ourselves? Do we unite with the American Tract Society, and encourage its colporters, and circulate its publications, and shall we do less among ourselves? Has it come to this, that every man is a spy upon his Lutheran brother? That he will refuse to aid in the circulation of his book, if it happens to contain a single sentiment with which he does not agree? Do we thus mistrust each other? We encourage our people to purchase and read books written by Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Baptists, and shall we proscribe a Lutheran author, because the eye of sharp criticism or prejudice can here and there find a word or sentiment that does not square up with some particular point of doctrine? O shame on such narrow-mindedness and intolerance, even towards brethren! Where, then, is our liberty of speech and the press?

What is it that we are laboring to establish in this country? Is it a German Lutheran Church, or a Seandinavian Lutheran Church, or an American Lutheran Church? No! and again I say, no! Is the Church of Jesus Christ a thing to be shaped in doctrine, spirit, and practice by every nation, language, or country, according to its own notions? Then every nation must have a Bible of its own, a system of truth of its own, as well as a Church of its own! No, no. We are laboring to build up an Evangeli-CAL LUTHERAN CHURCH, made up of Germans, Scandinavians, Americans, and all others that may join us, united in one harmonious and beautiful whole, having "one Lord, one faith, one Baptism." Why should language or nationality, or an honest difference of opinion on non-fundamental points of doctrine, keep us apart? Are we not, after all, one? one in name, in history, in confession, in spirit, and in aim? Now, it seems to me that this Board of Publication will not only be a bond of union among us, but by bringing out and eirculating our books, not of a controversial character, but on practical piety, on the history, character, and work of the Church, must greatly tend to bring both our ministers and people together. It must bring us to a clearer and better understanding of each other, and greatly strengthen the cords of fraternal union and co-operation. The better we learn to know each other, and to know our Church, the more will we love each other and the Church, and the more closely will we be united.

These are some of my reasons for advocating the claims of the Board of Publication. I believe that they will commend themselves to the heart and conscience of every sincerc and honest member of our Church. We want an increase of piety, of intelligence, of liberality, of Church-love, and of union in views and efforts, and this is one of the means to bring it about. Let us lay hold, vigorously, of this mighty instrumentality for good, the power of the press, and make it do the work of our Church; and may God direct all to his honor and glory, for Christ's sake. Amen.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

BY REV. F. LYTE.

A BIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide; The darkness thickens; Lord! with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; Oh Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg,—a passing word; But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord, Familiar, condescending, patient, free, Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings, But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings; Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea; Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile; And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee: On to the close, oh Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence, every passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with mc!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I trimph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes, Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies! Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows flee.—

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

EPITAPHS.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

In NGLAND'S cemeteries can, doubtless, present to the autiquarian a greater number of quaint epitaphs and silly tombstone devices, than can be found in any others in Christendom. Of course, it is no more than ought to be expected, that the residents of the vicinages of Oxford and Cambridge,—of universities, whose parchment is an unerring amulet against all literary failures, should inhale largely the scholastic atmosphere of such towering "alma maters." Were an Englishman to boast in my presence of a greater diffusion of knowledge and intelligence among the masses in England, than is to be found on this

side of the "big waters," I would instantly revert to the tombyard literature of the present land as revealing some of the most splendid evidences of the truth of his state ments. Our masses certainly cannot produce poetasters or rhymsters equal to the task of grinding out epitaphs similar to some of the following. Running over the faded leaves of a venerable octavo, my eye lit upon several, which, instead of exciting any solemn, certainly made me commit the sin of indulging in mirthful, emotions. The following is said to be engraved on a tombstone at Ockham, in Surrey, 1736:

"The Lord saw good, I was lopping some wood,
And down fell the tree.

I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me."

Here was a prodigious effort to perpetrate a pun. That the author did not succeed as well as the rhymster of this next, said to be at St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, the reader will not venture to deay.

"Here lies one More, and no More than he;
One More, and no More! How can that be?
Why one More, and no More, may well lie here
alone,

But here lies one More, and that's More than one."

As a model of brevity in sepulchral superscriptions, one found in St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, might be successfully imitated.

> "Here lyeth, wrapt in clay, The body of William Wray; I have no more to say."

There's more truth, perhaps, than poetry, in the following couplet, copied from Maidstone churchyard:

"God takes the good—too good on earth to stay—And leaves the bad,—too bad to take away."

The next to which we treat the reader is somewhat more sentimental in its tone, although penned to the memory of a very humble mechanic and his "better half:"

ON A BLACKSMITH AND HIS WIFE.

"In this cold bed here consummated are
The second nuptials of this happy pair,
Whom envious Death once parted, but in vain,
For now himself hath made them one again,
Here wedded in the grave; and 'tis but just,
That they who were one flesh should be one dust.'

In the succeeding effusion, found in a churchyard in Suffolk, the classic student has an opportunity of testing his skill at literal translation. Will some proficient in the dead Latin favor us with an English version:

"Quod fuit esse, quod est: quod non fuit esse, quod

Esse and est, non est; and non est, hoc erit esse."

Without tiring the reader's patience, I may be permitted to quote a few more stanzas from the English graveyard classics. Distinctions among the living will doubtless never cease to be; but that there should be any invidious lines drawn between the dead is an opinion heterodox enough to banish the best or richest corpse that entertains it forever from the city of "noiseless dwellings." The following must certainly be a standing witness against those rich living relations of the corpse who maintain the propriety of keeping up invidious social distinctions. I copy verbatim:

IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE CHURCHYARD: ON A MAN WHO WAS TOO POOR TO BE BURIED WITH HIS RELATIONS IN THE CHURCH.

> "Here I lie. at the chancel door, And I lie here because I'm poor; For the further in, the more I pay-But here I lie as warm as they."

Ministers of the Gospel sometimes actually shorten their days by their unremitting diligence in the discharge of their pastoral duties. The epitaph below was penned to the memory of one of this rare class:

> "Here Mr. Joseph Allein lies, To God and you a sacrifice."

Our learned men will doubtless remember the name of Peter Comestor, author of one of the most celebrated works of the twelfth century on the Holy Scriptures, and whose decease occurred in 1198. The language below is inscribed upon his sepulchre:

"I who was once called Peter (i. e., a stone) am now covered by a stone (petra); and I who was once surnamed Comestor (i. e., devourer), am now devoured. I taught when alive, nor do I cease to teach, though dead; for he who beholds me reduced to ashes may say: 'This man was once what we are now; and what he is now we soon shall be."

In Chatham churchyard, England, the history of a man is couched in these two stanzas:

"Of Thomas Spragge The body here doth lye, Who was in health at noon, By night did dye.

"A shipwright careful, Honest, true, and just, With his two babes Was covered in the dust. " 1672."

The succession of figures illustrating the brevity of human life, found below, occurs on a stone in St. Saviour's Church:

" Like to the damask rose you see, Or like the blossom on the tree, Or like the dainty flower of May, Or like the morning of the day, Or like the sun, or like the shade, Or like the gourd which Jonas had; Even so is man, whose thread is spun, Drawn out and cut, and so is done. The rose withers, the blossom blasteth, The flower fades, the morning hasteth: The sun sets, the shadow flies, The gourd consumes, and man he dies."

One more, and we shall bring our paper to a close. Where it occurs is not given. Quaint as it is, it contains a lesson which some of our more modern church-goers could not study too often. It reads as follows:

"ON A SLEEPER IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Here lies a man who, every Sabbath day, In public worship slept his time away. He might have heard of heavenly rest, but chose In his pew rather to indulge repose. The scene is altered now-in vain he tries, In easy slumbers, once to close his eyes; His God insulted, doth in anger swear, 'He who despised my rest, shall never enter there.' "

LOCKPORT, July, 1857.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

ESPISE not the day of small things. This sentence contains wisdom and philosophy, as well as Scripture. It is very easy and natural to sneer at small beginnings and humble means, but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on an humble scale, and come out in good style at last, than to suffer a severe collapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish. Some men will do better with a capital of sixpence, than they would if half the fortune of Astor had been given them to commence with. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions, that he commenced by selling fruit at a street stall. We have seen boys at school roll a handful of snow upon the ground, till, by its accumulated matter, it became so bulky that a dozen could scarcely move it. Sands make the mountains, moments make the year, drops make the ocean; and so, little endeavors, earnestly, unceasingly, and honestly put forth, make the great men in the world's history.

We say, then, don't despise the day of small things. If you have an undertaking to accomplish, or a good thing to bring about, begin according to your means, and never be discouraged, because you cannot make so magnificent a commencement as you could wish. Old King John, the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, took it into his head to found a library; and he began with—what do you suppose?—ten volumes. But he knew what he was about: for that library—the Royal Library of Paris—is now the most magnificent public library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes.

A whale one day came frolicking into the harbor of Nantucket, a short time after the first settlement of that island, and as for many hours it continued there, the enterprising inhabitants were induced to contrive and prepare a large barbed iron with a strong cord attached, with which they finally succeeded in securing this aquatic monster. A small matter, truly; but it was the commencement of a business which has added millions to the wealth of the people—the incipient introduction to an enterprise which nearly three-quarters of a century ago extorted a noble tribute of admiration from Edmund Burke, on the floor of the British Parliament.

Two fishermen in Holland once had a dispute in a tavern, on the question whether the fish takes the hook, or the hook takes the fish. From this trivial circumstance arose two opposing parties, the "Hooks" and the "Cobble-Joints," who for two centuries divided the nation, and maintained a contest not unlike that between the Red and White Roses in England.

There is a traditionary counterpart to this in our own history. We allude to the story of the pig, whose stupid obstinacy, we are gravely told, involved us in a war with Great Britain, in 1812. There is nothing incredible about it, however, and, as most of our readers are too young to recollect the anecdote, we will venture to repeat it. neighbors, both of the old Federal school of politics, who had lived in the city of Providence, chanced to quarrel. And so it happened, one was the owner of a pig, who had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor. The owner of the garden complained of the pigsty being insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor replied, it was all because he kept his fences in such ill repair. The pig was taking his morning walk when he was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots; this was the last "feather;" the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright. At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for a seat in the legislature, and failed by one vote, the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of a Senator, the Democratic candidate was elected by one vote-and when the question of war with England was before the Senate, it was declared by the majority of one vote -so that but for this pig, we should have been probably saved from this war.

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy, he was one day observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield, very earnestly engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; and with great simplicity the boy replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this, the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, presented the youth with a sixpence. This may be reckoned as the first money Chantrey ever received for the production of his art; and from such a beginning it was that arose this greatest of modern artists.

Again, we say, despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon everything which appears insignificant and trifling. Trifles are not so plenty in this world as many of us imagine. A phi-

losopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial despatch being written in a fit of indigestion! When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the basket was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow in England and America. So is this world made up of and governed by trifles at first too small to attract notice: and the wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, making the most and the best of everything, and despising nothing small, but small sours.

CHRIST AND THE COMMON PEOPLE.

BY REV. J. K. PLITT.

IT is a noteworthy circumstance in the ministry of Christ, recorded by the Evangelist Mark, that "the common people heard him gladly." He came not to be the Saviour of any particular class, to the exclusion of all others; the doctrines which he taught were adapted alike to all; and the salvation which he purchased was needed equally by all. But yet it was especially among those who were in the humbler walks of life that he found favor; they were his most willing and frequent hearers; and it was from their midst that the largest proportion of his followers proceeded.

It is a pleasing aspect in which our blessed Lord is presented to our view, to contemplate "the common people" lingering about his sacred person, and joyfully drinking in his instructions. That they should find so much in him to awaken their sympathy and engage their love, whilst the rich, the learned, and the powerful, treated him with "cruel scorn," we may regard as good evidence that "his kingdom was not of this world." He, indeed, courted not the smiles of the great, but condescended to "men of low estate;" and finding them more ready than others to welcome him and his doctrine, he bestowed upon them the richest tokens of his grace.

Christ himself was the very pattern of humility. Though he was "the brightness of the Father's glory," yet his earthly descent was unmarked by any of those circumstances of pride, and pomp, and glory, upon which the world lays so much stress. The place of his birth was humble; everything that pertained to his earlier life was of an unpretending character; outwardly, there was no ground for worldly boasting in his origin. Here then was a bond of union and sympathy between him and the common people. They could cherish for him kindly feelings. They felt nearer to him than they could have done to one of royal ancestry. They had no need to look up from their obscure condition in life to Christ as one above themselves, in reference to adventitious and uncontrollable circumstances. Whilst it best suited the Divine purposes that the Saviour should appear in humble form, the common people could find in this very arrangement that which powerfully attracted them. In like manner the whole life of Christ on earth was passed in poverty. Though he was the proprietor of all things, yet, strange paradox, he was poor; so that whilst "the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air their nests, he had not where to lay his head." This fact was well calculated to enlist the hearts of the poor. The more favored of earth's children might thrust them aside, and "in the pride of their countenance" say, we are better than you. Their earthly superiors might mark out the line of distinction between the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the noble and the ignoble, but in the circumstances of Christ the humbler classes could find that which was common to them. If they were poor, so was he; if they were jostled aside and despised by the rich and great, so was he; if they were overridden by partrician pride and haughtiness, so was he. In this respect there was nothing to repel the common people from Christ, but everything to attract and win them to him.

The teachings of the Saviour were also of such a character as to commend him to the humbler classes. They were easily comprehended by the poor and unlearned; they were perfectly adapted to their necessities; they were calculated to promote their highest good. The sayings of the rabbis, and the profound discussions of philosophers, would

perhaps oftener bewilder than instruct them. But the doctrines of Christ were so plain, so well adapted to the humblest comprehension, that they were readily accepted by the common people, who heard with unprejudiced and unbiassed minds. How could the poor do otherwise than hear Christ gladly when they found that he was indeed "no respecter of persons," and that their salvation was just as earnestly sought by him as that of the rich and great? How could they help loving one who spoke so tenderly to them, and who held out promises and hopes even more cheering and comforting to the despised of earth than to those who had their good things in this life?

The sympathy and love of Jesus for the poor was doubtless another reason of their gladness to hear him. They saw that he was their friend. From time to time he gave them touching manifestations of his deep interest in them. It was among them that most of his merciful works were performed. They, in general, were the sick whom he healed, the blind, and lame, and possessed of devils, whom he restored, the poor whom he fed, the sorrowing whom he comforted, the dead whom he raised. It was rather a commendation than a reproach on the part of those who sought his help, that they were in humble life. Poverty, with its train of ills and sorrows, won powerfully on the benevolent heart of Christ. It was no disgrace in his sight, as it is sometimes esteemed by men. He ever had a cheering word, a kindly look, a generous act, for the worthy poor; his most intimate friends were of this class; his immediate associates, the twelve, were not selected from the ranks of the earthly favored, but from the ignoble and obscure of this world.

It is not strange then that the common people heard Christ gladly. We have only to consider the circumstances of the case, to be prepared for those displays of enthusiasm, with which, from time to time, the poor and humble greeted his approach. They had every reason to love him, and to hear him gladly.

What a blessed feature of Christianity is it, that the poor and humble are accounted worthy of its highest honors, and that they

cau enjoy equally with the rich and great its privileges and blessings! In the world, they are too often set aside, and made the drudges of those who happen to be better circumstanced. Their poverty is too often regarded as a crime. The world, in general, has but little heart for them; it passes them by with Pharisaic coldness; it has no words of sympathy for them in their distress; no oil of joy to pour into their sorrowing hearts. And yet under the veil of poverty are often concealed some of the noblest specimens of humanity. God's aristocracy are often poor -the men and women of sterling virtue, of generous hearts, of high intellectual gifts, of deep-toned and fervent piety. Ah! tread not the poor under foot, lest you trample on God's noblemen! The world has false standards of judging men. Wealth and power too often give a fictitious value to what is really base coin. Earth's favored oues are often God's outcasts; and God's chosen and beloved people are often those whom the rich refuse to feed with the crumbs that fall from their table. We must look beyond this world's judgment, if we would know the real worth of men.

In the Church of Christ the poor may find a home. They may be depreciated in the world; they may be "kept under" by other systems of religion; but in the fold of Jesus they are entitled to equal rights and privileges with the rich and great. The same baptism introduces them into the Church; at the same table they commemorate the dying love of Jesus; the same hopes and consolations are theirs; the same heaven has been provided for them. Where the Church of Christ is not corrupted by worldly influences, and is not controlled by worldly principles, the poor and humble are not despised. It is Pharisaism in the Church that looks down on the poor, because they are poor. The spirit and example of Christ prompt no such conduct. And while the boasting hypocrite may thank God that he is "not as other men," the humble, penitent publican is the one who goes down from the temple justified. The rich and great are not excluded from the fellowship of the saints. Among them there are indeed many worthy followers of Christ; but the large

proportion of his disciples are those who are in the humbler walks of life,—the common people. "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." 1 Cor. 1: 26–29.

CONTEMPT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

[The following outburst of mingled poetry and philosophy contains one of the most profound and invaluable lessons which man can learn.]

HAVE unlearned contempt. It is the sin That is engendered earliest in the soul, And doth beset it like a poison-worm, Feeding on all its beauty. As it steals Into the bosom you may see the light Of the clear, heavenly eye grow cold and dim, And the fine, upright glory of the brow Cloud with mistrust, and the unfettered lip, That was as free and changeful as the wind, Even in sadness redolent of love, Curled with the iciness of constant scorn. It eats into the mind, till it pollutes All its pure fountains. Feeling, reason, taste, Breathe of its chill corruption. Every sense That could convey a pleasure, is benumbed; And the bright human being, that was made Full of rich, warm affections, and with power, To look through all things lovely up to God, Is changed into a cold and doubting fiend. With but one use for reason,-to despise! Oh! if there is one law above the rest, Written in wisdom,-if there is a word That I would trace as with a pen of fire Upon the unsunned temper of a child,-If there is anything that keeps the mind Open to angel visits, and repels The ministry of ill,-'tis human love! God has made nothing worthy of contempt. The smallest pebble, in the well of truth, Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand When man's best monuments have passed away. The law of heaven is love, and though its name Has been usurped by passion, and profaned To its unholy uses through all time, Still, the eternal principle is pure;-And in these deep affections that we feel Omnipotent within us, we but see The lavish measure in which love is given; And, in the yearning tenderness of a child, For every bird that sings above his head,

And every creature feeding on the hills, And every tree, and flower, and running brook, We see, how everything was made to love! And how they err, who, in a world like this, Find anything to hate—but human pride.

THE ANT AND THE FLEA. A FABLE.

A BUSY little ant toiled hard one summer's day to get a large barleycorn into her storeroom. After much pushing, pulling, lifting, tugging, jerking, and puffing, she succeeded in lodging it safely in the snug little granary of her mansion. To rest herself, she ran out into the air, and seating herself under a clover leaf, she drank life from the fresh breeze, and gathered strength for new labors.

While resting thus, a lively flea, dressed in a shining coat, skipped from the back of old Rover, the farmer's dog, and lighted close to the ant, under the clover leaf.

"Ah! how are you, old lady?" asked the flea in a familiar tone of voice, and in a manner which betokened vulgarity rather than good breeding.

"I am well, but weary, thank you, sir," modestly replied the ant, wiping her heated brow with her arm as she spoke.

"Weary, eh? Been hard at work, I s'pose, as usual," said the flea.

"Yes," replied the ant; "I have been rolling a fine fat barleycorn into my storeroom. It was a plump one, I assure you. It will make bread enough to last my family a week next winter."

"Exactly; I understand. You ants are a very industrious people, very," said the flea, with a knowing look.

"Why, yes, we are industrious; we find our pleasure in daily labor. In summer we lay in stores of food for the winter; we build mansions to shelter us in bad weather; we help each other; we carefully collect every eatable thing, and thus, in mutual love and labors, we spend very happy lives."

The flea now tossed his head, and, with an ironical sneer, replied, "Oh! yes; certainly. Very fine. Your ways are very good, I dare say. But, then, anybody else could do just as well, perhaps better. I

think I could myself."

"You!" replied the ant. "You do better! Come with me, and give me a specimen of your work. If you can do better, come, set my people an example." And the little ant was so angry at the impudence of the lazy flea, she almost burst her little jacket.

"Nothing easier," said the flea. "Nothing easier. But, ah! excuse me; I just now recollect that I have an engagement. Good

day, madam." Then, bowing with mock politeness, the flea leaped out of sight, and was soon engaged in a piratical expedition on the person of poor old Rover.

If an idle, boasting child, all talk and no performance, always poking fun at the industrious scholar, but never learning his own lessons,—if such a child reads this fable, perhaps he may see himself in the person of the idle flea.—Boys' and Girls' Magazine.



Bome Circle.

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

THE rosy blush has left the cheek;
Her voice is soft and low;
Her step is trembling, now, and weak;
Her locks are like the snow;
The mild blue eye no longer beams
With light, as once erewhile;
Yet sweeter than an angel's seems
My gentle mother's smile!

Though wrinkled now, I love to dwell Upon her thoughtful face,
Where lingers more than beauty's spell,
Or blush of youthful grace;
For there affection ever gleams,
And love that knows no guile;
And brighter than an angel's seems

My dearest mother's smile!

When far away, and thoughts of home Fill all my dreams at night, And 'mid bright angel-throngs I roam, I see her form of light, The first to come, the last to go, And fairest all the while, It greets me with a heavenly glow—My tender mother's smile!

On earth, its light shall cheer my way,
And sweeten all my care;
And, when death comes, its purer ray
Shall beam around me there;
And when I yield this mortal state,
This thought shall still beguile,—
'T will be so sweet, at heaven's gate,
To meet my mother's smile!

[Selected.

THE VIOLET.

OTTHOLD, having been presented with U a bunch of blue violets, regaled himself with their delightful fragrance, and thanked God for the manifold kinds of refreshment which He provides for man. He also took occasion to express the following thoughts. This beautiful and odoriferous little flower may furnish me with a pleasing image of a humble and godly heart. It is a lowly plant, and creeps upon the ground; but, nevertheless, it charms the eye with its celestial blue, and by its noble perfume far excels many of its more stately and pompous mates of the garden, such as the tulip and imperial crown. In the same way, there are persons who to themselves and others appear base and humble, but who resemble the Lord Jesus in meekness and lowliness of heart. They thus bear the genuine hue of Heaven, and are preferred by God to others who parade their spiritual or bodily gifts. The apothecary, too, extracts the juice of this little flower, and, mixing it with melted sugar, produces a cooling and invigorating cordial; and even so the Most High infuses the syrnp of His grace into the humble heart, and so makes it the means of comfort and edification to others.

My God! my glory shall be not to seek my own glory, but thine. I have no wish to be a gaudy flower, if I can only please thee and profit my neighbor. Greatness does not consist in the mere possession of lofty gifts, but in using lofty gifts with a humble mind, to the praise of the Most High.

THE BEST USE OF A PENNY.

TOM LINTON and Willie Harwood pursued their way toward the schoolhouse, which was about half a mile from the home of the latter. They walked for a few moments in silence; then, Tom throwing his arm around Willie's shoulder said, "I don't know but I am going to ask you an impertinent question; but if you think it is, don't answer me."

"What is it?" asked Willie, and laughingly added, "I promise you I won't gratify impertinence."

"Well then, I should like to know where you came from, and why you came to our village?"

"That is, you would 'like to know' a little of my past history, parentage, &c., or whether, like Melchisedec, I am without any. It's a natural and not a rude question, Tom, and I'm glad of the chance to tell you of my sainted father, my darling mother, and the little brothers and sisters whose graves are in the far West. But it's a long story, which I will tell you after meeting, for here we are at the school-house, and Mr. Milmer is here before us."

The two lads entered the room, which was nearly filled with children, with here and there a sprinkling of teachers and parents, while in the desk sat Mr. Milmer, the superintendent, and by his side a small man, who, after a prayer by one of the gentlemen present, was introduced as Mr. W., a returned missionary, who had spent twenty-five years of his life in heathen lands. Mr. W. said but little, not yet having sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of the voyage to speak for any great length of time. In a few words he told of the good that had been done since first he became a missionary; of the degradation and sin that met him, on his first landing on heathen ground; of the churches and schools that had been established, and of the natives who, through this instrumentality, had been brought to love the Lord Jesus. "And," said he, "in that distant land there are three children who bear the names of three whom you love in this place; who are supported by this church, and this little Missionary Society; and who as we hope are Christians. God has blessed your gifts and your prayers by gathering into his fold these wandering sheep. It is a blessed bond that unites you to these distant heathen children, and I doubt not, dear children, you this night feel the truth of the Saviour's words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'- Not a farthing given by you for love to Christ shall fail of its reward, but in the last great day he will say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these poor heathen children, ye did it unto me."

After some remarks by Mr. Milmer, the hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains,"

was sung, and afterward a collection was taken up to aid in the support of the three children to whom Mr. W. had referred. Willie's eyes filled with tears as he saw Tom Linton drop into the box a gold piece which had been given to him to buy a pair of skates with. The two boys left the lectureroom at the close of the meeting, with their arms around each other's shoulders, as was their custom in times of peculiar confidence.

"Well, how did you like the meeting?"

asked Willie.

"Like it!" repeated Tom, "I tell you what, Willie, I've learned more of the value of money to-night, than in all my life before. Only think it! a tract which only costs a penny may be the means of the conversion of many heatheu!"

"And if but one soul should be saved," replied Willie, "that soul is of more value than the wealth of the world; 'tis a solemn thought, Tom."

"Yes, it is indeed; but now, Willie, I want to have the history you promised after meeting," said Tom.

"It's only a continuation of the same subject, for I am the child of a missionary. But I'll begin at the beginning," said Willie. "My father was a missionary, not to 'poor little heathen far over the seas,' but to the worse than heathen in our own land; he was a home missionary."

"What do you mean by worse than hea-

then?" interrupted Tom.

"Why, the heathen have never heard of Christ; they have nothing but the light of nature or their own consciences to guide them, therefore they sin ignorantly; but in this land, those who neither love God nor do his will are worse than the heathen, because they know their duty and do it not. That's what I mean, Tom.

"I was the eldest child of my parents; and was born in a log house on a Western prairie. My gentle, precious mother, you have seen. My father," and here the boy's voice faltered "oh, I wish you could have seen him; I think the beloved disciple John must have looked like him; it seems, as I think of him, as if he ought to have had a halo round his head, such as we see in the

old pictures of saints. Oh, how I love his memory! it is my richest inheritance!

"My parents had four children younger than myself. There was but one year between me and my angel sister Loo; then there was Susy and Freddy, twins, and then my baby brother, who lived only long enough for us all to love him dearly, and died of croup when he was six months old. How sad our home was then! I was but seven years old, but I shall never forget my sainted father's looks, nor his words, as we came back to the house after we had left the dear little fellow in his grave at the foot of the garden. 'Our baby is not lost, but gone before,' he said. 'I thank God for such a treasure passed into the skies; my cherub pioneer to my home in the heavens. My darlings,' and here he looked on us as we sat around him, 'the time has come which I have long foreseen, and in a little while I shall join our baby in heaven. The disease which for four years has been sapping my life has almost completed its work, and soon, very soon, on you, my dear Willie, will devolve the care of your mother and your little brother and sisters. Dear wife, do not weep; the cloud seems dark that threatens you, but remember it is spanned by the rainbow of promise. May the God of the widow and the fatherless, in whom I trust, have my treasure in his holy keeping'-

"He was interrupted by coughing, and in a few minutes the blood was pouring from his mouth. He had ruptured a bloodvessel, and in two weeks from that time we were fatherless, and my mother was a widow. I was but seven years old at that time, and seven years have passed since then, but every look and word of my father is as fresh in my mind as if it were but yesterday. I have learned all it was possible for me to learn of my father's wishes and plans, in the time before his death, which followed his attack of bleeding. I was too young then to realize all the deprivations and trials to which he had been exposed in the uncultivated path to which duty had called him. He never regretted his choice, and blessed me ere he died, for the promise

I gave him, to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and devote myself to the home missionary cause."

"Here we are at home, Tom," said Willie, interrupting his narrative, "I'll tell you the rest here at the gate, though there is but little more. My father died in February; we expected to remain in our 'hedge home,' as darling Loo called it, till April, when a brother of my mother's was to come and take us to his home in Massachusetts. But we had hardly got over the first grief for my father, when Freddy was taken with scarlet fever, and in two weeks my mother was stripped of all her children but myself, and when they were laid in the grave, my recovery was doubtful. I was spared, and on my knees before God, I then devoted myself to him and to the missionary cause. We came to the eastward as soon as the travelling was good, and about that time, an uncle left my mother \$5000, with part of which she purchased the little cottage where we lived, and the interest of the remainder provides all we need. Her object in choosing this place was, that I might have the advantages of education at the academy here, preparatory to my entering college, which I hope to do one year from next September."

The recital was finished, and a pause ensued which was broken by Tom's saying,

"I wish I was as good as you, Willie; that somebody could feel toward me as I do toward you; better for being in my company, better for my influence. I have always thought it was the best thing in the world to be rich; but I do believe you are happier than I am."

"Dear Tom, I wish you did possess the true riches, the treasure in the heavens, which neither moth nor rust can destroy. A competency of this world's goods is desirable. That by experience I have learned; but better is poverty with the love of God, than great wealth without it. Won't you try, Tom, to seek the true riches?"

"I will try, Willie. I will begin this very night, on which I have learned, not only the right use of a penny, but have felt as I have listened to you, that you possess something higher and nobler than all my

father's wealth could purchase. I am going down to-morrow for the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Good night, Willie."

"Good night; and may God bless you,
Tom;" and so they parted. At some future
day we may tell the further history of Tom
Linton and Willie Harwood. N.

STRAWBERRY AND FLORAL FESTIVALS.

THESE are to the Church what the garden of nature is to God's spiritual kingdom. They may be entered occasionally for social recreation, and the interchange of friendly greetings. They seem to associate the beauties of nature and the heart's affections with the claims and duties of religion. Especially they teach the young that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. They throw around religion attractions which are by no means lost upon the young and sensitive heart.

In our Christian relations we have too much ignored the social element. Church members may belong to the same church for years, without any personal acquaintance with each other. They may occupy neighboring pews, and yet not be on speaking terms. A person, while recently attending a social gathering, remarked that he had formed more acquaintances that evening with professing Christians, than he had during a five years' connection with a neighboring church. Month after month, and year after year, he had worshipped in the sanctuary, and celebrated the dying love of his Saviour at the communion table, with disciples with whom he had never passed a word of friendly recognition. How much Christian fellowship could that brother, under such circumstances, enjoy? How much benefit could he derive from the watch and care of the Church? Let the stranger be guilty of some startling immorality, and probably the Church might wake up to a consciousness of his existence; and he might be summarily disposed of, without particular inquiries into the causes which had led him to wander from the fold.

At this moment, there are in our churches

multitudes, especially of the young and of those in the humbler walks of life, who have no personal acquaintance with those to whom they are professedly bound by the most sacred and tender ties. Some of them may be in a Church where a feeling of aristocracy creates an impassable gulf between them and the more gifted and wealthy disciples. Should they meet these Christians in heaven, they would have to be introduced by the angel Gabriel, or some other being, before they would know each other.

That this evil ought to be remedied is obvious to all; and that occasional festivals and social gatherings serve, in a measure, to remedy it, is the experience of those churches that have adopted these means. Besides, it is fit, at this delightful season of the year, that there be a public recognition of the Divine goodness, as displayed in the beautiful ornaments and scenery with which the earth is decorated, and in the abundant fruits that come to us from the bountiful Giver. A poet has said that flowers

"Are the alphabet of angels, whereby
They write on hills and fields mysterious truths."

Better had he said, they are the alphabet of Jehovah, whereby he writes his annual messages of love to His children. At this beautiful season He is writing to all the churches such an epistle, an illustrated, illuminated epistle-pictorial, if the phrase may be admitted. The inspired book of revelation is closed, but this book of nature never closes. A new chapter or epistle is added every year. Each spring comes to us as a gospel of mercy. The flowers bring glad tidings. The greatest of teachers did not overlook the lilies of the valley; and He has graciously imprisoned truth in the beauties and sublimities of nature, that they may shine upon the world through the flowers and the stars, through birds, hills, and valleys, morning splendors and sunset hues. through all the works of the Infinite Architect.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A GENTLEMAN wished to remove from his grounds an unsightly plum tree which, having become sadly disfigured

and partially dead by black wart, was of no service to the eye or the palate. Destitute of beauty and affording no fruit, the owner of the land determined that it should be transferred from his grounds to his woodhouse. He selected as the time for removing it the month of May, when the earth around it was soft and yielding. His companion, aid, and pupil in this chore was his oldest son, a boy between six and seven years of age. The little fellow was strong and nimble, but constitutionally fearful. The father dug around the tree and loosened the roots. until a weight of forty or fifty pounds at the top to sway it on one side, with the help of a lever at the foot, would bring it to the ground. The tree was some twenty feet high. It stood near the bank of a river, into which it would fall if it should lean to the south, and a ledge of rocks was near it on the west.

The father, having loosened the tree, said to his boy, "Charles, I want you to climb to the top of the tree and throw your weight (pointing to the eastward) so that the tree will fall in that direction." The boy looked amazed, and stood still, but said nothing. "You are not afraid, are you?" said the father. "You won't get hurt."

Charles explained: "Why, father, I should think that the tree would come down so quick that I should be killed by the fall." "No," replied his father, "the tree will come down gently and slowly, and you will have a grand ride, and fall on the soft grass." Charles trembled, looked thoughtful for a moment, and then began to ascend. As he went higher and higher his courage evidently increased, and his voice and eye became as clear as a bird's. His father, from below, by words and signs, gave him directions how to proceed. Charles reached the limb designated. His father carefully applied the lever below. Softly as a rocking cradle the tree descended to the earth, and Charles, greatly entertained, found himself on the greensward, unharmed by the ride.

"Now, father," said the boy, "I want to tell you how I felt about going up that tree. I thought I should get killed, and when you said I should not, I still felt afraid I should. But then the thought came into my mind that if I should be killed, it would be in obeying my father, and that it could not be bad for me to die in that way. Then I was not afraid any more."

This, dear children, was an instance of practical faith, faith in an unseen God, faith that led to obedience. Charles obeyed God in obeying his father. He believed, not that God would save his life, but that, dead or alive, he would be safe in obeying the fifth commandment. The courage that he felt, as soon as he was willing to trust God, was better to him than an extra supply of muscular strength. It made no difference that there was really no danger. The apprehension of danger is the occasion for faith. Faith is believing where you cannot see, whether the reason you cannot see is want of eyes or want of light. In both cases you are equally in the dark, and so have an opportunity to put your trust in your unseen Father. Happy is the boy who early learns to obey God, and leave the results without fear in His all-wise hands.

THE POWER TO SHUN EVIL.

A LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.

REMEMBER," said Mr. Barton, as he sat talking with his children, "that no matter how severely you may at any time be tempted, you need not fall. Simply refrain from doing the evil to which you are strongly inclined, and you are safe. The power thus to refrain is given to every one."

"Yes, I know that it is so," replied his daughter Mary; "for I have proved it over and over again. Even to-day I found it easy to do right, when I was strongly tempted to do wrong. Last week I called in to see Clara Lee. She was working a collar from a most beautiful pattern that pleased me very much. I asked her if she would not lend it to me, when she had finished her collar, that I might work one from it for myself. But she declined doing so with a manner that hurt me."

"That was hardly kind," remarked Mr. Barton. "Why did she do so?"

"I believe she did not wish me or any one

else to have a collar precisely like this one. In fact I know it,—for she said so to Ellen Maylie; and also told her that she had burned the pattern to keep any one else from getting it."

"That was certainly not acting from a

very good spirit," said the father.

"I think not," replied Mary. "But I was tempted to act in a spirit very little, if any better. I must own that I felt annoyed at Clara's selfishness. Instead of pitying her weakness, and being sorry for what was wrong in her, I rather permitted myself to be half angry, and to feel a wish to be even with her. To-day the opportunity was offered for gratifying this feeling. I called upon Harriet Wilford, and she showed me a book full of lace patterns that her uncle had sent her over from Paris. In looking through it my eyes lit upon a pattern precisely like the one Clara had, and instantly I said—'Oh! isn't this beautiful! Won't you let me work myself a collar like it?'

"'Certainly," she replied; 'from that or any other pattern in the book.' 'Won't I take her by surprise,' I remarked to myself, with a glow of satisfaction at the chagrin that Clara would experience! But I had no sooner said this, than it flashed through my mind that I was neither thinking nor intending right; and so, after a short struggle with myself, I repressed the feeling from which I was about to act."

"How did you repress it, my daughter?" asked the father.

"By calling it evil, and, because it was evil, resolving not to let it influence my actions."

"Did you find this a very difficult task, Mary?"

"Oh, no."

"And you have experienced an inward peace and satisfaction of mind ever since this determination to shun what was evil?" said Mr. Barton.

"Oh yes," returned Mary, "an inward peace that I can hardly describe."

"And such peace will follow every act of shunning what is wrong; while, on the other hand, the sure consequence of acting from a selfish or evil purpose, is a disturbance of the mind, that robs it of all true delight. Ever bear this in remembrance, my children; and also bear in remembrance, that it is not a hard thing to shun what is evil. All that is required is a sincere effort to do so; and then there will flow into your minds an instant and all-sufficient power. This power comes from the Source of all Good,—from God.

HAPPY HOMES.

LET it be our object to multiply the number of virtues and happy homes. The domestic hearth is the seed-plot of a noble and flourishing commonwealth. All laws are vicious, all tendencies are to be deprecated, which increase the difficulty of diffusing through every rank the refined and holy influences which are cherished by the domestic affections. Reckless speculation among capitalists, disturbing the steady and uniform course of employment, and its sure counterpart, improvidence and debauchery among workmen, are the deadliest foes of the household virtues. In how small a compass lie all the elements of man's truest happiness, if society were only conducted in a rational and moderate spirit, and its members of every class could be restrained from vicious indulgence and pursuit of phantoms. A marriage contracted with thoughtfulness, and cemented by a pure and faithful love, when a fixed position is gained in the world, and a small fund has been accumulatedhard work and frugal habits at the commencement of domestic life, to meet in time the possible demands of a future family—a dwelling comfortably furnished, clean, bright, salubrious, and sweet-children well trained, and early sent to school—a small collection of good books on the shelves—a few blossoming plants in the windows-some wellselected engravings on the walls-a piano, it may be, a violin or a flute to accompany the family concert-home made happy in the evening by cheerful tasks and mutual improvement, exchanged at times for conversation of friend and neighbor of kindred taste, and congenial manners—these are conditious of existence within the reach of every one who will seek them-resources of the

purest happiness, lost to thousands, because a wrong direction is given to their tastes and energies, and they roam abroad in pursuit of interest and enjoyment which they might create in rich abundance at home. This is no romantic visionary picture. It is a sober, accessible possibility, such as even now, under the pressure of many adverse circumstances, is realized in the homes of not a few working men who have learned the art of maintaining genuine respectability in an humble station.

BENEVOLENCE OF DR. GOLDSMITH. -A poor woman understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into sickness and poverty. The Doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require: be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen or his tribe could administer.

INFANCY.—As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soons discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts.

THE just man walketh in his integrity his children are blessed after him.

Editorial Miscellany.

SECOND REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION SO-CIETY'S AGENCY .- After I had closed my subscriptions in Brother Baum's congregation at Barren Hill, I next visited St. Michael's congregation, in Germantown, Pa., under the pastoral care of Rev. C. W. Schaeffer, D.D. This was at one time, one of the largest and wealthiest congregations in our connection; but, about twenty-two years ago, many of its members residing at the lower end of the town-Nicetown and the Rising Sun-seceded and organized themselves into a separate congregation; and, for their greater convenience, built a new church, about a mile and a half south of the This, of course, weakened the old old one. congregation considerably; still it did well during Dr. Richards' ministry; but after he left, the congregation dwindled away under his successor to a mere fragment. By the zealous and efficient labors of the present pastor, the congregation has again been brought into a more flourishing condition. During his ministry, which embraces a period of between six and seven years, a spacious lecture-room was built, and also a large and commodious parsonage erected. These buildings having cost a great deal of money, and the congregation being still in debt, laboring at this very time to diminish the debt, or, if possible, to extinguish it entirely, I feared I should obtain but a very small subscription. Yet I was determined, by the help of God, to make a trial; and, accordingly, on the 22d of March, preached in St. Michael's Church, setting forth the benevolent designs of the Publication Society. Wherenpon, the pastor followed with an impressive and stirring appeal to the hearts of his people, encouraging them to contribute liberally, according to their means; and the following list will fully demonstrate that his appeal and my labors were not in vain in this congregation. Rev. C. W. Schaeffer, \$30; Herman Haupt, \$300; Miss Catherine Ashmead, and Geo. Ashmead, each \$20; Samuel Lutz, \$15; Mrs. Mary Burt, C. Lehman, Mrs. S. Weiss, and Jas. Rex, Sr., each \$10; Mrs. Anna Hortter, M. L. & A. S. Billmeyer, Jesse Benner, Dr. A. Rex, S. A. K. Billmeyer, R. & S. Jungkurth, Dr. G. Dock, J. Shingle, Mrs. Sarah Stallman, G. V. Rex, F. Rinker, Mrs. S. Flemming, C. Ashmead, each \$5; J. Strahle, \$3; J. Hortter, Mrs. A. Idel, P. C. Idel, A. Berger, C. Velees, Cash, Mrs. C. Widdis, Miss Jungkurth, Mrs. H. Wentz, Mrs. D. Detweiler, each \$1. Total amount subscribed, \$510; paid, \$122 50.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20th, 1857.
THIRD REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION SO-

CIETY'S AGENCY.—Dear Brethren in Christ:— I hope you will pardon me for troubling you so soon again with my subscriptions to the Publication Society. Having finished my work at Barren Hill and Germantown, I appeared on Sunday, the 26th of April, in Dr. T. Stork's pulpit, from whence I presented to his congregation the benevolent objects of the Society. His congregation was organized a little over six years ago by the zealous efforts of its present efficient pastor, and last fall, five years ago, their beautiful church in Spring Garden Street, above Thirteenth, was solemnly dedicated to the service of the Triune God, under the name of St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church. At the time of the dedication of this house of worship, a heavy debt was resting upon it, yet, notwithstanding the debt, the congregation increased so rapidly that now there is scarcely a pew to be had in that spacious building. Some time in January last, the pastor, after a Wednesday evening lecture, feeling desirous of liquidating the debt yet resting on their church, made a thrilling appeal to those present, which had such an effect upon the hearers, that within one hour they subscribed an amount sufficient to pay off the entire debt. This was indeed a noble The members of St and praiseworthy act. Mark's Church being now pledged to pay their individual subscriptions towards extinguishing their own Church debt without delay, it was thought inexpedient to make an effort, at present, in behalf of the Publication Society. Yet feeling very desirous to prosecute the work to which I was appointed by the Board, without loss of time, I applied to Dr. Stork and his respected council for permission to bring this matter before the congregation, which permission was unanimously granted me. I accordingly preached in St. Mark's Church on Sunday evening, April 26th, and endeavored to explain to the congregation the benevolent designs of the Publication Society. The next morning (Monday), I commenced operations here with a trembling heart, feeling I should be sent empty away, on account of the liberal subscriptions the members had already given towards liquidating their own Church debt. But the first brethren I called on subscribed so cheerfully and liberally towards our new enterprise, that all my fears at once disappeared, and my trembling heart was filled with gratitude to God and man. The following amounts show that I did not labor in vain. feel greatly indebted to Dr. Stork, his Church council and my worthy friend, F. Byerly, for the assistance they have so kindly rendered

Rev. T. Stork, \$30; W. Anspach, \$50; J. Anspach, \$50; W. F. Leech, \$50; Lewis L. Houpt, \$20; C. F. Norton, \$20; M. W. Baldwin & Co., \$20; Mrs. A. V. Murphy, \$20; Dr. Samuel Freedly, \$20; Jacob Fisher, \$20; A. M. Seetzer, \$20; John A. Lewis, \$20; Y. W. Kurtz, \$20; C. P. Bower, \$20; Thomas Matloch, \$15; Williamy J. Williams, \$15; Daniel Erdman, \$15; Joshua Wright, \$15; Peter Sieger, \$10; Charles W. Funk, \$10; Charles Keyser, \$10; Geo. Kinzer, 10; James Monroe, \$10; Geo. and Mary Ann Ratzel, \$10; Francis Funk, \$10; Samuel B. Frey, \$5; F. B. \$5; Samuel Boad, \$5; H. Knauff, \$5; A. Johnson, \$5; Dr. B. Kugler, \$5; A. R. Hortter, \$5; Samuel Sellers, \$5; Mrs. Mary Fordney, \$5; Solomon Lightcap, \$5; Frederick Zinmerman, \$5; Thomas Wilson, \$5; Mrs. C. A. Ziegler, \$5; James Smith, \$5; Mrs. Susan Loeser, \$5; Charles Bird, \$5; J. B. Steiner, \$5; Joseph Hutchison, \$5; George Hoefercamp, \$2 50; J. A. L. Morell, \$2 50; J. Greggs, \$1; W. B. Lyndall, \$1; Richard McCarter, \$1.

Total amount subscribed, \$635 00 " paid, 254 50

On the 10th of May, I presented the claims of the Publication Society to the congregation of St. Matthew's Church, in New Street. This congregation is known far and wide for its piety, zeal, and liberality. But having quite recently done up their church in a very handsome style, and having just rolled off a heavy debt from their shoulders, and being now pretty well drained, I greatly feared there would be little left for the Publication Society. Having finished my discourse, on Sunday, the 10th of May, Brother Hutter followed with an address to his people which they could not fail to understand, and which they determined should not be lost upon them, as the sequel will plainly show. I am greatly indebted to Brother Hutter and my esteemed friend, Daniel K. Grim, for the kind assistance they have rendered me in my arduous labors. The subscriptions in this congregation are as follows:

Rev. E. W. Hutter, \$30; Davis Pearson, \$50; Dr. D. Gilbert, \$20; S. H. Bush, \$20; John F. Jacoby, \$20; Mrs. Catharine Sh'ack, \$15; John L. Frederick, \$10; Jos. J. Rittenhouse, \$10; C. Knipe, \$10; Daniel K. Grim, \$10; Wm. Broom, \$10; Joseph Stulb, \$10; Geo. Keck, \$10; Peter Steman, \$10, W. J. Miller, \$5; David J. Jacoby, \$5; Peter Armbuster, \$5; J. G. Bomgardner, \$5; B. W. Romberger, \$5; John Armbuster, \$5; Gash, \$5; W. C. Harris, 5; E. B. Orwig, \$5; John Lichtenwalder, \$5; Miss M. Sager, \$5; Miss A. Sager, \$5; Cash, \$3; Mrs. Christiana Gaskill, \$1; Elizabeth Brunner, \$1; John Zeigen-

A LIBERAL OFFER.—CHARLES A. MORRIS, Esq., of York, Pa., well known as one of the most active and generous laymen in connection with the Lutheran Church, in a communication published in *The Missionary*, agrees to give the handsome sum of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS towards the permanent endowment of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, Pa. The efforts of Brother Morris to increase the usefulness and efficiency of our institutions at Gettysburg, are in the highest sense praiseworthy, and will, we confidently trust, awaken a similar spirit in the breasts of others. How easy would it be for at least one hundred others to "go and do likewise." H.

DECIDING BY LOT—A recent writer in the Lancaster (Pa.) American Press, ridicules a certain clause in the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which provides, "that the term of each of the persons elected Judges of the Supreme Court shall be decided BY LOT." This provision the erudite critic is disposed to caricature as a revival of the exploded LOTTERY system, and as subjecting grave questions to the capricious arbitration of Chance.

Without intending to write a labored reply, we must be allowed to say, that no believer in the Bible,-no believer in an omnipresent, omniscient, all-creating, and all-controlling God ever employs such a phrase as "chance," when its meaning and application are intended to associate with any event in life a blind and undefinable fatality. We are assured by the Book of books, that all the hairs of our head are numbered, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground, except by Divine appointment. The recognition of the hand of the Supreme Being, even in the most minute and to our limited view trivial, circumstances of life, is the more necessary, when it is remembered, that from these so-called "trifles" often spring such mighty results, both in the passages of individual and national history, as could not have been possibly produced by any but the Supreme intelligence.

In attestation of this truth, we doubt not, instances will rise up in the personal recollection of almost every one, in which the color and direction of a long Futurity were traceable with an unerring finger to the most trifling circumstances. The cackling of the most stupid of the feathered tribe, it is said, saved Rome. The flight of a bird saved Mohamed, thereby affecting the destiny of millions. There must exist a Providence that controls ALL events, however great, or however small,

or there can be no Providence at all. If there be no particular Providence, there can be no general Providence, for generalities consist only of an aggregation of infinitesimal specialities. The tallest mountain, whose summit reaches to the clouds, is only a heap of minute particles, each distinct from the other,-and the unfathomable ocean is resolvable into little drops. To separate the Creator from a single one of these particles of dust, then, is to deny his agency in calling forth the mountain; and to separate Him from a single globule of water, is to deny that He made the sea. There is, hence, no such thing as Chance, even in the matter of the selection of Judges of the Supreme The Wise Man said: "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of So thought the eleven Apostles, when they, in no gambling or trifling spirit, but with reverence and prayer, adopted this mode of choosing a successor to Judas.

Our purpose was merely to protest against what has seemed to us little less than practical Atheism. We may add, however, that the custom of defining the tenure of certain officers by lot, often arises from the necessity of things, and has long prevailed both under the National and State governments. On the admission of a new State into the Union, the Legislature elects two U.S. Senators, who afterwards, in the presence of that body, determine, by lot, who shall serve four and who six years, as it is not desirable that both shall go out at the same time.-The seats of the members of the House of Representatives, at Washington (there being a preference), are assigned by lot. The new Constitution, adopted in this State in 1838, altered the senatorial tenure, whereupon the new senators determined their respective terms of service by lot. The members of the first Canal Board of Pennsylvania, standing on equal footing, decided, by lot, who should serve one, who two, and who three years. This resulted from necessity, as the people had made no distinction, and the law provided an annual election of a member. The plan has worked well, in practice, and no one has objected to it on the ground of immorality. When applied to proper and lawful uses, it is unobjectionable; but when to uses that are unlawful and improper, such as the disposal of money that ought to be earned, it becomes a sin, and so would any other system, perverted to the same ends.

The Germans of Pennsylvania.—A Buffalo newspaper, in a late article on the German farmers of Pennsylvania, informs the world that they are hardly more intelligent or independent than the serfs of the Fatherland a century and a half ago. "The immigrants came over here with their priests," it says, "a fragment of the middle ages, uneducated and uncultivated. What is the consequence? We

see before us the petrification of a social and mental condition which has long since disappeared from Germany. We behold a picture of the dark and gloomy middle ages."

No one familiar with the German farmers of Pennsylvania need be told, that this is a stupid and ignorant libel. Its author has either never travelled through our State, or has maliciously misrepresented what he saw. So far from our German farmers being on a level with the serfs of a hundred and fifty years ago, they are vastly in advance of cotemporary German or French farmers, or even of English farmers of similar means. On this point we need go no further for authority than to Mr. Münch, the fellow-laborer with Herder, in the Presidential campaign of last year, who, though hostile in politics to our German farmers in general, was forced, during his tour through Pennsylvania, to admit their sterling worth. Mr. Munch is an experienced and practical agriculturist, and not merely a speculative man of letters, so that his judgment on such a question is worth that of a score of visionary, ill-informed, prejudiced, disappointed demagogues or partisan editors. After eulogizing the picturesque natural features of the landscape of our German counties, praising the excellent taste which has preserved the woods on the hillsides, and extolling the appearance of the farms, this gentleman adds significantly that he found the population of "a genial, solid, and respectable stamp, enviably circumstanced in comparison with the European farmer, and very far his superior in intelligence and morals."

It is time that the truth should be spoken, and justice done to our German population. We are willing to go as far as any one in testifying to the value of books, newspapers, and schools; we are willing to admit, that our German farmers, as a class, have cared less for these things, than they ought; but we are not yet silly enough to say, that a man is necessarily a bad farmer, a disorderly citizen, or a profligate husband, because he does not speak English, is not crammed with book-learning, or does not take in half a dozen journals. Our German farmers prove the reverse. Whether a denizen of a State be valuable to it on account of what he annually adds to the realized wealth of the community, or for his faithful obedience to the laws, or for the sacredness with which he preserves the family compact, our German farmers certainly merit as much as any other class for the practise of either of these virtues, or, indeed, for the harmonious exercise of all. Even their intelligence is popularly underrated. As Mr. Munch has said. they are of a "genial, solid, and respectable stamp;" there is no false mental glitter about them; in a word, they are rather men of sound judgment, than brilliant rhetoricians or one-sided ideologists. All persons who have

had transactions with our German farmers, learn to respect the excellent sense they display in the ordinary concerns of life. It is only when political differences arise, that our Germans are stigmatized as "dolts." Would it not be more consistent, not to say liberal, to give the Germans credit forequal honesty and shrewdness, in public affairs as in private? Are those, who denounce the Germans, because of their votes, possessed of a monopoly of the intelligence and patriotism of the Remblio?

But we are willing to waive this part of the question. There are other things besides political soundness, valuable in a citizen. In many particulars, German farmers surpass even the people of New England, who, of late, have put in a claim, it would seem, to be the ne plus ultra in all things. They understand, or if they do not understand, they observe the laws of health better than even the rural population of Massachusetts; and the result is, that they are really the finest race of men, physically, to be found within the borders of the United States. In certain favorable localities of Kentucky, or on the frontier, where from being a dominant caste, or from the immediate vicinity of unpeopled wildernesses, the inhabitants live a half nomad life, there are as fine, perhaps finer, specimens of men to be seen; but there is nowhere, in all America, an agricultural population, the members of which personally till the soil, that has such thews and sinews, such a healthy development, or such generally prolonged life, as our much-abused "Pennsylvania Dutch-men." To be plain, if some of our crotchety, one-idead, dyspeptic, thin, cadaverous New England brethren would emigrate to our German counties, follow, for a generation or two, the open-air life of our German farmers, and, last of all, intermarry into our vigorous, antihypochondriacal German families, they would soon cease to die, by such scores, of consumption, to complain that there were no longer any healthy women left, and to amuse sensible people with such silly vagaries as Brook Farm Associations, Pantheism, or the thousand and one intellectual vagaries which

GREATNESS.—Moral greatness consists not in the office a man fills, or in the elevation he has reached by the zeal of his friends. The humblest individual in our neighborhood, may in reality be the greatest man in town.

are born of their abnormal physical condition.

Н.

He is unknown by the crowd; but in correct principles, moral habits, and unbending integrity, he shows a grandeur of character, which no man can boast. His talents and exertions are forming and fixing the habits of multitudes who are not sensible of the influence he has upon them. He works silently, judiciously, and constantly. This is moral greatness. Where you find a man leading you along imperceptibly, as by silken cords and silent resistless appeals, you may be sure he possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, the elements of real greatness.

Such an individual is worth to God and humanity a thousand times as much as the man who is elevated in the glare of selfishness and popular applause,—who has been fitted up by the hands of others,—but who never raised himself an inch by his courage, his steadfastness, his moral power, or virtue.

H.

A GEM PASSAGE.—In a letter written in 1838, LAMARTINE thus beautifully explains his motives for entering political life. The same reasons apply with hundredfold force to Christianity:

"When the Divine Judge shall summon me to appear before my conscience at the end of my brief journey here below, my modesty, my weakness, will not be an excuse for my inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, I was nothing, I could do nothing, I was but a grain of sand. He will say to me, 'I placed before you, in your day, two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of a human race was weighed; in the one was good, and in the other evil. You were but a grain of sand, no doubt; but who told you, that a grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other; you did neither. Let the wind drift it away; it has not been of any use to you or your brethren.'"

Christ is designed to be the light of the world; not a mere stationary oracle, but a messenger of truth to man; not merely a tall lighthouse, but a life-boat, bearing light and salvation to the perishing mariner, everywhere, on Time's broad ocean; not a glassy, central lake, reflecting the light of Heaven to a limited circumference on its borders, but a river of the water of life, which, like the gushing fountain that gladdens the city, offers its treasures at every door.

H.

Antheran Home Journal.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

LUTHER.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

AVING just been engaged in reading Archdeacon Hare's most masterly "Vindication of Luther, against his recent English Assailants," I transcribe a few of its noble passages for the pages of the "Lutheran Home Journal."

Violent slanderous attacks had been made upon Luther's name and labors by certain literary and Romanistic writers, who had permitted their prejudices to silence judgment and veracity, and to hash up for their purpose the misstatements and false accusations of the Reformer's enemies of past days. But Archdeacon Hare's straightforward, giant strokes of truth have fallen upon the leaders in this unworthy cause with crushing force. His work is a fortress reared up on the side of Luther and Luther-Our own Dr. Bachman, in his able "Defence of Luther and the Reformation," repeatedly makes highly commendatory references to Hare's production. This noble effort of an Englishman ought to make us feel how dear to the hearts of the wellthinking in all evangelical Christendom, are still the name of the great Reformer, and the principles of the Reformation. name and character of Luther must ever be admired and loved as long as truth and exalted heroism for truth's sake shall command the affections and honors of mankind.

The paragraphs I here append, and may hereafter present, are selected promiscu-Vol. II. No. 9. ously, and without regard to the train of argumentation in connection with which they occur.

M. S.

Perhaps there is no one in the whole history of the world, against whom such a host of implacable prejudices and antipathies have been permanently arrayed, as against Luther. For the contest in which he engaged, is the most momentous ever waged by a single man; it had been secretly preparing for centuries; and its issue is still pending.

Luther's whole life and character, his heart, and soul, and mind, are identified and one with his great work, in a manner very different from what we see in other Melancthon, for instance, may easily be conceived apart from the Reformation, as an eminent divine in other ages of the Church, as the friend of Augustin or the companion of Fenelon. Even Calvin may be separated in thought from the age of the Reformation, and may be set among the schoolmen, or in the council-chamber of Hildebraud, or of Innocent, or at the Synod of Dort, or among Cromwell's chaplains. Hence it is easier to form an independent, candid judgment on their characters. But Luther, apart from the Reformation, would cease to be Luther. His work was not something external to him, like Saturn's ring, on which he shone, and within which he revolved; it was his own very self, that grew out of him, while he grew out of his work. Wherefore, they who do not rightly estimate and feel thankful for the Reformation, cannot rightly understand Luther, or

attain to that insight into his heart and spirit, which is never granted except to love.

To me, I own,-if we take the two masses of his (Luther's) writings, those in Latin, and those in his own tongue, which display different characters of style, according to the persons and objects they are designed for-in the highest qualities of eloquence, in the faculty of presenting grand truths, moral and spiritual ideas, clearly, vividly, in words which elevate and enlighten men's minds, and stir their hearts, and control their wills, seems incomparably superior to Bossuet, almost as superior as Shakspeare to Racine, or as Ulswater to the Serpentine. In fact, when turning from one to the other, I have felt at times as if I were passing out of a gorgeous, crowded drawing-room, with its artificial lights and dizzying sounds, to run up a hill at sunrise. The wide and lasting effect which Luther's writings produced on his own nation and on the world, is the best witness of their power.

Day by day he rose up to wield the sword of the Gospel, almost single-handed, against all the force and fraud of a corrupt and lying Church, which has east its fetters over the mind, and breathed its rottenness into the heart of Christendom. Day by day, too, he turned from this grand conflict, to refresh himself by relieving the simplest and deepest wants of the poor and ignorant, by teaching them their duty to God and man, by explaining the mysteries of the Gospel to them in the plainest, homeliest speech, by telling them, what they were to pray for, and by putting words into their mouths to pray with.

His reverence for the moral law, as declared in the Ten Commandments, has never been surpassed; and, as it was his delight to teach the poor and simple, he made a number of attempts to set them forth in such a manner, that they might be written on the hearts and minds of the people.

But though Luther was not, what is technically termed, a father, and could not be so from the period, when, for the good of mankind, it was ordained that he should be born; yet it has pleased God, that he, above all other men, since the days of the Apostles,

should, in the truest and highest sense, be a Father in Christ's Church; yea, the human father and nourisher of the spiritual life of millions of souls for generation after generation. Three hundred years have rolled away, since he was raised, through Christ's redeeming grace, from the militant Church into the triumphant; and throughout those three hundred years, and still at this day, it has been, and is vouchsafed to him,—and so, God willing, shall it be for centuries to come,—that he should feed the children of half Germany with the milk of the Gospel by his Catechism; that he should supply the poor and simple—yea, and all classes of his countrymen, with words wherewith to commend their souls to God, when they rise from their bed, and when they lie down in it; that in his words they should invoke a blessing upon their daily meals, and offer up their thanks for them; that, with his stirring hymns, they should kindle and pour out their devotion, both in the solemn assembly and in the sanctuary of every family; that, by his German words, through the blessed fruit of his labors, they should daily and hourly strengthen and enlighten their hearts, and souls, and minds, with that Book of Life, in which God's mercy and truth have met together, His righteousness and peace have kissed each other, and are treasured up for the edification of mankind unto the end of the world. If this is not a Father in Christ's Church, I know not what is. Nay, more; his spiritual children are not confined to his own country. The word of Truth, which he was sent to preach, has sounded from land to land, and was heard also, coming, as it did, from the home of our forefathers, for the purification of the Church, and for the guiding of numberless souls away from a vain confidence in the works of the flesh to a living trust in their Saviour.

Luther's intense love of truth, which could not be lulled by any make-believe, his yearning after realities, which no phantom or shadow could still, are the legacy which he bequeathed to the Protestant Churches; and, so far as they have retained any portion of his spirit, these have been the works of it, though often exhibiting

themselves in uncouth and uncongenial forms.

ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRISTIANITY.

(From the German of Schlegel.)

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

RELIGION is the root of human existence. Were it possible for man to renounce all religion, including that of which he is unconscious, and over which he has no control, he would become a mere surface, without any internal substance. When this centre is disturbed, the whole system of the mental faculties must receive another direction.

And this is what has actually taken place in modern Europe, through the introduction of Christianity. This sublime and beneficent religion has regenerated the ancient world from its state of exhaustion and debasement; it has become the guiding principle in the history of modern nations; and even at this day, when many suppose they have shaken off its authority, they will find themselves in all human affairs much more under its influence than they themselves are aware.

After Christianity, the character of Europe, since the commencement of the middle ages, has been chiefly influenced by the Germanic race of northern conquerors, who infused new life and vigor into a degenerated people. The stern nature of the North drives man back within himself, and what is withdrawn from the development of the senses, must, in noble dispositions, be added to their earnestness of mind. Hence the honest cordiality with which Christianity was received by all the Teutonic tribes, in whom it penetrated more deeply, displayed more powerful effects, and became more interwoven with all human feelings, than in the case of any other peeple.

From a union of the rough but honest heroism of the northern conquerers, and the sentiments of Christianity, chivalry had its origin, of which the object was, by holy and respected vows, to guard those who bore arms from every rude and ungenerous abuse of strength, into which it was so easy to deviate.

With the virtues of chivalry was associated a new and purer spirit of love, an inspired homage for genuine female worth, which was now revered as the pinnacle of humanity, and, enjoined by religion itself under the image of a virgin mother, infused into all hearts a sentiment of unalloyed goodness.

As Christianity was not, like the heathen worship, satisfied with certain external acts, but claimed a dominion over the whole inward man, and the most hidden movements of the heart, the feeling of moral independence was in like manner preserved alive by the laws of honor, a worldly morality, as it were, which was often at variance with the religious, yet in so far resembled it, that it never calculated consequences, but consecrated unconditionally certain principles of action, as truths elevated beyond all the investigation of casuistical reasoning.

Chivalry, love, and honor, with religion itself, are the objects of the natural poetry which poured itself out in the middle ages with incredible fulness, and preceded the more artificial formation of the romantic character. This age has also its mythology, consisting of chivalrous tales and legends; but their wonder and their heroism were the very reverse of those of the ancient mythology.

Several inquirers, who, in other respects, entertain the same conception of the peculiarities of the moderns, and trace them to the same source that we do, have placed the essence of the Northern poetry in melancholy; and to this, when properly understood, we have nothing to object.

Among the Greeks, human nature was in itself all-sufficient; they were conscious of no wants and aspired at no higher perfection than that which they could actually attain by the exercise of their own faculties. We, however, are taught by superior wisdom that man, through high offence, forfeited the place for which he was originally destined; and that the whole object of his earthly existence is to strive to regain that situation, which, if left to his own strength, he could never accomplish. The religion

of the senses had only in view the possession of outward and perishable blessings; and immortality, in so far as it was believed, appeared in an obscure distance, like a shadow, a faint dream of this bright and vivid futurity. The very reverse of all this is the case with the Christian; everything finite and mortal is lost in the contemplation of infinity; life has become shadow and darkness, and the first dawning of our real existence opens in the world beyond the grave. Such a religion must waken the foreboding, which slumbers in every feeling heart, to the most thorough consciousness, that the happiness after which we strive we can never here attain, that no external object can ever entirely fill our souls, and that every mortal enjoyment is but a fleeting and momentary deception. When the soul, resting as it were under the willows of exile,* breathes out its longing for its distant home, the prevailing character of its songs must be melancholy.

Hence the poetry of the ancients was the poetry of enjoyment, and ours is that of desire: the former has its foundation in the scene which is present, while the latter hovers betwixt recollection and hope. Let me not be understood to affirm that everything flows in one strain of wailing and complaint, and thus the voice of melancholy must always be loudly heard. As the austerity of tragedy was not incompatible with the joyous views of the Greeks, so the romantic poetry can assume every tone, even that of the most lively gladness; but still it will always, in some shape or other, bear traces of the source from which it originated. The feeling of the moderns is, upon the whole, more intense, their fancy more incorporeal, and their thoughts more contemplative. In nature, it is true, the boundaries of objects run more into one another, and things are not so distinctly separated as we must exhibit them for the sake of producing a distinct impression.

JESUS SITTING OVER AGAINST THE TREASURY.

BY D. E. C.

THE Treasury in the Temple at Jerusalem was in the "new court," sometimes called the "outer court," and the "court of the women." It consisted of a number of chests for receiving the voluntary gifts of the worshippers, in behalf of various objects—such as the support of the poor, the repairs of the temple, the providing of its furniture from time to time, and the maintenance of its ordinances from day to day. It was placed where both men and women might have access to it, as all who came up to worship were to begin their service at the treasury, according to the invitation, "Bring an offering and come into His courts."

Why is it so specially mentioned that Jesus was there? Not merely for the sake of the beautiful narrative that follows, but, probably, also, to teach us that everything connected with His house He keeps His eye upon, is interested in, and regards with jealous concern. We are more accustomed to think of Jesus as having his eye upon us when we are praying or praising, preaching the Gospel or hearing it, than as sitting over against the treasury when we enter the House of God. And the reason is, probably, that we like to think of His sacrifice, rather than ours-of what He gave for us, rather than of what we should give for him. Too frequently we forget that the treasury part of the service is an ordinance of Christ. If it be not a part of the service of God's house, it should not be there; and if it be a part of appointed service, it should be performed as in the sight of Jesus.

He "beheld how the people cast money into the treasury." Many, in giving, would have no thought that the eye of Jesus was upon them; but He beheld them every one. He knew from what motives they acted in casting in their money, whether from the force of custom, a desire to be like their neighbors, a wish to avoid singularity, a fear of losing the reputation of piety; or whether from a sense of gratitude, a love for religious ordinances, a desire to honor

^{*} Traverweiden der Verbannung, literally, the weeping willows of banishment; an allusion, as every reader must know, to the 137th Psalm. Linnæus, from this psalm, calls the weeping willow Salix Babylonica. Trans.

God: and they who were actuated by the latter class of motives would not be long in the temple without learning that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He "beheld," also, in what spirit they gavewhether imagining they made the minister of the altar and the God of the temple their debtors by the gift, or esteeming it their duty and their privilege to bestow it; whether they gave it grudgingly or of good will. He beheld, further, what amount they cast in; how far it was according to their ability, and in proportion to their circumstances. With some, it may have been more at this time than was usual with them; with others it may have been less. Contributions will vary with the truly conscientious. Apostolic rule is, "Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

Among the worshippers in the temple, on this occasion, there would, no doubt, be great diversity in regard to worldly circumstances-some very rich, others who carned their bread by daily toil, and not a few of the very poor. Only two classes are specially noticed. "Many that were rich east in much." It is not said that there were any who did not east in. Such a sight, it is probable, would be seldom seen among Jewish worshippers. They were early taught the duty of giving, and being trained up in this way, when they were old they would not depart from it. Much depends on early training-on the example of parents, and the spirit manifested by professors of religion generally, in reference to this service; and as giving to God's house is a scriptural ordinance, it is as clearly the duty of Christian parents to teach their children this duty, and exemplify it in their visible practice, as it is to teach them to pray, and to exemplify before their eyes the service of prayer. What would be thought of a professing Christian who would discourage prayer on the part of his children? But how often the young are dissuaded, by direct precept and constant example, and not less by the current style of observation which they hear at home, whenever Christian liberality is referrred to, from giving to the

Lord? "All that the Lord hath commanded us we will hear and do it."

It is not said that all the rich cast in much. It seems to be implied that some of them did not; but many of them did, and this is mentioned with manifest approval. These had much in their power, and they were not unfaithful to their trust. Having acquired wealth by inheritance, or, as the reward of their industry and enterprise, they did not become proud, so as to imagine that they were above attending to religious duties, nor miserly, so as to appropriate to the service of God less then they had been wont to do, or but little more than before they came to their possessions. They devised liberal things; and it is not to be supposed that, because no praise is bestowed upon them in the narrative, Jesus regarded them with dissatisfaction. The contrast intended is between the best specimens of the rich, and the best specimen of the poor: between the best works of the one class and the best works of the other; and Jesus seems to say, "These many have done well, but this one better." As in heaven, though all will have glory, all will not have the same glory, but some a greater degree, some a less; so on earth, though all the disciples of Jesus have grace, all have not the same grace, but some a larger and some a smaller measure. These rich men have the approval of Jesus, as the woman has with whom they are compared; but in comparison, theirs is the second prize, hers the first. "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The history of this poor widow is not told us—even her name is not recorded; all that is intimated concerning her former life is, that once she had a husband, and that for a time she had been left alone. Her husband probably was poor. It does not appear that he had made provision for his widow; unless we suppose that she had been made a victim by that Pharisaic sect who went about devouring widows' substance, and for a pretence made long prayers. In respect to her married life, let us take the pleasing side of the picture, and suppose that she and her husband had lived happily

together, and what is better, had lived holily; that their home had been cheerful; that they had dwelt together in unity, and that their union was sanctified by religion; that they had often spoken together of the love of God-had often interchanged religious experience—been refreshed together by religious ordinances, and sighed for the consolation of Israel. But death had entered their dwelling, the husband had been carried out, and she left with the lonely name of Widow. She was not only a widow, but also poor. On the day her house was written desolate, her staff of bread was broken. She remains dependent on the sympathies of others; and, as the result of her trials, trusting more firmly on the widow's God. She comes to the temple unnoticed and unknown by the throng of worshippers; yet she does not leave the treasury without acknowledging its claim. Some would have thought it waste, on her part, to give anything, and that she needed rather to be ministered unto; but she stands upon her privilege, and throws in "two mites."

A mite was the smallest coin in circulation among the Jews. It was about the sixteenth of a penny, so that the amount of this contribution was about the half of a farthing, the eighth part of a penny. It was a small sum. It would not go far in providing for the service of the temple. It was little in comparison with what the rich cast in. But Jesus saw her, he knew what she had done, and he commended her for it.

In the commendation bestowed, the comparison is not between the "much" that the rich cast in, and the "two mites" of the widow. This probably is the way the disciples would have judged in the matter, but Jesus applies a different rule. He commended her because "of her want." "Of her little store," as some have rendered it, she gave a far larger proportion than the others did, with all their gifts. They showed their good will to religion; she showed it more. They would probably please men better, because men often judge simply by the value received; she pleased Jesus better, because in her gift there was more of conscience and more of sacrifice. In the

building of Solomon's temple, the man who is called famous is not he whose genius planned the work, nor he who brought gold and silver to adorn it, nor he who superintended the vast undertaking; but he who, far away on the mountains of Lebanon, laid prostrate the growth of a thousand years. "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." The woman who broke the alabaster box of precious ointment, and poured it upon Jesus' head, is commended as having wrought a good work, not in the value of the gift, but because she had "done what she could." With these, the widow of Jerusalem takes her place as an example of true fame, as one whose unreserved religious devotedness has earned for her a high place in the approbation of Jesus, and a eulogium destined to fill with the fragrance of her memory all places whithersoever the Gospel shall come.

In conclusion, we would impress upon our readers this thought: Jesus sits over against the treasury; he is not uninterested in any part of the Gospel service. There is a closer connection between our giving to Christ, and our receiving from him, than is generally imagined. In the book of Malachi, we find, that when the people withheld from God the "meat of God's house," they were in a very dead state, they had no blessing, and not all the crying of the priests and the people could bring down divine favor, till the people returned to their duty. Why is this written, if not as a warning lesson to us? Our sowing and our reaping are related in their measure as well as their kind.

To many this subject is not pleasing. It cannot be expected to be so to those to whom the very name of "treasury" is an offence; to those who hold their money as with a death-grasp: and to others who are willing to spend their substance freely on anything, rather than on God's house and for religion. There are professors of Christ's Gospel, liberal men, wasteful in ordinary matters, but niggardly and miserly with God's house. Consistency surely demands the very opposite. We call ourselves voluntaries. This is the law of Christ, "Every one according to his own ability." It is a

misnomer to eall anything else than this the voluntaryisin of the New Testament. There are those who not only themselves withhold from Jesus, but by their grumbling and discontent hinder others from giving. Had these met with this poor widow, and had they spoken to her as they are wont to speak of pious giving, we can imagine how soon they would have been sileneed. Oh! there would be less illiberality manifested or expressed, were more of us under the law of Christ in this matter. There is a choice in these days for covetous professors, and surely they are out of their place among those, who, by their profession, acknowledge Christ's law, and desire to act upon it. There are those who are always withholding from God, and they are poor notwithstanding. God takes from them in other ways what they withhold from Him. Let us see that in giving to God we act conscientiously, in a way that we shall not be ashamed of when we lie down upon a death-bed, in a way which will not diminish, but rather increase the lustre of our crown, when "Time shall be no longer."

ON LEAVING MY COUNTRY HOME.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

FAREWELL awhile, ye fields and woods,
Garden and copse, and mount and dell,
Ye lapsing streams and dashing floods,
My cherished homes and haunts, farewell!

No longer 'mid your dim retreats Must I, oblivious, muse and dream, Deep-shadowed from the noontide heats, Or summer evening's crimson beam.

Once more, upon the waves of life,
My bark, unmoored, must spread her sail;
Surrounded by the din, the strife,
To woo the breeze or breast the gale.

Oh, many a nobler hulk than mine
Drifts wrecked upon a rocky strand,
And many a frailer, o'er the brine
Speeds safely to the looked-for land!

Once more, commingled with the throng, Must I the noise and tumult hear; Even while the wild bird's matin song Still rings on my delighted ear.

Less sweet the measured sounds of Art From lips of human warblers fall; A dearer language to the heart Speaks Nature's minstrels than them all. How heautiful the pictures drawn
By sunrise on the tinted sky!
What shadows on the lake and lawn,
In mass and outline, softly lie!

Could Claude's or Rembraudt's pencil trace Distincter lines or deeper hues? Can Painting yield so true a grace, Or such transparent light infuse?

No, in your halls and galleries gay,
With artificial sounds and sights,
Ye cities, there's no voice, or ray,
Like Nature's, for your days or nights.

Therefore, with unavailing tears,
I contemplate my happy home;
Therefore, with many doubts and fears,
I leave my Sabine farm for Rome.

It must be so,—though Love and Peace Are one beneath these vines and trees; My very powers of thought would cease, If wasted in luxurious ease.

Then, welcome, busy life, again,—
Welcome, familiar thought and toil,—
The daily intercourse with men,
The wasting of the midnight oil!

But less than poet I should be,
Garden, and copse, and mount, and dell,
Fields, woods, streams, floods, home, haunts, if ye
Were left without one sad farewell!

ORATION ON EUTROPIUS:

PRONOUNCED BY ST. CHRYSOSTOM, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE, ANNO DOM(NI, 399.

(Translated from the Greek Memoirs of St. Chrysostom.)

MIDST the inconsistent and disgraceful A acts, which marked the reign of the weak ARCADIUS, the following is not the least. EUTROPIUS, by birth obscure, by nature cruel, vindictive, and ambitious, was raised to the highest dignities of the State, and was styled Consul, and father of the Emperor. In the zenith of his greatness, he exercised his power with the most excessive tyranny, and enacted the severest laws against the Christian Church. At length the day of retribution came. He was stripped of all his grandeur, his titles. and his wealth, and was reduced to the order of the meanest citizen. Thus conditioned, he fled for refuge to the altar of the Cathedral-CHRYSOSTOM received him with the charity of a Christian, and the tenderness of a parent On the succeeding day, when the news of his disgrace and flight had been published through the city, the people flocked in crowds to the Cathedral, that they might exult in the distress of their once dreaded tyrant, and drag him forth to punishment. The time was critical. There was no leisure for premeditation. Weaned from each unholy appetite, purified from every passion, save an ardent love of God and of his creatures, the orator, St. Chrysostom, ascended the pulpit. The sanctity of his character, as well as the importance of his theme, received the homage of universal silence; and, in a golden flood of extemporaneous eloquence, which, as Suidas, the historian, observes, no other man, in any age, was master of, he thus appeased his impassioned auditors.

In every period of our lives, but most especially in the present, we may exclaim, "Vanity of vanities,-all is vanity." Where now are the costly insignia of the consulship, and where the blaze of torches? where now is the enthusiasm of applause, and the festive dance, and the sumptuous banquet, and the crowded levee? where are the crowns and canopies? where is the tumult that echoed through the city, the acclamations which resounded in the hippodromes, and the flattery of the spectators? All these are fled. The rising storm hath scattered the rich foliage on the ground, presenting to our eyes the desolated tree, naked, and quivering to its roots. So vehement was the blast, so infuriate the hurricane, that it threatened to tear up the very roots from their proud foundation, and to rend the nerves and vitals of the tree. Where now are the fictitious friends? where are the carousals and the feasts? where is the swarm of parasites, the streaming goblets of exhaustless wine, the arts which administered to luxury, the worshippers of the consular authority, whose words and actions were the slaves of interest? They were the vision of a night, and the illusion of a dream; but when the day returned, they were blotted from existence; they were flowers of the spring; but when the spring departed, they were all withered; they were a shadow, and it passed away; they were a smoke, and it was dissolved; they were bubbles of water, and they were broken; they were a spider's web, and it was torn. Wherefore, let us proclaim this spiritual saying, incessantly repeating, "Vanity of vanities,—all is vanity." This is a saying which should be inscribed on our garments, in the Forum, in the houses, in the highways, on the doors, and on the thresholds; but far more should it be engraven on each man's conscience, and be made a theme of ceaseless meditation. Since fraud, and dissimulation, and hypocrisy, are by the many credited for truth; it behooves each man, on each passing day, at supper, and at dinner, and in the public meetings, to repeat unto his neighbor, and to hear his neighbor repeating unto him, "Vanity of vanities,—all things are vanity."

Did I not continually say to you, that wealth is a fugitive slave? but my words were not endured. Did I not perpetually remind you, that it is a servant void of gratitude? but you were not willing to be convinced. Lo! experience hath proved to thee that it is not only a fugitive slave, not only an ungrateful servant, but likewise a destroyer of man. It is this which hath undone thee, which hath abased thee in the dust. When thou wert so oft indignant, because I declared the truth; did I not maintain, that I felt a sincerer friendship for thee, than they who flattered thee? that whilst I reprehended, I was more solicitous for thy welfare, than they whose object was to gratify thy passions? Did I not observe, that the wound inflicted by a friend, is more worthy of regard than the kisses of an enemy? If thou hadst endured the wounds my hand inflicted, perchance their kisses had not engendered this death to thee. For my wounds were the ministers of health, but their kisses the harbinger of disease. Where now are thy slaves and cup-bearers? Where are they who walked insolently through the Forum, obtruding upon all They have their encomiums on thee? taken the alarm; they have renounced thy friendship; they have made thy downfall the foundation of their security. Far different our practice. In the full climax of thy enormities we braved thy fury, and now that thou art fallen, we cover thee with our mantle, and tender thee our service. The Church unrelentingly besieged hath spread wide her arms, and pressed thee to her

bosom; while the theatres, those idols of thy soul, which so oft have drawn down thy vengeance upon us, have betrayed thee, have abandoned thee. And yet did I cease exclaiming, Wherefore these impotent attempts? Maddening with Bacchic rage, thou seekest to overturn the Church, and thy incautious steps will be hurried down the precipice. But all was disregarded! The hippodromes having consumed thy riches, sharpen their swords against thee; while the Church, poor suffering victim of thy wrath, traverses the mountains, valleys, woods, panting to rescue thee from the snare.

I speak not these things to trample on a prostrate foe, but more firmly to establish the upright: I aim not to lacerate a wound yet bleeding, but to insure sweet health to those who are unwounded: I wish not to bury in an abyss of waters, him who is halfdrowned already, but to caution those whose bark glides smoothly on the ocean, lest they should be wrecked at last. And how shall they be preserved? Let them meditate on the vicissitudes of mortals. This very man, had he but feared a change, had not experienced a change. But since neither foreign nor domestic examples could reclaim him, ye, at least, who are enshrined in wealth, from his calamity should derive instruction. thing is more imbecile or more empty than the affairs of men; therefore, whatever terms I might employ to denote their vileness, my illustration would be insufficient. To call them a blade of grass, a smoke, a dream, a flower, would be to stamp a dignity upon them, for they are less than nothing!

That they are not only empty and unsubstantial, but likewise pregnant with disaster, is manifest from hence. Was ever man more elevated, more august than he? Did he not surpass the universe in wealth? Did he not ascend to the pinnacle of grandeur? Did not all men tremble and bend before him? Lo! he is become more necessitous than the slave, more miserable than the captive, more indigent than the beggar wasted with excess of hunger. Each day does he behold swords waving, gulfs yawning, the lictors, and the passage to the grave. If

ever he experienced happiness he is utterly unconscious. He regards not the sun's fair beam, but standing in meridian day, as though he were enveloped in tenfold darkness, his sight and feeling are extinct. But no language which I might use, and no similitude which I might employ, could be commensurate to the agony he endures, each hour expecting that his head will be severed from his body! And wherefore should I attempt to delineate those sufferings, which he himself, in glowing colors, depicts unto Even yesterday, when soldiers from the imperial palace came to drag him to his fate, with what a speed, with what an agitation did he rush unto the altar! Pale was his countenance, as though he were an inmate of the tomb; his teeth chattered; his whole frame trembled; his speech was broken; his tongue was motionless: ye would have thought his very heart had been congealed to stone.

Believe me, I relate not this to insult and triumph in his fall, but that I may soften your heart's asperity, may allure you to compassionate, and persuade you to rest satisfied with his present anguish. Since there are persons in this assembly, who even reproach my conduct in admitting him to the altar, to charm away the inhumanity of their breasts I unfold the history of his woes. Wherefore, O my friend, art thou offended? Because, thou wilt reply, that man is sheltered by the Church who waged an incessant war against it. This is the especial reason for which we should glorify our God, because he hath permitted him to stand in so awful a necessity, as to experience both the power and the clemency of the Church! the power of the Church, because his continued persecutions have drawn down this thunderbolt on his head; and her clemency, because, still bleeding from her wounds, she extends her shield as a protection, she covers him with her wings, she places him in an impregnable security; and, forgetting every past circumstance of ill, she makes her bosom his asylum and repose. No illustrious conquest, no high-raised trophy could reflect so pure a splendor. This is a triumph which might cover the infidel with shame, and raise even the blushes of the Jew! It is

this which irradiates her face with smiles, and lights up her eye with exultation. She hath received, she hath cherished a fallen enemy; and when all besides abandoned him to his fate, she alone, like a tender mother, hath covered him with her garment, and withstood at once the indignation of the prince, the fury of the people, and a spirit of inextinguishable hatred! This is the glory, the pride of our religion! What glory is there, you will exclaim, in receiving an iniquitous wretch unto the altar! Ah! speak not thus, since even a harlot took hold of the feet of Christ, a harlot utterly impure; yet no reproach proceeded from Jesus' lips: he approved, he praised her. The impious did not contaminate the holy, but the pure and spotless Jesus rendered by his touch the impure harlot pure. O man! remember not thine injuries. Are we not the servants of a crucified Redeemer, who said, as he was expiring, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." But he interdicted this asylum, you will say, by his decrees and laws. Lo! he now perceives the nature of what he did, and is himself the first to dissolve the laws which he enacted. He is become a spectacle to the world, and, though silent, from hence he admonisheth the nations, Do not such things as I have done, lest ye should suffer what I suffer. Illustrated by this event, the altar darts forth an unprecedented splendor, and shines a warning beacon to the earth. How tremendous, how august does it appear, since it holds this lion in chains, and crouching at your feet! Thus, too, the victorious monarch is most eminently illustrious, not because he is seated on a throne, invested with purple and adorned with jewels, but because he treads beneath his feet captive barbarians, who crouch at his footstool and grovel in the dust.

That he used not his power to conciliate your loves, ye yourselves attest in your tumultuous concourse. This day, a most brilliant spectacle, a most venerable assembly is presented to my eyes; the church is thronged as on the festival of Easter, and this culprit, with a silence more eloquent than the trumpet's voice, summoneth the city hither. Ye virgins, abandoning your

chambers; ye matrons, quitting your retirements; ye men, leaving the Forum empty, have flocked together here, that ye might behold the true nature of man demonstrated, the nothingness of human grandeur publicly revealed, and you meretricious countenance, which yesterday was brightened with the tints of youth, now betraying the grim wrinkles of disease and age; this reverse of fortune, like a dripping sponge, having wiped off the plastered paint and the fictitious charm! Such is the potency of this hapless day. It hath rendered the proudest of nature's tyrants the meanest, the most abject of her children!

Doth the rich man enter here? Abundant is his gain. For, beholding the common scourge of nations degraded from such an elevation, tamed of his savage nature, and become more timid than the most timid animal; bound without fetters to that pillar, and girt around with fear as with a chain; he calms his effervescent pride, he represses his swelling spirit; and philosophizing on the state of man, as it is fitting he should philosophize, he retires, learning from experience, and feeling with conviction, that "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth." The poor man entering here, and gazing on you spectacle of woe, accounteth not himself as vile, nor grieveth that he is poor. Nay, he droppeth a tear of gratitude to his poverty, because it hath been to him a citadel which never can be stormed, a harbor where no billows rage, a wall of adamantine strength. Seeing what he sees, his soul is tranquillized; and far rather would he cling to his present lot, than, possessing for an hour the treasures of the universe, be agonized as long as he may live by the horrors of anticipated destruction. Do ye not perceive what a benefit accrues to the wealthy and the poor, to the lowly and the exalted, to the slave and to the free, from this wretch's flight unto the altar? Do ye not perceive that each man bears away a healing balsam, strengthened and instructed by this spectacle alone? And now have I mollified your hearts, and assuaged your fury? Have I extinguished your savage spirit? Have I melted you to

sympathy? Most assuredly I have. Your mournful looks proclaim it; your flowing tears attest it. Since, then, this flinty rock is become prolific, this barren desert fertile, let us hail the auspicious moment. Blooming with the fruit of mercy, and yielding in rich exuberance a golden harvest of compassion, let us fall at our monarch's feet; or rather let us implore the mercy-breathing God, that he may sooth the Emperor, and incline his heart to pardon. And truly, since that day in which he sought refuge in the church, no small change hath been effected. For when the soldiers thronged about the prince, laboring to inflame his rage, and seeking this sinner's blood, he directed them to a long discourse, exhorting them not to hold in remembrance his frailties only; if one virtuous action could be called his own, they should dwell on that; for that they should grant him their esteem, and what he had done amiss should pardon, because he was a man. But when they still thirsted to avenge their sovereign, crying aloud, stamping on the ground, brandishing their spears, and demanding retribution; pouring at length a fountain of tears from the gentlest eyes that ever wept, and calling their attention to the sanctity of that table, whither he had fled, he thus appeased their fury.

It now remains that the application be made unto your hearts. O what mercy, what pardon do ye expect, if, when the Emperor who has been insulted forgets the injury, ye, who have sustained no insult, can cherish such an enmity? When this assembly shall be dissolved, will ye have the hardihood to approach the mysteries, and to repeat that prayer, in which we are commanded to say, "Forgive us, even as we forgive our debtors," whilst ye are exacting justice of your debtor? Have not his enormities been excessive? I admit the charge. But this is a season of mercy, not of judgment; of remission, not of accusation; of indulgence, not of scrutiny; of grace and favor, not of trial and condemnation. Let not any of us repine or be inflamed with anger, but rather let us entreat the mercybreathing God to grant him a prolongation of his life, that he may erase his crimes;

and let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, in the authority of the Church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this should be our course, the Emperor will approve, but far more the King of kings will applaud our deed; it will be treasured in the archives of Heaven, and will become the source of unnumbered blessings; for as he detests the cruel and inhuman, so likewise does he regard the compassionate and mereiful. If such a one should be a righteous man, he prepareth for him a crown yet more resplendent; and if he be a sinner, he blotteth out his sins, allotting him this recompense of his sympathy with a fellow-mortal. For, saith he, "I would have mercy and not sacrifice;" and ye may perceive that in every part of the sacred writings he is always demanding this, and declaring that this is the remission of transgressions. If this then be our course, what a cloud of blessings will encircle us! We shall render the Almighty propitious to ourselves; we shall escape the chastisement of our sins; we shall irradiate the Church with glory; our benignant monarch will applaud us, as I have already mentioned; by the whole people we shall be extolled; at the very confines of the world, the magnanimity of our city will be admired, and every inhabitant of the earth, when he shall hear the deed, will celebrate our name. That we may enjoy such inestimable rewards, let us kneel, let us remonstrate, let us implore; let us rescue from impending evils this prisoner, this fugitive, this suppliant.

It is better to love a person you cannot marry, than to marry a person you cannot love. This is a short text for a long sermon which human experience will continue to preach until the last syllable of recorded time.

DISRAELI once wrote of a certain fine lady: "She had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle. She had plenty of apathy; was tolerably illiterate; was brilliantly vain, and fertilely capricious; acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles."

SACRED POETS.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

III. REV. JOHN NEWTON.

"Prepare a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name!
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame."

J. NEWTON.

WHILE contemplating this character with reference to the pages of the "Lutheran Home Journal," a new zest has been happily imparted by the reception of a letter from a dear friend, who had just returned to London from a visit to Olney, with which place, in the Christian's mind, the names of John Newton and William Cowper must be forever associated.

The subject here presented to notice is one of peculiar interest, in view of the strangely varied course of his life. For the purpose of exciting sympathy and commanding attention, fiction has frequently been laid under contribution to unfold a chain of strange possible events, and to weave together a network of marvellous coincidences. Here is the actual life of a real human being that needs no suppositions or inventions from imaginative minds to give it the embellishments of art. It is a real illustration of the providence of God and the power of the Gospel of grace.

John Newton was born in London, July 24th, 1725. His father was a captain of a merchant vessel in the Mediterranean. His mother, who is represented as a pious woman, spent much of her time in teaching, this, her only child, both in secular and religious knowledge. In very early childhood she stored his memory "with many valuable pieces, chapters, and portions of Scripture, catechisms, hymns, and poems." She was a member of a dissenting church, and it was her wish to bring up her son for the ministry. But when he had almost completed his seventh year his mother died. A blight now settled down upon his life; and for many years his history presents a sad picture of suffering and moral debasement. Here is a striking lesson as to the estimation in which pious parents should be held. Their love, and care, and counsel, are above all price. A mother's protection having been removed, this child became the companion of vicious children. About a year after his orphanage, he was put to a school at Stratford, where he spent two years, which furnished the only school privileges he ever enjoyed.

At the age of eleven his father took him to sea. In the following six years he made five voyages. During one of the intervals between voyages, in his fifteenth year, he was placed in an advantageous position at Alicant, in Spain. But his "unsettled behavior, and impatience of restraint, rendered that design abortive." His father, leaving the sea in 1742, was sent to America, to act as Governor of York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, where he died in 1750. Concerning his father, he says, "he took great care of my morals, but could not supply my mother's part."

John made 'yet one more voyage to Venice, before the mast. On his return he was impressed on board the Harwich, a man-of-war, bound for the East Indies. By this time he had "fallen into many snares, and had lost all sense of religion and decorum." Through his father's influence he was at once promoted to the rank of midshipman; but, on account of irregular conduct, he, from the beginning, lost favor with the commander. To crown the whole, at a time when placed on guard over a boat's company, to prevent desertion, he himself deserted. Being, however, retaken, he was punished and degraded from his position. At the Island of Madeira he was exchanged with the owner of a slave ship for another, who, it was hoped, would prove more loyal. The captain had his residence on a small island on the coast of Sierra Leone, in Africa, whither Newton was taken, and where, for a time, he had his home. Here, and subsequently on shipboard, he endured the utmost sufferings from ill-treatment and sickness.

From this time, until August, 1754, he was mostly engaged in the slave-trade. During this period he was on board different vessels, and acted in various capacities, even in those of mate and captain; making

several voyages from England to Africa, and thence to the West Indies, on one of which occasions he landed at Charleston, South Carolina. While thus engaged, he grew very fond of reading and study. He even acquired a good knowledge of the learned languages. While still following the seas, the Lord also arrested him in his remarkably abandoned course, humbled him in penitence, and led him to the Saviour of the lost.

Having at last grown heartily sick of the traffic in the bodies and souls of men, he refused to be any longer identified with it. It should, moreover, be mentioned, that on the 1st of February, 1750, he was married in England, to a young lady, the thoughts concerning whom, even in his most degraded days, seemed for seven long and weary years to have animated him with a hopeful spirit. After his return to London in 1754, he became acquainted with George Whitefield, who had just returned from America. Under the preaching of Whitefield and other eminent ministers he was greatly benefited.

In the year 1755 he obtained the post of tide-surveyor for the port of Liverpool, at which he continued three years. His mind now became impressed with the duty of preaching the Gospel. His wish was, thus to lead others to the enjoyment of that religion which filled his own soul with peace and hope, as also to testify his love and gratitude to that Saviour who had in infinite mercy rescued him from the ways of ruin. At the same time, the recollection that his early-departed mother had hoped to train him up for the ministry, had no little influence in deciding his mind. But his first attempts to obtain ordination in the established Church proving unsuccessful, he continued his studies and made himself useful by exhorting, and expounding the Scriptures about Liverpool, probably among dissenters. Several years having passed in this way, he renewed his application for ordination. He was accepted by Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1764, and settled at Olney, in Buckinghamshire.

Three years after this, he was chiefly instrumental in inducing the poet Cowper, together with Mrs. Unwin, with whom the

poet resided, to fix his home at Olney. This gave occasion to an endearing Christian and literary friendship that proved a source of much advantage to both. In health they spent a great portion of their walking hours together; and when Cowper was suffering under his lamentable mental affliction, Newton was indefatigable in his attentions to him. In the Sketch of Cowper's Life by his relative, John Johnson, LL.D., the writer says, "Inestimable likewise was the care of Newton: 'Next to the duties of the ministry,' said that venerable pastor to the author of this memoir, more than twenty years afterwards, 'it was the business of my life to attend him.'" This intimacy, moreover, gave existence to the memorable volume of "Olney Hymns," the joint production of the two friends.

After a faithful ministry of fifteen years at Olney, Newton, in 1779, removed to anothor rectory in London. Here he continued his labors until his death, which occurred twenty-eight years afterward, on the 21st of December, 1807, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. For the last ten or twelve years it was observed that his mental powers were gradually failing. His departure from the world was bright with the Christian's hope. As his end approached, many expressions of joyful assurance were made in presence of his family. At one time he said, "More light, more love, more liberty—hereafter I hope, when I shut my eyes on the things of time, I shall open them in a better world. What a thing it is to live under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty! I am going the way of all flesh." And when one replied, "The Lord is gracious," he answered, "If it were not so, how could I dare to stand before him?"

His affection to his family was peculiarly kind and tender. The Rev. Richard Cecil, his biographer, says, "Mr. Newton could live no longer than he could love." He always manifested an exemplary solicitude in regard to the spiritual welfare of the servants in his house. They were regularly instructed by him in holy things. Mr. Cecil, in referring to his ministerial faithfulness, remarks, "The portrait which Goldsmith drew from imagination Mr. Newton realized

in fact, insomuch that had Mr. Newton sat for his picture to the poet, it could not have been more accurately delineated than by the following lines in his Deserted Village:

"Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power, By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour; Far other aims his heart had learned to prize, More bent to raise the wretched than to rise. Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride, And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side; But in his duty prompt at every eall, He walched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all: And as a bird each fond endearment tries To tempt his new-fledged offspring to the skies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

It has also been said of him, "Few theologians, of the last century, contributed more to the recommendation and advancement of experimental religion."

As a still further illustration of Newton's deep piety, the following will be accepted with gratitude: "Two or three years before the death of this estimable minister of Christ, when his sight was so dim that he was no longer able to read, an aged friend and brother in the ministry called on him to breakfast. Family prayer succeeding, the portion of Scripture for the day was brought to him. It was suggested by 'Bogatsky's Golden Treasury,' 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' It was the good man's custom, on these occasions, to make a few short remarks on the passage read. After the reading of this text he paused for some moments, and then uttered the following affecting soliloquy: 'I am not what I ought to be! Ah, how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be! but I abhor that which is evil, and I would cleave to what is good! I am not what I hope to be! Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection! Yet though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say, I am not what I once was, a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle and acknowledge, 'By the grace of God, I am what I am!' Let us pray."

Through his own diligent application, Newton attained to a respectable degree of scholarship, and produced a considerable number of books, among which are sermons, letters, and hymns. His collected works have been published in six volumes octavo. The interest of the following quotation, from the May number of the American Messenger, which may be aptly introduced at this point, will doubtless prove a

sufficient apology for its length.

"There was once," says the Rev. Dr. P. H. Fowler, "an obscure and pious woman living in the south of England. History is silent respecting her ancestry, her place of birth, and her education. She had an only son, whom she made it her great business to train in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In the seventh year of his age his mother died, and, a few years later, the lad went to sea, and engaged at length as a sailor in the African slave-trade. He was soon an adept in vice, and though among the youngest of the crew, he was the most proficient in guilt. But his mother's instructions sent their echoes to him, and though at first he sought to deafen himself to them, they grew louder and louder, until listening to them at last, he became a fervent Christian, a successful preacher, the author of books which the Church will never let die, and a writer of hymns, the use of which is coextensive with our tongue.

"This wayward son whom his mother, though dead, addressed and reclaimed, was the means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, so distinguished for his labors in the East Indies; and the 'Star of the East,' a book published by Mr. Buchanan, first called the attention of our Judson to the missionary work, and sent him an apostle to Burmah. The sailor, turned preacher, was also the means of delivering the Rev. Thomas Scott from the mazes of ruinous error, and introducing him to the way, the truth, and the life. Mr. Scott prepared the Commentary known by his name, and which still continues its mission of converting and sanctifying power. The influence of this same minister and author, in connection with that of Doddridge, was principally instrumental in making Wilberforce the Christian he was. To Wilberforce's 'Practical View of Christianity,' the conversion of Leigh Richmond may be ascribed; and Leigh Richmond wrote 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' and other tracts, which have contributed to the salvation of thousands of souls. Such are some of the results of that voice from the dead which spoke to John Newton; and what a small portion of the whole sum has yet been revealed!"

In the department of poetry, Newton produced very little besides hymns. As regards his poetic abilities, James Montgomery, in his Introductory Essay to the Olney Hymns, written in 1829, remarks: "On the whole, though it must be acknowledged that Newton was a poet of very humble order, yet he has produced, in this Collection, proofs of great versatility in exercising the one talent of this kind intrusted to him. He has also turned it to the best account, by rendering it wholly subservient to the best purposes, in the service of God and man. With this sanction, all his deficiencies, as a technical versifier, will be forgiven and forgotten by those who have the religious feeling, which can appreciate the far higher excellencies of those plain, practical, and often lively, fervent, and sincere effusions of a heart full to overflowing of the love of God; and laboring with indefatigable zeal to promote the kingdom of Christ upon earth."

Newton first proposed the plan of the volume of Olney Hymns, and succeeded in enlisting with him, in the undertaking, his friend, Cowper, who was to supply the greater part of the compositions. In the Preface to the Book, written by Newton, in referring to the origin of the work, he says: "A desire of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere Christians, though the principal, was not the only motive to this undertaking. It was likewise intended as a monument, to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship." But, in consequence of a return of Cowper's distressing malady, before much progress had been made in the work, the labor fell upon Newton's hands. At first, the thought of proceeding single-handedly, together with the sorrow over his friend's affliction, almost deterred the latter from any further effort. He observes, "My grief and disappointment were great; I hung my harp upon the willows, and for some time thought myself determined to proceed no further without him. Yet, my mind was afterward led to resume the service."

Several years passed, before the result was given to the public. The volume is divided into three books. In the first are hymns on select passages of Scripture; in the second, hymns suited to particular seasons, or suggested by particular events or subjects; in the third, miscellaneous hymns on a variety of subjects. The whole number of hymns is 388; of which between sixty and seventy are Cowper's. In looking over the volume, and comparing the merits of their authors. one can scarcely suppress the wish that Cowper might have been permitted to bear a larger share in the work; just as we involuntarily sigh over the reflection that Milton's qualifications of mind and heart produced nothing for devotional use. But, although Newton's style is frequently stiff and prosaic, a goodly number of his hymns may be selected to occupy an houorable place in our hymn books. Their deeply experimental and devotional spirit meets a response in the worshipping heart.

About forty of Newton's hymns have been introduced into the Lutheran Hymn Book, which now contains 1024 hymns. The hymn, "One there is above all others," on the friendship of the Saviour, is often sung. and is found in the hymn books generally. Originally there were six stanzas of six lines each. Reference may yet be wanted to such as, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," on the preciousness of Christ; "'Tis a point I long to know," on the searching question, Lovest thou me? "O Lord, our languid souls inspire," a public invocation: "Glorious things of thee are spoken," on the city of God; "Oft as the bell with solemn toll," for a funeral; "Day of judgment, day of wonders," a solemn contemplation of the judgment scene. These, together with some others, are well known and much used.

How happy are we, that, in the providence of God, that which cost others much labor and weariness, in past generations, we may now use as a means of Christian improvement and enjoyment! Neither are we limited, as to the source of our blessings, to any land or name, any more than to time. To

God's children comes the comprehensive declaration, "All are yours;" and with rejoicing may they respond, "Yea, all are ours!"

(For the Lutheran Home Journal.)

WHAT IS LIFE?

WHAT is life? a transient bubble, L ke the ignis fatuus' gleam— Full of crosses, full of trouble, Passing like a fevered dream.

What is every earthly pleasure?
Lures their victim hearts to gain:
What the miser's countless treasure?
Can it banish grief or pain?

What's ambition—genius—power, But the rapid lightning's play? What is beauty but a flower? Soon it blights and fades away.

What are virtue, truth, and candor?
Hearts to gentlest feelings strung;
Objects of dark Envy's slander,
Poisoned by her venomed tongue.

Love and friendship—richest blessing!
Are they always what they seem?
Oft, when sure these boons possessing,
Dwell they not in faucy's dream?

Hope's bright visions, youth adorning, Gilding every object round, Like the dewy gems of morning, Are at noontide never found.

All of life is evanescent,
Fickle as the vecring wind;
Earthly joys and treasures transient—
All save treasures of the mind.

Mind!—the clue to mortals given,
If he right the boon employs,
To poin and guide the soul to heaven,
There to dwell in lasting joys.

August, 1857. Sydney.

AN ABLE AND ELOQUENT DELI-NEATION OF INFIDELITY.

BY REV. FREDERICK BEASLY.

(Now deceased, formerly of Philadelphia.)

INFIDELITY is the true Antichrist, of which all other Antichrists are but counterparts. Ever since the days of old Celsus, and even from the apostolic age, it has existed in the Church of Christ, but has never until of late been completely unveiled. In-

fidelity is that power which maintains a firm and perpetual league with the grand adversary of God and man. Like him, an apostate spirit fallen from its primitive dignity, it wages incessant war against Heaven and all holy things. To accomplish its plans of hostility against Christ and his heavenly kingdom, it has had recourse to numberless stratagems. Sometimes it has essayed secretly to undermine the holy religion of the Saviour; at other times, it has assailed it with open violence. Sometimes it has assumed the form of an angel of light, and under this disguise gained admission amongst the hosts of the Lord, and tried to seduce them from their allegiance and duty to him; at other times, appearing in its genuine shape, as an angel of darkness, has spit against them its bitterest venom. But if you wish to see disclosed the deep malignity of the nature of infidelity, and those secret designs by which it is always actuated, although sometimes it dares not openly avow them, you must trace its footsteps through the continent of Europe in former times. There it has exhibited its real character, there developed its dark purposes, and there produced its baleful fruits. And what is infidelity or the true Antichrist, as there disclosed to view, rising out of the rank and venomous bosom of the modern school? At one time, it is a demon, which, not contented with tearing from their foundations all the sacred establishments of the world, would wage impious war against the government of God, would demolish his awful throne, and strike him from the universe; at another time, it is a Moloch, delighting in the blood of the saints, immolating human victims to slake its cruel appetite. It walks perpetually to and fro on the earth, the most active spirit that co-operates with the prince of darkness, in effecting his purposes of ruin. Temples, altars, sacrifices, all sacred institutions, are the objects of its irreconcilable hatred. These it pursues with exterminating virulence. It enters with deadly intent also within the precincts of civil society. It would sever the strongest bonds which connect mankind together. Its progress there has been marked with revolutions, with anarchy and with blood. A missionary

from the dominions of chaos and ancient night, it would restore their confused and tumultuous reign. Nor does infidelity here stop its course. Like a malignant genius, it essays to extend its sway into the bosom of man, and disturb its peace. It would extinguish all his hopes, blast his best prospects, and dry up all the fountains of his comfort. It sounds its raven voice over the bed of the sufferer, the knell to all his expectations of succor. Whilst with one hand it would wrest from the mouth of man the purest cups of his enjoyment, with the other it would pour out those vials, that would give tenfold bitterness to his sorrows. The poor it would render hopeless, the wretched inconsolable, the bereaved desperate. would draw the curtain of midnight (if I may speak so) over the hemisphere of man's lot. Through it no ray of light could penetrate to cheer him. When infidelity has thus despoiled man of his sweetest enjoyments, and infused a deeper-tinged gall into his sorrows, it would cut him off from all intercourse with God; it would convert the heavens into a canopy of brass, against which all his importunities and complaints would strike and die away in fruitless reverberation, no ear of Divine mercy being found there to receive them. And, to conclude this work of horror, when infidelity has thus stripped man of all his hopes, his consolations, and his best enjoyments; when it has transformed the earth into a dungeon, in which he is immured without being visited by a single ray of light, it follows him even to the bed of death. It sounds in his ears the most dismal omens. It dashes from his lips the last drop of consolation which can mitigate the sharpness of that bitter draught. It goes still farther,—it exhibits its gloomy form even amidst the repositories of the dead. With ruthless hand, it would extinguish all those lights that cheer the fainting spirit, as she pursues her trembling way through that dreary passage. It would snatch the keys of death and the grave from the hands of Him who bears' them, as trophies of that victory he has obtained over them, and conduct mankind into their silent chambers; and then, bolting, irreversibly bolting the gates of heaven against them,

would there leave them to worms, to rottenness, and oblivion. As watchmen on the walls of Zion, should we not guard against the approaches of so dreadful an enemy?

THE COVENANTER'S NIGHT HYMN AND PRAYER.

THE following beautiful poem—and we hesitate not to say that it possesses merits equal to those of any poem that has graced the pages of English literature, since the introduction of the art of printing—originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. It is from the pen of an anonymous writer, who is known to the readers of that celebrated Magazine by the signature of "Delta."

The poem is illustrative of the privations and sorrows that were endured by the Scotch Covenanters, in the earlier days of their existence, as a religious sect; when, hunted like wolves, they fixed their homes, and their temples, in which they sought to worship the only true and living God, among the crags, and cliffs, and glens of Scotland.

Although it be true, it has been justly remarked by a late historical writer, that the Covenanters, both in their preachings from the pulpit, and their teachings by example, frequently proceeded more in the spirit of fanaticism than of sober, religious feeling, and that in their antagonistic ardor, they did not hesitate to carry the persecutions of which they themselves so justly complained, into the camp of the adversary-sacrificing, in their mistaken zeal, even the ennobling arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, as adjuncts of idol worship-still it is to be remembered, that the aggression emanated not from them; and that the rights they contended for were the most sacred and invaluable that man can possess,-the freedom of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. They sincerely believe that the principles which they maintained were right; and their adherence to these with unalterable constancy, through good report and through bad report-in the hour of privation, and suffering, and death-in the silence of the prison cell, not less than in the excitement of the battle-field-by the bloodstained hearth, on the scaffold, and at the stake—forms a nobler chapter in the history of the human mind—of man as an accountable creature.

It should be recollected that these religious persecutions were not mere things of a day, but were continued through at least three entire generations. They extended from the accession of James VI to the English throne, down to the revolution of 1688 almost a century, during which many thousands perished.

In reference to the following stanzas, it should be remembered that, during the holding of their conventicles—which frequently, in the more troublesome times, took place amid mountain solitudes, and during the night—a sentinel was stationed on some commanding height, in the neighborhood, to give warning of the approach of danger.

Ho! placid watcher of the hill,
What of the night?—what of the night?
The winds are low, the woods are still,
The countless stars are sparkling bright;
From out this heathery moorland glen,
By the shy wild-fowl only trod,
We raise our hymn, unheard of men,
To Thee! an omnipresent God!

Jehovah! though no sign appear,
Through earth our aimless path to lead,
We know, we feel Thee ever near,
A present help in time of need—
Near, as when pointing out the way,
Forever in thy people's sight,
A pillared wreath of smoke by day,
Which turned to fiery flame at night!

Whence came the summons forth to go?—
From thee awoke the warning sound,
"Out to your tents, O Israel! Lo!
The heathen's warfare girds thee round!
Sons of the faithful! up—away!
The lamb must of the wolf beware;
The falcon seeks the dove for prey;
The fowler spreads his cunning snare!"

Day set in gold; 'twas peace around—
'Twas seeming peace by field and flood:
We woke, and on our lintels found
The cross of wrath—the mark of blood.
Lord! in thy eause we mocked at fears,
We scorned the ungodly's threatening words,
Beat out our pruning-hooks to spears,
And turned our ploughshares into swords!

Degenerate Scotland! days have been, Thy soil when only freedom trod— When mountain erag and valley green Poured forth the loud acclaim to God! The fire which liberty imparts,
Refulgent in each patriot eye,
And graven on a nation's hearts,
The Word—for which we stand or die!

Unholy change! The scorner's chair
Is now the seat of those who rule;
Tortures, and bonds, and death, the share
Of all except the tyrant's tool.
That faith in which our fathers breathed,
And had their life for which they died—
That priceless heirloom they bequeathed
Their sons—our impious foes deride!

So we have left our homes behind, And we have belted on the sword, And we in solemn league have joined, Yea! covenanted with the Lord, Never to seek those homes again, Never to give the sword its sheath, Until our rights of faith remain Unfettered as the air we breathe!

O Thou who rulest above the sky,
Begirt about with starry thrones,
Cast from the Heaven of Heavens thinc eye
Down on our wives and little ones—
From Hallelujahs surging round,
Oh! for a moment turn thine ear,
The widow prostrate on the ground,
The famished orphan's cries to hear!

And Thou wilt hear! it cannot be,
That Thou will list the raven's brood,
When from their nest they scream to Thee,
And in due season send them food;
It cannot be that Thou wilt weave
The lily such superh array,
And yet unfed, unsheltered, leave
Thy children—asking less than they.

We have no hearth—the ashes lie
In blackness where they brightly shone;
We have no homes—the desert sky
Our covering—earth our couch alone;
We have no heritage—depriven
Of these, we ask not such on earth;
Our hearts are sealed; we seek in heaven
For heritage, and home, and hearth!

O Salem, city of the saint,
And holy men made perfect! we
Pant for thy gates, our spirits faint
Thy glorious golden streets to see;
To mark the rapture that inspires
The ransomed and redeemed by grace;
To listen to the seraphs' lyres,
And meet the angels face to face!

Father in Heaven! we turn not back,
Though briers and thorns choke up the path;
Rather the torture of the rack,
Than tread the wine-press of thy wrath.
Let thunders crash, let torrents shower,
Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea,
What is the turmoil of an hour,
To an eternal calm with Thee!

AGAINST EXCESSIVE GRIEF.

THE following most admirable letter was addressed by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, the well-known English statesman and author, to the Countess of Essex, on the occasion of the death of an only daughter. The mother, it will be perceived, was thrown by the sad bereavement into a condition of almost insupportable melancholy, and it was with a view to moderate her excessive grief, that the letter was written. We regard it as a model production of its kind, and in the hope that, by the Divine blessing, it may console other mothers bewailing the loss of their dear children, notwithstanding it was written nearly two centuries ago, we give it a place in the Home Journal.

Moor Park (Surrey), July 16, 1674.

ESTEEMED MADAM: - The honor which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, give me leave to tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or becomes us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honor to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not o distrust him; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfeetly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good, which is better than that of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honor, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there

are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as we please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or, perhaps, because he would show his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honor and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree. it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to

the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide: but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and, if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say, "My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world." Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever He who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

But, madam, though religion were no party in your case, and for so violent and injurious a grief you had nothing to answer to God, but only to the world and yourself, yet I very much doubt how you would be acquitted. We bring into the world with us a poor, needy, uncertain life; short at the longest, and unquiet at the best. All the imaginations of the witty and the wise have been perpetually busied to find out

the ways to revive it with pleasures, or to relieve it with diversions; to compose it with ease, and settle it with safety. To these ends have been employed the institutions of lawgivers, the reasoning of philosophers, the inventions of poets, the pains of laboring, and the extravagances of voluptuous men. All the world is perfectly at work that our poor mortal lives may pass the easier and happier for that little time we possess them, or else end the better when we lose them. On this account riches and honors are coveted, friendship and love pursued, and the virtues themselves admired in the world. Now, madam, is it not to bid defiance to all mankind, to condemn their universal opinions and designs, if, instead of passing your life as well and easily, you resolve to pass it as ill and as miserably as you can? You grow insensible to the conveniences of riches, the delights of honor and praise, the charms of kindness or friendship; nay, to the observance or applause of virtues themselves; for who can you expect, in these excesses of passions, will allow that you show either temperance or fortitude, either prudence or justice? And as for your friends, I suppose you reckon upon losing their kindness, when you have sufficiently convinced them they can never hope for any of yours, since you have left none for yourself, or anything else.

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed, they ought to be our servants and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied; there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous: and

therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would, in all appearance, have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship, to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old; though you lost one, indeed. who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time and everything else that is estimable and good. But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth: so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply, as they could. But alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature does nothing in vain: as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and

destroy ourselves.

Perhaps, madam, you will say this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but His who lent it you to manage and preserve in the best way you can, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our country and our family; therefore, by all human laws, as well as divine, self murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime; and it is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there, if we break our hearts or consume them, if we pierce them or bruise them; since all terminate in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But what if it does not go so far; it is not indeed so bad as it might be: that does not excuse it. Though I do not kill my neighbor, is it no hurt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself: is it a small one to wound himself by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair; to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life?

Next to the mischiefs which we do ourselves, are those which we do our children and our friends, who deserve best of us, or at least deserve no ill. The child you carry about you, what has it done that you should endeavor to deprive it of life almost as soon as you bestow it?—or, if you suffer it to be born, that you should, by your ill-usage of yourself, so much impair the strength of its body, and perhaps the very temper of its mind, by giving it such an infusion of melancholy as may serve to discolor the objects and disrelish the accidents it may meet with in the common train of life? Would it be a small injury to my lord Capell to deprive him of a mother, from whose prudence and kindness he may justly expect the care of his health and education, the forming of his body, and the cultivating of his mind; the seeds of honor and virtue, and the true principles of a happy life? How has Lord Essex deserved that you should deprive him of a wife whom he loves with so much passion, and, which is more, with so much reason; who is so great an honor and support to his family, so great a hope to his fortune, and comfort to his life? Are there so many left of your own great family that you should desire in a manner wholly to reduce it, by suffering almost the last branch of it to wither away before its time? or is your country, in this age, so stored with great persons, that you should envy it those whom we may justly expect from so noble a race?

Whilst I had any hopes that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor ever increased it by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it: and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long; but when I observed it grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavor. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate " a passion; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percys, which never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honors and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humor that are so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children

and to yourself; and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honor and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honor for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than,

Dear Madam,
Your most obedient and
humble servant,
WILLIAM TEMPLE.

A CURIOUS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER, BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

CINCE the day when the town of Haslau first became the seat of a court, no man could remember that any one event in its annals (always excepting the birth of the hereditary prince) had been looked for with so anxious a curiosity as the opening of the last will and testament left by VAN DER KABEL. This Van der Kabel might be styled the Haslau Cræsus; and his whole life might be termed, according to the pleasure of the wits, one long festival of God-sends, or a daily washing of golden sands, nightly impregnated by golden showers of Danae. Seven distant surviving relatives of seven distant relatives deceased, of the said Van der Kabel, entertained some little hopes of a place amongst his legatees, grounded upon an assurance which he had made, "that upon his oath he would not fail to remember them in his will." These hopes, however, were but faint and weakly; for they could not repose any extraordinary confidence in his good faith-not only because, in all eases, he conducted his affairs in a disinterested spirit, and with a perverse obstinacy of moral principle, whereas his seven relatives were mere novices, and young beginners in the trade of morality-but also because, in all these moral extravagancies, he thought to be very satirical, and had his heart so full of odd caprices, tricks. and snares, for unsuspicious scoundrels, that, as they all said, no man, who was but raw in the art of virtue, could deal with him, or place any reliance upon his intentions. Indeed, the covert laughter which played about his temples, and the falsetto tones of his sneering voice, somewhat weakened the advantageous impression which was made by the noble composition of his face, and by a pair of large hands, from which were daily dropping favors, little and great, benefitnights, Christmas-boxes, and new year's gifts: for this reason it was that, by the whole flock of birds who sought shelter in his boughs, and who fed and built their nests on him, as on any wild service tree, he was, notwithstanding, reputed a secret magazine of springes; and they were scarcely able to find eyes for the visible berries which fed them, in their scrutiny after the supposed gossamer snares.

In the interval between two apoplectic fits he had drawn up his will, and had deposited it with the magistrate. When he was just at the point of death he transferred to the seven presumptive heirs the certificate of this deposit; and even then said, in his old tone, how far it was from his expectation, that by any such anticipation of his approaching decease, he could at all depress the spirits of men so steady and sedate, whom, for his own part, he would much rather regard in the light of laughing than of weeping heirs. To which remark one only of the whole number, namely, Mr. Harprecht, inspector of police, replied, as a cool ironist to a bitter one-"that the total amount of concern and of interest which might severally belong to them in such a loss, was not (they were sincerely sorry) it was not in their power to determine."

At length the time is come when the seven heirs have made their appearance at the town-hall, with their certificate of deposit; vidclicet, the ecclesiastical councillor of Glantz; Harprecht, the inspector of police; Neupeter, the court agent; the court fiscal, Knoll; Pasvogel, the bookseller; the reader of the morning lecture, Flacks; and Mon-

sieur Flitte, from Alsace. Solemnly, and in due form, they demanded of the magistrate the schedule of effects consigned to him by the late Kabel, and the opening of his will. The principal executor of this will was Mr. Mayor himself-the sub-executors were the rest of the town council. Thereupon, without delay, the schedule and the will were fetched from the register office of the council to the council chamber-both were exhibited in rotation to the members of the council and the heirs, in order that they might see the privy seal of the town impressed upon them-the registry of consignment, indorsed upon the schedule, was read aloud to the seven heirs by the town clerk; and by that registry it was notified to them, that the deceased had actually consigned the schedule to the magistrate, and intrusted it to the corporation chest; and that on the day of consignment he was still of sound mind: finally, the seven seals, which he had himself affixed to the instrument, were found unbroken. These preliminaries gone through, it was now (but not until a brief registry of all these forms had been drawn up by the town clerk) lawful in God's name, that the will should be opened and read aloud by Mr. Mayor, word for word, as follows:

"I, Van der Kabel, on this 7th of May, 179-, being in my house, at Haslau, situate in Dog Street, deliver and make known this for my last will; and without many millions of words; notwithstanding I have been both a German notary and a Dutch schoolmaster. Howsoever I may disgrace my old professions by this parsimony of words, I believe myself to be so far at home in the art and calling of a notary, that I am competent to act for myself as a testator in due form, and as a regular devisor of property.

"It is a custom with testators to premise the moving causes of their wills. These, in my case, as in most others, are regard for my happy departure, and for the disposal of the succession to my property—which, by the way, is the object of a tender passion in various quarters. To say anything about my funeral, and all that, would be absurd and stupid. This, and what shape my remains shall take, let the eternal sun settle above, not in any gloomy winter, but in some of his most verdant springs.

"As to those charitable foundations, and memorial justitutions of benevolence, about

which notaries are so much occupied, in my case I appoint as follows: to three thousand of my poor townsmen, of every class, I assign just the same number of florins, which sum I will that, on the anniversary of my death, they shall spend jovially in feasting, upon the town common, where they are previously to pitch their camp, unless the military camp of his Serene Highness be already pitched there, in preparation for the reviews; and when the gala is ended, I would have them cut up the tents into clothes. Item, to all the schoolmasters in our principality, I bequeath one golden Augustus. Item, to the Jews of this place I bequeath my pew in the high church. As I would wish that my will should be divided into clauses, this to be considered the first.

"CLAUSE II. "Amongst the important offices of a will, it is universally agreed to be one, that from amongst the presumptive and presumptuous expectants, it should name those who are, and those who are not, to succeed to the inheritance; that it should create heirs and should destroy them. In conformity to this notion, I give and bequeath to Mr. Glantz, the councillor for ecclesiastical affairs; as also to Mr. Knoll, the exchequer officer; likewise to Mr. Peter Neupeter, the court agent; item to Mr. Harprecht, director of police; furthermore, to Mr. Flacks, the morning lecturer; in like manner to the court bookseller, Mr. Pasvogel; and, finally, to Monsieur Flitte, -nothing: not so much because they have no just claims upon mestanding, as they do, in the remotest possible degree of consanguinity; nor again, because they are, for the most part, themselves rich enough to leave handsome inheritances; as because I am assured, indeed I have it from their own lips, that they entertain a far stronger regard for my insignificant person than for my splendid property; my body, therefore, or as large a share of it as they can get, I bequeath to them."

At this point, seven faces, like those of the seven sleepers, gradually elongated into preternatural extent. The ecclesiastical counsellor, a young man, but already famous throughout Germany for his sermons printed or preached, was especially aggrieved by such offensive personality: Monsieur Flitte rapped out a curse that rattled even in the ears of magistracy; the chin of Flacks, the morning lecturer, gravitated downwards into the dimensions of a patriarchal beard; and the town council could

distinguish an assortment of audible reproaches to the memory of Mr. Kabel, such as prig, rascal, profane wretch, &c. But the Mayor motioned with his hand; and immediately the Fiscal and the bookseller recomposed their features and set their faces like so many traps, with springs, and triggers, all at full cock, that they might catch every syllable; and then with a gravity that cost him some efforts, his worship read on as follows:—

"CLAUSE III.

"Excepting always, and be it excepted, my present house in Dog Street; which house, by virtue of this third clause, is to descend and to pass in full property, just as it now stands, to that one of my seven relatives above-mentioned, who shall, in the space of one half hour (to be computed from the reciting of this clause) shed, to the memory of me, his departed kinsmen, sooner than the other six competitors, one, or if possible, a couple of tears, in the presence of a respectable magistrate, who is to make a protocol thereof. Should, however, all remain dry, in that case, the house must lapse to the heir general-whom I shall proceed to name."

Here Mr. Mayor closed the will; doubtless, he observed the condition annexed to the bequest was an unusual one, but yet, in no respect contrary to law; to him that wept the first the court was bound to adjudge the house; and then, placing his watch on the session table, the pointers of which indicated that it was now just half past eleven, he calmly sat down—that he might duly witness, in his official character of executor, assisted by the whole court of aldermen, who should be the first to produce the requisite tear or tears on behalf of the testator.

That since the terraqueous globe has moved or existed, there can ever have met a more lugubrious congress, or one more out of temper and enraged than this of Seven United Provinces, as it were, all dry and all confederated for the purpose of weeping,—I suppose no impartial judge will believe. At first some invaluable minutes were lost in pure confusion of mind, in astonishment, and in peals of laughter; the congress found itself too suddenly translated into the condition of the dog to which,

in the very moment of his keenest assault upon some object of his appetites, the fiend cried out—Halt! whereupon, standing up as he was, on his hind legs, his teeth grinning, and snarling with the fury of desire, he halted and remained petrified:—from the graspings of hope, however distant, to the necessity of weeping for a wager, the congress found the transition too abrupt and harsh.

One thing was evident to all,—that for a shower that was to come down at such a full gallop, for a baptism of the eyes to be performed at such a hunting pace, it was vain to think of raising up any pure water of grief; no hydraulics could affect this; yet in twenty-six minutes (four unfortunately were already gone) in one way or other, perhaps, some business might be done.

"Was there ever such a cursed act," said the merchant Neupeter, "such a piece of buffoonery enjoined by any man of sense and discretion? For my part, I can't understand what it means." However, he understood thus much, that a house was by possibility floating in his purse upon a tear; and that was enough to cause a violent irritation in his lachrymal glands.

Knoll, the fiscal, was screwing up, twisting and distorting his features pretty much in the style of a poor artisan on Saturday night, whom some fellow-workman is barber-ously razoring and scraping by the light of a cobbler's eandle; furious was his wrath at this abuse and profanation of the title Last Will and Testament; and at one time, poor soul! he was near enough to tears—of vexation.

The wily bookseller, Pasvogel, without loss of time, sate down quietly to business; he ran through a cursory retrospect of all the works any ways moving or affecting, that he had himself either published or sold on commission;—took a flying survey of the Pathetic in general; and in this way of going to work he had fair expectations that in the end he should brew something or other; as yet, however, he looked very much like a dog who is slowly licking off an emetic which the Parisian surgeon Demet has administered by smearing it on his nose:

time, gentlemen, time was required for the

operation.

Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace, fairly danced up and down the Sessions-chamber; with bursts of laughter he surveyed the rueful faces around him; he confessed that he was not the richest among them; but for the whole city of Strasburg and Alsace to boot, he was not the man that could or would weep on such a merry occasion. He went on with his unseasonable laughter and indecent mirth, until Harprecht, the Police Inspector, looked at him very significantly, and said, that perhaps Monsieur flattered himself that he might by means of laughter squeeze or express the tears required from the well-known Meibomian glands, the caruncula, &c., and might thus piratically provide himself with surreptitious rain; but in that case, he must remind him that he could no more win the day with any such secretions, than he could carry to account a course of sneezes or wilfully blowing his nose; a channel into which it was well known that very many tears, far more than were now wanted, flowed out of the eyes through the nasal duct; more indeed, by a good deal, than were ever known to flow downwards to the bottom of most pews at a funeral sermon. Monsieur Flitte of Alsace, however, protested that he was laughing out of pure fun, and for his own amusement; and, upon his honor, with no ulterior views.

The Inspector, on his side, being pretty well acquainted with the hopeless condition of his own dephlegmatized heart, endeavored to force into his eyes something that might meet the occasion by staring with them wide open, in a state of rigid expansion.

The morning-lecturer, Flacks, looked like a Jew beggar mounted on a stallion which is running away with him: meantime, what by domestic tribulations, what by those he witnessed at his own lecture, his heart was furnished with such a promising bank of heavy-laden clouds that he could easily have delivered upon the spot the main quantity of water required, had it not been for the house which floated on the top of the storm; and which, just as all was ready, came driving in with the tide, too gay and gladsome a

spectacle not to banish his gloom, and thus fairly dammed up the waters.

The ecclesiastical councillor,—who had become acquainted with his own nature by his long experience in preaching funeral sermons, and sermons on the new year, and knew full well that he was himself always the first person, and frequently the last, to be affected by the pathos of his own eloquence,-now rose with dignified solemnity, on seeing himself and the others hanging so long by the dry rope, and addressed the chamber. No man, he said, who had read his printed works, could fail to know that he carried a heart about him as well as other people; and a heart, he would add, that had occasion to repress such holy testimonies of its tenderness as tears, lest he should thereby draw too heavily on the sympathies and the purses of his fellow-men, rather than elaborately to provoke them by stimulants for any secondary views, or to serve an indirect purpose of his own: "this heart," said he, "has already shed tears (but they were shed secretly), for Kabel was my friend:" and, so saying, he paused for a moment and looked about him.

With pleasure he observed that all were still sitting as dry as corks: indeed, at this particular moment, when he himself by interrupting their several water-works had made them furiously angry, it might as well have been expected that crocodiles, fallowdeer, elephants, witches, or ravens, should weep for Van der Kabel, as his presumptive heirs. Among them all, Flacks was the only one who continued to make way: he kept steadily before his mind the following little extempore assortment of objects: Van der Kabel's good and beneficent acts; the old petticoats, so worn and tattered, and the gray hair of his female congregation at morning service; Lazarus with his dogs; his own long coffin; innumerable decapitations; the Sorrows of Werter; a miniature field of battle; and finally, himself and his own melancholy condition at this moment, itself enough to melt any heart, condemned as he was in the bloom of youth, by the second clause of Van der Kabel's will, to tribulation, and tears, and struggles. Well done,

Flacks! Three strokes more with the pump-handle, and the water is pumped up

-and the house along with it.

Meantime Glantz, the ecclesiastical councillor, proceeded in his pathetic harangue: "Oh, Kabel, my Kabel," he ejaculated, and almost wept with joy at the near approach of his tears, "the time shall come that by the side of thy loving breast, covered with earth, mine also shall lie mouldering and in cor—".

-ruption, he would have said; but Flacks starting up in trouble, and with eyes at that moment overflowing, threw a hasty glance around him, and said, "With submission, gentlemen, to the best of my belief I am weeping;" then sitting down, with great satisfaction he allowed the tears to stream down his face; that done, he soon recovered his cheerfulness and his aridity. Glantz, the councillor, thus saw the prize fished away before his eyes, those very eyes which he had already brought into an inchoate state of humidity. This vexed him, and his mortification was the greater on thinking of his own pathetic exertions, and the abortive appetite for the prize which he had thus uttered in words as ineffectual as his own sermons, and, at this moment, he was ready to weep for spite, and "to weep the more because he wept in vain." As to Flacks, a protocol was immediately drawn up of his watery compliance with the will of Van der Kabel, and the messuage in Dog Street was knocked down to him forever. The Mayor adjudged it to the poor fellow with all his heart; indeed, this was the first occasion ever known in the principality of Haslau, on which the tears of a schoolmaster and a curate had converted themselves, not into mere amber that incloses only a worthless insect, like the tears of the Heliades, but, like those of the goddess Freia, into heavy Glantz congratulated Flacks very warmly, and observed, with a smiling air, that possibly he had himself lent him a helping hand by his pathetic address. As to the others, the separation between them and Flacks was too palpable, in the mortifying distinction of wet and dry, to allow of any cordiality between them, and they stood aloof therefore; but they staid to hear the rest of the will, which they now awaited in a state of anxious agitation, but in no part of which was either of them "remembered" any more whatever.

A BOOK DAY-DREAM.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

UR house is empty, save only ourself and the rats and mice that nibble in solitary hunger. There is no voice of children in the hall, no tramp on the stairs, no racket in the chambers, nor tumbling and noise below. The kitchen clock has stopped. The pump creaks no more, and nothing sounds as it did, except the splash of the tide under the windows, the dull and ceaseless roar of the distant city, and the doorbell. People amuse themselves with that yet. But the camp is moved. The whole tribe are in the country, ankle-wet in the dewy grass every morning; chopping, hoeing, planting, fishing, or exploring nooks and strange new places. But I sit here with no company but books, and some bright-faced friends upon the wall; musing upon things past and things to come; reading a little, falling off into a reverie, waking to look out on the ever-changing beauty of the bay, dipping again into some dainty honey-comb of literature, wandering from author to author to eatch the echoes which fly from book to book, and by silent suggestions or similarities, connect the widelyseparated men in time and nature closely together. All minds, in the whole world's past history, find their focal point in a library. This is that pinnacle from which one may see all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them! I keep Egypt and the Holy Land in the closet next the window. On this side of them is Athens, and the empire of Rome. Never was such an army mustered as a library army! No gentleman ever had such soldiers as I have! Let them call their roll, and I will call mine. The privates in my army will make even the staff-officers of Napoleon's grand army seem insignificant. Only think of a platoon of such good English yeomen as will answer to my roll-call. "John Milton!"

"Here." A sturdy and noble soldier, better, though blind, than most men with their eyes. "Thomas Hobbs!" "Here." Ah! tough and hearty fellow, with thy sixteen volume limbs. "Francis Bacon!" "Here." "George Herbert, William Shakspeare, Philip Massinger, Chaucer, Spenser, Johnson, Pope, Cowper, Dryden!" Every one of them, and hundreds of others, their worthy fellows, are on the spot, armed and equipped, and looking as fresh as if they had received the gift of youth and immortality. Modest men, all; they never speak unless spoken to. Bountiful men, all; they never refuse the asker. I have my doubts whether, if they were alive, I could keep the peace of my domains. But now they dwell together in amity, and all of them train in one company, and work for the world's good, each in his special way, but all contribute!

Charles I, John Milton, and Oliver Cromwell, these three heads lie together in my portfolio, without the shade of repugnance or anger! The silent Henry VIII, and his eight wives, more or less, have domestic peace now, though they touch each other. I can face the most arbitrary men or empire, without an anger-flash. Here are Charles V, and Francis I, and Medici, masculine and feminine, and old Peter the Great. Here are the dear old Port-Royalists, the sweet Fenelon, the plausible Bossuet! Now it is quite surprising how these men have changed. Not only are they here without quarrelling, without ambition or selfishness, but how calmly do they sit, though you pluck their opinions by the beard. I can dispute with Samuel Johnson with great success. He is as mild as Melancthon. I have had some sound words with Luther, upon the sacramental question, but I must do him the justice to say that he has never made an excited or fierce reply. On my left hang, highest, John Calvin, and lowest, Martin Luther, and between them, Theodore Parker! They have never touched him, though Martin looks as though he would grind him to powder. But there is a peace here. Voltaire and Paschal keep good neighborhood. Orthodox and heretic are on good behavior. No kingdom ever had such illustrious subjects as mine, or | "time state again."

half as well governed. I can put my most haughty subjects up or down, as it pleases me, without tumult or opposition. I can lead them forth to such wars as I please, and not one of them is deaf to the trumpet. I hold all Egypt in fee simple. I can say as much of all the Orient, as he that was sent to grass, did in Babylon. I build not a city, but empires, at a word. Pericles and Phidias look out of my windows, while I am gone back to the Acropolis to see what they have been about. Old Michael Angelo scowls, and Raphael smiles, as if my study were the Sistine Chapel, or a stanza of Vatican. The architects are building night and day, like them of old, without the sound of a hammer; my artists are painting, my designers are planning, my poets are chanting, my philosophers are discoursing, my historians are spinning their dry webs, my theologians are weaving their yet finer ones, my generals are trooping about without noise or blood. All the world is about me. All that ever stirred the human heart, or fired the imagination, is harmlessly here! My shelves are the avenues of time. Cities and empires are put in a corner. Ages have wrought, generations grown, and all the blossoms are cast down here! It is the garden of immortal fruits, without dog or dragon. No such garden was Eden, in the past. It is the Eden to which the race is coming, that is, to see the true Adam and the true Eve. But there goes that much-abused bell -and with it my dream.

"Be good, and leave the rest to heaven," was the advice given by the poor curate to Dr. Syntax; and it is a counsel that we all would do well to follow. It is too often a fault that good is checked through a weak distrust of Providence in the minds of the conservative. What is right? should be the question, and what is right must ultimate in right.

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

Church Intelligence.

REPORT OF REV. B. KELLER'S AGENCY.—On Saturday, the 6th of June, I left home to attend our Synod, convened at Allentown, on Trinity week. The Synod was opened by the President with the customary religious exercises; and after its complete organization, proceeded to the election of its officers. The writer having declined a re-election to the presidency on account of his agency, the Rev. C. F. Welden, of Bethlehem, Pa., was elected President: Rev. J. Vogelbach re-elected Secretary, and C. W. Schaeffer, D.D., re-elected Treasurer. As opportunity offered, I applied to some of our ministers to subscribe to the Publication Society, and the result was \$136. I will not now give their names, but wait till I visit their congregations, and report on them.

Synod having adjourned, I left Allentown on Friday morning, the 12th of June, for Bethlehem, where I spent a very pleasant evening in company with the brethren Welden and Heidenreich. Next morning (Saturday), Brother Welden accompanied me to the depot, and in a very short time I found myself lodged at Easton, where Brother Sadtler, was awaiting my arrival to welcome me to his house. A similar kind invitation had also been extended to me from Brother Greenwald.

In Easton we have two large Lutheran congregations; and it may not be uninteresting to give a very brief historical sketch of the origin and progress of these churches or congregations. About the year 1740, Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg had procured from the Proprietary Government, through Conrad Weiser, a piece of ground on which to build a log schoolhouse or church. Here, Muhlenberg and Nicholas Kurtz preached every six weeks, alternately, on weekdays, for some time. In 1763, the Lutheran congregation at Easton bought a large house for £400 (\$1600), which they intended to use for a church and parsonage, and they earnestly entreated the Ministerium to obtain a faithful pastor for them. In June of the same year, the Rev. Mr. Hausile received and accepted a call from this congregation, which he served until probably the year 1769. He was succeeded by the Rev. Christian Streit, in the same year. He commenced the first church records of baptisms, &c., and of the vestry meetings, which the congregation now possesses. During the pastorship of the Rev. C. Streit, the Union Church, held in common by the Lutherans and Reformed, was built, situated in North Pomfret Street. The corner-stone was laid · June 8th, 1775, and the church was conse-

crated November 17th, 1776. After Rev. Streit, the congregation was successively served by the brethren, Ernst, Friederici, Schmidt, and Christian F. L. Endress. During his pastorship, the regular use of the English language in public worship was introduced into the church in Easton, in connection with the German. This occurred A. D. 1808, and it became a source of incalculable good to the congregation.

The next pastor chosen was the Rev. John P. Hecht, then of Carlisle. During his time the Lutherans had manifested a desire to separate from their German Reformed brethren, and to build a church for their sole and distinctive use. This was, however, not easily accomplished; the Reformed brethren being unwilling either to sell their share or purchase that of the Lutherans, in their common or

union property.

In the year 1830, the congregation resolved to wait no longer, in order to effect a separation of property with the German Reformed brethren, but to build a church irrespective thereof. Consequently, on the 31st of May. 1830, the corner-stone of the church, now used by them, situated in Ferry Street, below Hamilton, was laid; and was consecrated on the 1st of January, 1832, by the name of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church. In April, 1831, the Reformed congregation finally bought the title and right of the Lutherans in the old Union Church and property, allowing for it only \$1600. The church was, when sold, without the vestibule and steeple which it now has, these additions having been made when the edifice was remodelled, after it had passed into the hands of the Reformed.

In the spring of 1845, the pastoral connection between the Rev. John P. Hecht and the congregation was dissolved. St. John's Church being now vacant, the Rev. John W. Richards accepted a call, and preached his introductory sermon November 16, 1845. During his ministry, viz. 1846, the new, large, and commodious brick parsonage, situated aside of the church, on the southwest corner of Ferry Street and Bank Alley, was built, costing about \$2900, and into which he moved in March, 1847. Dr. Richards labored very successfully in building up the congregation, until about March 13th, 1851. Having the same year accepted a call from Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, at Reading, Pa., he was succeeded by the Rev. C. F. Schaeffer, D.D., who labored here with great success and much acceptance, until he accepted the pressing call from the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Pennsylvania, to the German Professorship in our Institution at Gettysburg. After Dr. Schaeffer had vacated the St. John's congregation at Easton, the Rev. B. Sadtler was called, and is now the efficient and successful pastor of St. John's. It was thought rather a venturesome undertaking to become the successor of so learned and excellent a divine as Dr. Schaeffer; but Brother Sadtler sustains himself well in every respect. He is universally beloved, and so greatly has his congregation increased that a number of applicants for pews cannot be supplied; and hence, many begin to speak of the necessity of building a third Lutheran church, namely, one in which the public worship should be conducted in the German language exclusively, and then, reserve St. John's for English service only, instead of German and English alternately, as the services are There are in connection now conducted. with Brother Sadtler's congregation three Sunday-schools, viz.: one adult and one infant English, and one German Sunday-school, numbering, together, between five and six hundred children.

There being German and English preaching alternately in St. John's, a number of its members, not being satisfied with such a state of things, and wishing to have more English preaching, a division occurred in the congregation, already, in the year 1843, and the seceding party organized a new congregation, to the charge of which they called the Rev. G. Diehl, and in 1844 built a very fine church, on the northwest corner of Fourth and Ferry Streets, called Christ Church. Rev. Diehl served this church for some years with great acceptance, and his people expressed deep sorrow on his leaving them to take charge of the Lutheran congregation at Frederick, Md. The Rev. C. A. Smith, D.D., was next called to the pastorship of Christ Church. Dr. Smith soon became a favorite in the congregation, and desiring to make him and his family comfortable, they built a very fine and commodious parsonage. The Rev. E. Greenwald, formerly member of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Ohio, and editor of the Lutheran Standard, became his successor, and is now the efficient and successful pastor of Christ Church. Brother Greenwald is very highly esteemed by his people as a preacher and pastor. With his steadily increasing congregation is also connected a large and flourishing Sunday-school; not, however, as large as that in St. John's, nor could it be expected that it should be as large, as Christ Church is comparatively new, but though its membership is not numerous, it ranks among the wealthiest and most respectable congregations in the place. Indeed, both our congregations in Easton are not a whit behind any of our sister denominations, in regard to wealth, respectability, and true piety. Both our church edifices in Easton are large, and they have quite recently been frescoed in a very superior style, and at considerable cost. But what pleased me most of all, was the love and Christian affection which exists between the two pastors, both laboring together in harmony, concord, and peace; with a view to multiply Christ's disciples, and to build up his kingdom in their midst.

On Sunday, the 14th of June, I preached in both the above-named churches, pleading the cause and urging the claims of the Lutheran Publication Society. In the morning I occupied Bro. Greenwald's, and in the evening Bro. Sadtler's pulpit. Both brethren had not only prepared the way for me before I arrived, but they also afterwards rendered me every assistance I could desire. Here followed the subscriptions, first, of Christ Church, viz.: Peter S. Michler, Esq., \$30; Rev. E. Greenwald, Anthony Ihrie, J. Eyerman, each \$20; Mrs. E. Eyerman, J. Herster, cash each \$10; H. Bender, J. Titus, Mrs. D. W. Butz, D. Knauss, B. Ihrie, Mrs. M. Hecht, S. M. Cummings, John J. Herster, Mrs. E. Butz, each \$5; J. Laubach, \$3; J. Shepman, J. Heckman, each \$2; J. Siegfried, Mrs. M. L. Green, Mrs. S. Ackerman, J. Lehn, each \$1; -total amount subscribed, \$176—paid, \$125.

Second, St. John's Church: Rev. B. Sadtler, P. H. Mattes, Esq, J. Gangwer, and Mrs. J. M. Allshouse, each \$15; Mrs. G. Clifton, M. Trittenbach, cash each, \$10; Mrs. E. Fichard, J. Abel, Hon. J. Porter, Major G. Straub, Mrs. E. Heintzelman, Dr. S. Sandt, P. Seibert, Mrs. A. Transue, G. Raub, Miss H. Michler, T. Daily, J. Schlebach, M. Weaver, J. Dinhey, Mrs. E. Roseberry, each \$5; Mrs. M. Stoneback, J. Heck, J. Hay, A. Hay, P. Hay, T. Hay, C. Barron, E. Buckman, L. S. Nicholas, J. Albrecht, M. Hahn, Jr., J. H. Wilking, each \$2; W. Buch, G. Schab, Mrs. H. Cole, H. P. Marston, W. Richer, Mrs. E. Cornell, B. Ihrie, Mrs. C. Slater, W. Haman, J. Moser, Mrs. E. Grotz, Mrs. M. Heil, cash each \$1; total sub-

scription, \$203—paid, \$133.

On Friday, towards evening, I finished my labors in Easton, being considerably fatigued, when my nephew, the Rev. John K. Plitt, conveyed me to his own comfortable home, in Greenwich, N. J., about three miles east of Easton. The congregation now in his charge was for many years in connection with St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church in Easton, and was served by its successive pastors from the time of Rev. F. Ernst, 1780, till about the year 1833 or 4, when the congregation at Greenwich dissolved their connection with St. John's, built that large and beautiful church in Still Valley, Greenwich township, N. J., about half a mile east of the parsonage, and then called, as their first pastor, the Rev. Mr. Miller, who served them about ten years, when, on account of ill health, he resigned his charge and has since gone to his eternal re-

ward. Brother Miller was succeeded by Brother McCron, and Mr. Plitt succeeded Mr. McCron about six years ago. It is hardly possible that any people could love their pastor more, and esteem him higher, than this people love and esteem their present pastor; and if I am permitted to judge from what I have seen and heard, I would infer that "his labors were not in vain in the Lord." His church is located nearly in the centre of the congregation, embracing a distance, in almost every direction from the church, of between four and five miles, and is situated in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys I ever was in; and kinder, more liberal, and hospitable people, I have rarely met with. Besides preaching every Sunday morning in the church, he also preaches at four different points, as stations within the bounds of his congregation, in each one every fourth Sunday afternoon, each station being between two and three miles from the church. This is not only a wise and delightful arrangement, but it affords the pastor also an opportunity of accomplishing an incalculable amount of good. Having given you the above statement, I must now inform you, that on Sunday morning, the 21st of June, I was conducted by my nephew to his church, where I preached and explained to a large and respectable audience the benevolent designs of our Publication Society. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, I preached at one of his stations. On the following Monday, Mr. Plitt commenced taking me round to his members, and with his valuable assistance I obtained subscriptions alike creditable to

the pastor and his people. Here follow the subscribers, with the sums annexed to their respective names: Rev. John K. Plitt, J. Starnar, P. Feit, each \$20; Wm. B. Shimer, \$15; W. Feit, J. Feit, G. Stryker, J. Stryker, P. Shipman, J. Shipman, F. Teraberry, S. L. Shimer, J. N. Shimer, R. K. Shimer, J. Hance, and H. Segraves, each \$10; J. Tinsman (of Wm.), J. T. Shipman, Miss E Shipman, G. Insley, J. Tinsman (of Peter), W. S. Melick, J. P. Beck, D. Tinsman, W. Tinsman, D. J. Sharps, J. J. Young, and J. Carpenter, each \$5, Mrs. S. Sharps, D. Schlebach, J. Rooks, and J. G. Heitsman, each \$3; Mrs. K. Roseberry, \$2 50; H. Snyder, W. S. Kase, J. S. Carpenter, Mrs. M. Kase, Mrs. M. Staats, Mrs. H. Sharps, L. Click, Dr. W. Shipman, and J. Carpenter, each \$2; C. Johnson, J. F. Wilson, Mrs. M. Carpenter, B. Schwartz, Mrs. M. Tinsman, H. Hance, J. Pursell, J. D. Carpenter, T. Dalrymple, J. Youngking, and J. Roseberry, each \$1; John Carpenter, \$1 50. Total amount of subscription, \$300; paid, \$236 50.

On Thursday morning, my nephew and niece accompanied me to Easton; and having bid them an affectionate adieu, I took my seat in the car, on the North P. R. R., and at half-past 1 o'clock, P.M., I reached home in safety,

the Lord be thanked.

Long will I bear in grateful remembrance the beloved brethren, Greenwald, Sadtler, and Plitt, rogether with their dear families. God bless them all, and the dear people of their respective charges. Amen.

Yours, fraternally,

BENJAMIN KELLER.

Editorial Miscellung.

FAIRS FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES .- As no Fairs, for charitable purposes, are being held at present, we take advantage of the opportunity to say a word about their abuses. Foremost of these is the custom of disposing of articles by lottery. As the end never justifies the means, we cannot but regard a practice which violates law, as wholly inexcusable, especially as the law against lotteries is based upon such sound morals. It seems inconsistent for the mistress in the parlor to preach against lottery tickets in the kitchen, yet, practically, carry on a lottery of her own, if she presides at a table at a Fair, and has unsold articles of which she wishes to dispose. We doubt, with the honest Methodist preacher, if moneys thus obtained, " are blessed in the giving." As these lotteries are generally thoughtlessly originated, a word or two, perhaps, may assist to check them.

The practice, on the part of ladies, of inviting gentlemen to visit their Fairs, and then insisting on their buying something, is another abuse, less reprehensible, indeed, than the lottery, but still a very serious one. For it induces many a young man, or many an old one also, to spend money which he can illy afford. Few have the courage to resist a pair of bright eyes, especially when to refuse might be construed as meanness, and when it would certainly be thought uncharitable by the enthusiastic saleswoman, if not by others. Hundreds go to these Fairs, and when there purchase beyond their wishes, under what may be called, strictly speaking, social compulsion. Is it right, to force persons to contribute in this way to a

benevolent object, even when they can afford it? How much the less when they cannot! A free and generous spirit is of the essence of true charity. It will not do to say, that nobody need buy, unless they are willing. The fact is notorious, that half the articles which are sold on many of these occasions, are disposed of at enormous prices, and to parties who would never think of purchasing, except for the practical impossibility of denying the fair tradeswoman.

Yet it would be unjust, not to bear testimony to the disinterestedness of the ladies, who get up these Fairs. As most of them have a generosity of heart above their fortunes, they, naturally seek for some adventitious means of aiding their favorite charities. Often they have little money to give, but much time, and more taste and skill. By spending a few dollars in material, they are able to make a Poticohmanie vase, or a basket of artificial flowers, or waxfruit, that would almost deceive an Apicius, or some pretty affair in leather work, or some Affghan quilt, or a Shetland shawl, or others of those elegant utilities which occasionally command such extravagant prices. The patience and self-denial with which ladies work, in this way, day after day, week after week, even month after month, in the cause of a favorite charity, ought to shame our less generous sex. Many a woman is actually heroic in the sacrifices she makes of her pleasures, in order to prepare her quota of fancy work for a Fair. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted, that some way cannot be found of conducting these sales free from the objections we have mentioned.

RESIGNATIONS.—The Rev. J. J. SHUMAN having resigned his charge at Blairsville, Indiana County, Pa., that charge will become vacated on the 7th of November ensning, and be in want of another minister.—The Rev. E. R GUINEY, of Indianapolis, has also withdrawn from that pastorate, and the Church is anxious to be supplied with a successor.—The Rev. C. M. KLINK has resigned his charge at Lewistown, Pa., to take effect the last of September.

Pennsylvania College. — The Annual Commencement of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, will take place on the third Thursday of September. The Baccalaureate Discourse will be pronounced the Sunday preceding, by the President of the Institution. The Junior exhibition will take place on Wednesday morning. On Wednesday afternoon, the annual address before the Limitan Association, will be delivered by Professor John B. Biddle, of Philadelphia. The annual address before the Phrenakosmian Society, will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Burnap, of Baltinore. The annual meeting of the Alumni,

will be held on Wednesday evening, and an address delivered by one of its members. The duty this year devolves upon Professor David H. Bittle, President of Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia.

Notice—I have been instructed to announce that Rev. Benj. Keller, General Agent of the Lutheran Board of Publication, has been requested by the Executive Committee to visit as many of the Synods of our Church, holding their annual sessions during the approaching autumn, as may be within his power, for the purpose of presenting the objects and interests of this Association to said bodies.

W. M. BAUM, Cor. Sec. BARREN HILL, Aug. 5, 1857.

THE REV. J. F. WAMPOLE, late of the Theological Seminary, in Gettysburg, desires to be addressed at present, at Royer's Ford, Montgomery County, Pa.

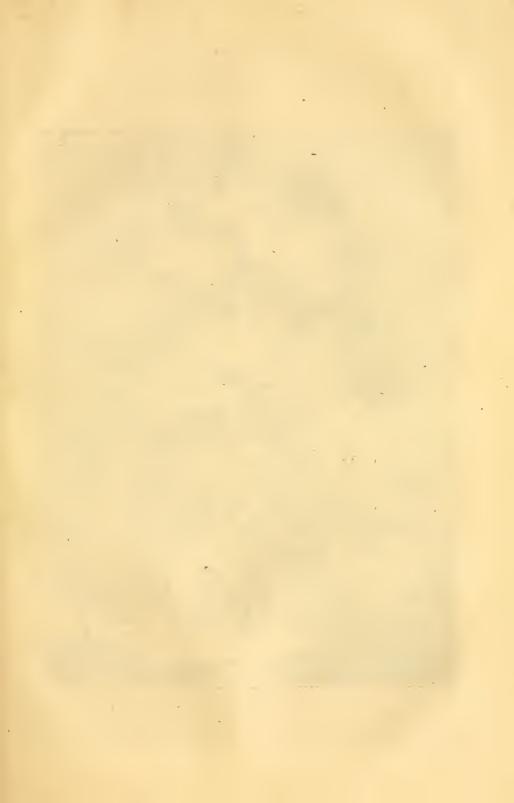
THE REV. O. CLOETER, late of Michigan, who has been appointed to the new mission of the Missouri Synod, among the Chippeways, desires to be addressed at Crow Wing, Ramsey County, Minnesota.

THE REV. P. S. NELLIS, late of Karthaus, Pa., has accepted a call from the Cherry Tree Mission. His address is Newman's Mills, Indiana County, Pa.

THE REV. L. RICKSECKER, who has been engaged for several years in establishing Sunday-schools in Ohio. under the direction of the Sunday-school Union, has resigned his agency, and requests correspondents to address him at Canton, Stark County, Ohio.

Pardoning Criminals.—The Governor of Maryland has given a public notice, that application has been made to him to pardon three individuals, one convicted at the last Baltimore County Court, of assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to nine years' imprisonment, and the other two indicted for murder, and tried, but the jury disagreed, and they will be tried again if the Governor does not grant their application. This practice of advertising the applications for pardons before they are granted, is a much better rule than that adopted in this and other States, where the Governor acts upon the application without any previous notice.

FROM KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.— Letters have been received from Rev. Messrs. Ruthrauff and Earliart, speaking hopefully of their progress in securing sites for Churches in these Territories. In a short time, we hope to communicate to our readers more definite information in regard to the result of their labors.





See page 298.

Antheran Home Journal.

OCTOBER, 1857.

THE MONEY PANIC.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

"A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: But money is made for all things."—Ecclesiastes 10:19.

TO a correct understanding of this decla-1 ration of the inspired Wise Man, it is necessary to bear in mind, that the word ALL, as here employed in its application to money, is not to be construed in its unlimited or universal import. To indulge in laughter, a feast is the place; and to become merry and glad, wine is the proper agency. Neither the dance, nor the viol, nor the harp, nor the exhilarating wine, however, will procure for us a house, nor bed, nor clothing, nor provisions, nor portions for our children. Money will-provided we have enough of it. The meaning of the passage unquestionably is, that money subserves all the purposes for which it is designed-that there is a value attached to it, which renders it, not only eminently useful, but in certain senses indispensable. It subserves all the various purposes of trade and commerce, and, as an instrumentality, most of the occasions of the present life.

Some there are, alas! who, in their dark apostasy from God, IDOLIZE money, as the followers of Aaron did the Golden Calf. Others there are, persons of a melancholy temperament, who, from perverted views and illogical reasonings, affect to despise money, and reject it as an unmitigated evil, whereas the truth lies between the two extremes. The true theory, undoubtedly is, to use the

world, yet as not abusing it—to receive and enjoy all God's temporal blessings with moderation, and yet with gratitude and thanksgiving, contrasting temporal gifts with eternal, and assigning to each their relative preponderance.

In the further investigation of this topic, we propose to examine:

I. THE LEGITIMATE PURPOSES WHICH MONEY IS DESIGNED TO SUBSERVE—and,

II. THE IMPROVEMENT WE SHOULD FEEL CALLED UPON TO MAKE OF THE EXISTING FINANCIAL DISTRESS.

Under the first branch of the subject, we remark:

I. Money is useful and desirable as a means of procuring the necessaries of life. -In our present state, such is God's beneficent economy, that we cannot feed nor live on ethereal inhalations. We have animal frames, which depend for subsistence on food and raiment. It is true we are enjoined to "seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness," but this injunction is far from superseding the necessity of making every needful provision for our temporal condition. Our bodies must be fed and clothed. The bread that comes down from heaven, and the meat which perishes not, it is true, are infinitely the most valuable, but these do not relieve us of the necessity of providing also the bread that is baked in the oven, and the meats that are purchased at the stalls. If we did not pursue the dictates of nature, in these respects, we should offend both against ourselves and against the God that made us. To procure

food and raiment, then, money is required. Mere abstractions will not answer. Our prudent market-people will not accept them. But "money answereth ALL things." With plenty of this commodity in our purse, we can fill our basket to overflowing.

II. Money enables us to procure the comforts of life.—As long as we tabernacle in the flesh, God kindly allows us many privileges and enjoyments, which, although not strictly essential to existence, are nevertheless eminently advantageous and desirable. We are not only allowed to have food, but I hold it to be every way admissible that we consult a becoming preference as to the kinds of food introduced upon our tables. It betrays no undue fastidiousness to prefer that which is wholesome and palatable. God has not imparted to these summer and autumn fruits such a delicious flavor in vain. And so with our raiment. I hold it to be no sin, in the selection of our clothing, to prefer that which is decent, pleasant, genteel, and even handsome, avoiding foppish and ostentatious display, of course. And so with our habitations. If we have the ability, why not erect buildings for taste and refinement, as well as for convenience and utility? In the attainment of all these, money is indispensable. Do we desire to travel, whether on business or for recreation, we must have money. It is money that enables us to visit cities and countries, museums and monuments, and other interesting works, both of nature and of art. It is money that enables us to construct railways, and canals, and bridges, and turnpikes, and open up navigable rivers, and build towns and cities. It was money which enabled Solomon to make great works, to build houses, plant vineyards, gardens, and orchards, and collect around him so many of the delights of life. This catalogue of temporal comforts, indeed, might be largely extended: to procure any one of which, we require money. And this is what King Solomon meant, when he affirmed: "Money answereth ALL things."

III. Money possesses an inappreciable commercial utility.—It enables its possessors to buy and sell. It develops our mineral and agricultural resources. It brings out

from the deep recesses of the craggy hills, and conveys to market, the coal and iron which God hath placed there for our behoof. It builds our wharves and our long rows of stores and warehouses. It levels our forests. It erects our factories, and gives employment to thousands, who would otherwise be idle. It brings to market our cotton, our rice, our grain, our sugar, our flour, and other staple products. It piles the counters of our merchants with cloths, cottons, silks, satins, and other rare and costly articles of merchandise, made both for ornament and utility. Without money, or some other equally valuable and convenient commodity, none of these operations could be prosecuted. The general pulse of the world's activity would stand still. The grass would grow in the Ships, if any were constructed, streets. would rot at the wharves. Thousands, now actively and usefully employed, would be reduced to poverty and starvation. Wise Man uttered a practical truism, then, when he affirmed: "Money answereth ALL things."

IV. Money imparts the ability to prosecute Learning and Science, and the various branches of a liberal education.-In this respect it possesses an almost tutelary power. It is the great fulcrum of Archimedes, with a place to rest on. It gathers libraries, erects and sustains colleges and academies, maintains our excellent and well-conducted public schools, procures mechanical and scientific apparatuses, globes, and telescopes, fosters the useful and polite arts and sciences, enlarges the minds of youth, stores them with educational accomplishments, and prepares them for extensive fields of usefulness. It is by the power of money that both the stupendous treasures of the earth, and the wonderful mechanism of the starry heavens, are developed. It is this that enables us to print and circulate such an innumerable amount of books, and tracts, and magazines, and pamphlets. It is this that sustains the NEWSPAPER, that gigantic agency of good, disseminating the seeds of intelligence over the minds of the teeming and toiling millions. Highly advantageous in furnishing all these diversified aids and opportunities of mental improvement, is money; and how parental hearts glow with a laudable desire to see the rising generation well instructed in every branch of academic and collegiate study. As an educational lever, then, "Money answereth ALL things."

V. Money enables us to assist the poor and suffering, to relieve the needy and distressed.—The poor we have always with us. To minister to their relief is alike a privilege and a duty. To have the will to do so, and lack the ability, is a misfortune; and often do we hear the merciful and benevolent, when they witness scenes of suffering and distress, lament that they have it not in their power to minister relief. But, with money, the poor can be, and are, relieved. This builds hospitals for the idiotic and insane, asylums for the widows and orphans, for the deaf, and dumb, and blind; homes for friendless children, for disabled seamen, and for the poor, and sick, and suffering of all classes. Without money, none of these excellent institutions could be founded. Without money none of them could be maintained. Without money, the poor in winter would receive no fuel, the naked no garments, the shelterless no homes. No Dorcas, nor Soup, nor Samaritan societies would exist, and hence we need not wonder that the cry of those connected with these charitable agencies so unceasingly is: "Money! money! send us money! If you do not send us money, our operations will have to cease." As an agency of benevolence, too, the Wise King was right in affirming: "Money answereth ALL things."

VI. Money is the great lever of government.—Whether in peace or in war, it is the sinews of a nation. The Rothschilds of the world are "the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself." All our important civil and political institutions demand heavy expenditures. Our legislators, national and state executives, municipal magistrates, detective and preventive police, all demand the reward of their labor. See what immense sums it costs to carry on the government of England! See what gigantic inroads her lords and statesmen make upon the Queen's Exchequer! Our government, thanks to a wise and patriotic ances-

try, is not near so expensive. Being republican in its character, simple and unostentatious in its organization, the cost of administering it is much less than is the case with the "pomp, pride, and circumstance," attending the administration of the governments of the Old World. And yet, even in this country, with the wisest and most prudential economy, and with all the patriotism in the land (of which there certainly seems a great deal), the expenses of government are enormous, and annually on the increase. And, although it is ever a curse to elevate to office men of selfish and mercenary characters-men, whose judgments in their high and sacred trusts can be perverted by BRIBES-men, who sell themselves in their public chairs, as alas, it is to be feared, too many do, to the highest bidder-still, for purposes of government, money is indispensable. And so well does the public understand this, that, to raise this money our citizens consent to be taxed, and have heavy imposts levied on their possessions; so that no good citizen declines to pay his taxes, and if he should, it would matter not, as they would be collected by compulsory process. In view of its relations to government, also, the Wise King uttered an axiom of the highest practical truthfulness: "Money answereth ALL things."

Lastly, under this branch of the subject, VII. Money is essential to the Church .-I am not insensible to the importance of this utterance. The Church, I am aware, is founded on the Prophets and Apostles, "Jesus Christ himself being the cornerstone." Its foundations have been laid, broadly, deeply, and securely, in the blood of the Crucified One, and its walls are cemented by the blood of many martyrs. Against it "the gates of hell shall never prevail." "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." I neither overlook, nor ignore, Divine Omnipotence. And yet, I am not insensible to the fact, that God, in the general affairs of his Church, as in every other department of his limitless empire, works out results instrumentally. The apostles themselves laid by, every week, on the Lord's Day, of the current coin of their country, to serve as an

agency, under the Divine blessing, in the perpetuation and extension of the Redeem-They knew the value of er's kingdom. money, although they did not trust in money, except as an agency. And so it is yet. Money still constitutes a gigantic instrumentality in the hands of Christ's followers and disciples. They must have it, to erect houses of worship; to pay preachers; to print bibles, testaments, and tracts; to send out colporteurs and agents; to send missionaries to the neglected and waste places of our own country, and to foreign lands. The blessings we enjoy, "God and his Christ" command us to disseminate over the whole earth, and from the centre to all parts and portions of the vast circumference multitudinous voices come to us, not to neglect the great trust delegated to us by Him who sitteth in the heavens. But we cannot discharge this transcendent trust without money. Hence the cry of the Church, everywhere, is, for money! money! money! As a believer in the Most High God, the God of Israel, and as the Builder of the Temple, which he erected by Divine command on the holy hill Zion-not as a king only, but as a wise king, a religious king, did the Wise Man pen the axiom: "Money answereth ALL things."

And now, proceeding to a faithful application of these truths, to the topic more immediately to be considered, let us examine:

SECONDLY: THE IMPROVEMENT TO BE MADE OF THE EXISTING FINANCIAL DISTRESS.

I. We discover in this, how even the most distinguished temporal blessings can be turned into sources of suffering and sorrow.

—Through such a season the commercial community is now passing. The moneymarket, to employ a financial phrase, is "tight." There are frequent suspensions and failures. Our banking institutions have suspended the payment of specie. Confidence is lost. Distrust has succeeded. The rates of interest are high. The strongest mercantile houses are shivering like a reed in the wind, and there is a wide-spread derangement in monetary circles.

Now, then, for the improvement to be made of the existing crisis. Is not this a

season, when tossed to and fro on the tempestuous billows, to cast our anchor, take down our compass and other nautical implements, and ascertain our latitude and longitude? May it not be, indeed, that the entire business community, as such, to too great a degree, has been too forgetful of THE CLAIMS OF GOD, and engaged in schemes and enterprises of SELF-aggrandizement, with too intense and absorbing an eagerness? May it not be, too, that men and women, over our entire land, have been too extravagant in their expenditures, lavished too much upon style and fashion, and ornament, expended too much in sumptuous living, and departed, with gigantic and rapid stride, from the plain and economical habits of our republican grandfathers and grandmothers? And may it not be, too, that men have been over-zealous in their pursuit of gain-seeking to realize fortunes in a month, a week, a day, or even in an hour, which men, formerly, were content to realize only by the slow processes of patient industry and salutary economy in a lifetime. This, too, is a young and rising country. The genius of our institutions is stamped on the very characters of our people. We hear some attribute the existing financial embarrassments to gigantic speculations in railways-which have diverted immense sums from the ordinary channels of commercefor, it is certainly true (whether for good or evil we will not say), that, within the last few years, railways have been constructed hither and thither, so that the rattle of an oldfashioned stage-coach is scarcely any more heard, but the shrill whistle of the locomotive resounds through the streets of almost every country-town and village.

But the stream cannot rise higher than the fountain. If we, as a people, have lived too high, fared too sumptuously, dressed too gorgeously, furnished our houses too magnificently, built railroads too rapidly, then, no doubt, God, in his all-wise economy, perceives it good for us to check us in our onrushing career of worldly-mindedness, and to say to us, as He has to the foaming billows of the great deep: "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed—thus far mayst thou come, but no further." These occa-

sional monetary shocks, then, are undoubtedly an element of good. The clouds may be dark and lowering, but they are freighted with blessings. They lead the men of commerce and business to stop and think! If they are rightly exercised thereby, this will be the salutary influence exercised upon them all. It will lead us all, too, to check our extravagance, to foster habits of economy, to restrain our acquisitiveness, and to remember God, from whom we have so sadly apostatized. And happy the man, happy the community, who of this conjuncture makes this improvement!

2. The occasion may be turned to profit, too, as it will afford opportunities, which would not have been otherwise afforded, for the display of many noble and praiseworthy Christian qualities.—Now merchants and tradesmen can prove, in unmistakable ways, that in their dealings with one another they are upright and high-minded, honest and honorable, whom no bold temptation can seduce from the path of strict and conscientious integrity. When money is scarce and difficult to obtain, the rates of interest exorbitant, and the pressure severe, then the temptation to sacrifice honor and integrity are proportionably increased. So intimately, indeed, are the ramifications of business and society interwoven—so mutually are we dependent on one another, that no man is isolated, but what affects one, affects many, or all. In such a crisis, then, men have an opportunity, not every day presented, to exhibit that they have an unquestioned patent to the style and title of NOBLE-men-namely, men, upright, honest, honorable, and true; men, resolved, by God's help, come what may, as far as lieth in them, to render "equal and exact justice to all."

And such examples among the mercantile and trading community, we are glad to learn, are not rare—examples of men, who, amidst the crashes, and revulsions, and disappointments of business, lose their all of worldly substance, but cling with a firm and pertinacious grasp to that which is "rather to be chosen than great riches—a good NAME!" Men of commerce know our meaning. They can, and do, discriminate between a business failure, and a bogus failure! a failure

that was honest and unavoidable, and one that was neither! How often do we hear the remark: " There goes one who has failed with a pocket full of money, who has grown rich by cheating his creditors"—a character least of all to be coveted on earth, at whom the "slow unmoving finger of scorn" is pointed. But where a business-man fails from real misfortune, because others have failed, from losses, disappointments, dishonest partners, or dishonest clerks, and surrenders all he has, rather than sacrifice principle or conscience, such a failure is no disgrace, and should never be quoted to his discredit. On the contrary, he will still retain confidence, respect, and sympathy, and kind friends will cluster around him, and speak encouragingly and extend to him their aid, for, says the Wise King in another place: "Though the just man fall seven times, yet shall he rise again."

3. Immense is the responsibility of those who, notwithstanding the pecuniary pressure, remain in a condition of comparative affluence.-Many such there undoubtedly are, whom no shock of the money market affects, whose resources are so well secured, that no financial convulsion reaches them. may even profit by the misfortunes of their neighbors, for "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," it is "a long lane that has no turn." Now, "unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required." We must all render an account of our stewardship to God. May none, who are among the fortunate, squander their silver and gold on purposes which, to individuals, states, and nations, prove a curse, and invoke the just displeasure of Heaven! May none "expend their labor for that which is not bread, nor their money for that which satisfieth not." Many, it is to be feared, lock up their gold in chests, or hide it in a hedge. Of OLIVER CROMWELL it is related, that he once visited Rome, and was brought into the Cathedral of St. Peter's, where he beheld twelve statues, composed of solid gold, representing the Apostles. "It were better," was the profound observation of Cromwell. "that these golden Apostles were sent to the mint and converted into coin, so that, like the Master, they might 'go about doing

good." A sorrowful account will they have to render at the Great Assize, who, with money in their dwellings, money on deposit, money on interest, comfort no sick, feed no hungry, clothe no naked, reclaim no wandering. Of such the Bible says: "Their riches are corrupt, their garments are moth-eaten, their gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them is a witness against them."

4. The Money Panic may induce men to diminish their secular interests, and this will constitute an element of good. I speak it for myself only, not for others, and am responsible for the sentiment only to the Master, Christ, it is not good for a man to have too much business. We occasionally read in the newspapers of men failing in business, whose liabilities amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars! now and then to millions! I hold that no man, no Christian man certainly, has any warrant to have so much secular business, no matter how judiciously managed. So thought St. Paul. He said: "No man, going to war, entangleth himself." A Christian is a warrior, fighting for the golden crown, and he should have no more secular business than he can manage with the utmost convenience. If it has grown too ponderous on his hands, he should curtail it, for if he does not, it will prevent him from bestowing proper care on the interests of his immortal soul, and may keep him out of heaven. If the present financial pressure be attended with this result, to induce men to think less of temporal, and more of eternal interests, it will prove a blessing.

5. Money does NOT "answer all things." It cannot purchase a sound constitution, and only incidentally impair a shattered one. It cannot pluck a single barbed and quivering arrow from the wounded conscience. When the earth is parched, and the clouds withhold their watery treasures, not the wealth of GIRARD or of ASTOR can bribe them to dispense a solitary drop of refreshing rain. All the treasures of earth cannot bring a ray of sunshine from the skies. I have somewhere read in history of an ancient Egyptian king, who had so much money that he knew not what to do with it, which in this vale of suffering is always an inexplicable anomaly. So the king built himself a palace, and adorned it gorgeously, and among other lavish expenditures he constructed a staircase of solid gold. But, the staircase was scarcely finished, when the old king was seized with the gout, produced most likely by high living, and so inveterate was the disease, that not all the medical skill in the realm could remove it. He could not place one limb before another. "Now," said he, "I have expended half a million on the staircase, I would gladly give a whole million to have it in my power to ascend it." But all was of no avail. The treasures of the empire were too poor to bribe away the disease, and all the foolish old millionaire could do, was to sit in his chair and look at his golden staircase! Of this monotonous exercise he soon grew tired, so he had the staircase taken down and coined into dollars, which he distributed among the poor, and then the gout left him, and he saw in the event a remarkable instance of a present retributive Providence, and was a happier, wiser, better man, forever after. I have read somewhere, too, of another rich king, who had a daughter, not gifted with personal beauty, who sought to supply the deficiency with jewelled ornaments. This daughter prevailed upon her rich father to purchase her a diamond bracelet for 50,000 dollars! When he brought it to her, half in sorrow and half in sarcasm, he remarked: "I give you the bracelet, but, my dear, there is one most desirable accompaniment I am too poor to buy for you, which is, a beautiful arm to display it on. That is the gift of God."

It is a truism then, that there are conditions the most desirable on earth, which are wholly independent of money. Need I say, that no amount of money can ward off the shaft of death? Why, the inexorable Despot only laughs at the treasures of kings! They are to him sport and mockery. Money may purchase for the rich dead splendid velvet-lined and silver-mounted coffins, and erect over their remains gorgeous marble and bronze monuments, but the poor dead rest as calmly in their plain coffins, and under their wooden foot and headboards, as the rich do in their costly ones; and corruption wields her empire with the same unrelenting tyranny over both. Need I say, too, that the blessings of salvation cannot be purchased with money. If they could, I trow many a rich sinner, who has grown gray in iniquity, and delighted in the devil's service all his life, when he comes to a dying bed, hard as the sacrifice might be, would yet give his all to procure from the Great Judge articles of release, and purchase a ticket of admission into heaven.

But, "we are not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." We are not invited to come to the waters, and buy wine and milk with drafts, and checks, and certificates of deposit, but we are invited to come "without money." Simon, the sorcerer, in apostolic days, committed the impious mistake of supposing that the gift of the Holy Ghost was purchasable, but the intrepid Peter answered him: "Thy money perish with thee."

6. Let not the poor suppose that, for want of money, they can confer no happiness. That were a sad mistake. Christ was poor. He had not where to lay his head. He had not even money sufficient to pay the unjust tax imposed on him, but wrought a miracle to obtain it. Peter obtained it for him out of the mouth of a fish, and well was it that the fish did not clench his teeth as firmly as some misers do their pockets, or the tax might have remained unpaid to this day. And yet, notwithstanding Christ's poverty, where was there ever a more illustrious The whole world has been benefactor? blessed by him. The Apostles were most, if not all, poor men, in humble worldly circumstances. And yet, where were there ever twelve men, who have conferred on mankind such untold blessings, who have done so much to ameliorate man's condition, and convert the wildernesses of earth into blossoming and fruitful gardens? Peter to the lame man, lying at the gate Beautiful, pleading for alms: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee—in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk"--" And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up, and immediately his feet and ankle-bones received strength, and he, leaping up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising

God." That was a blessing incomparably more valuable than any which all the grandees and nobles of earth could have given, and conferred through the almighty power of God, by a man who had not any "silver or gold" to give.

And the same economy exists yet. The rich, it is true, can contribute much to bless mankind, and, God be praised, many are thus employing their wealth, but let not the poor hence conclude that they are powerless. If they have not much to give, let them give of their little. The widow who cast her two mites into the treasury did not give much, according to man's arithmetic, but according to Christ's "she gave more than they all." Whilst the poor, and those in moderate circumstances, then, are satisfied with such things as they have, and suppress every rising emotion of envy and discontent, let them improve their opportunities of usefulness as well as others. A kind word spoken to a suffering brother, often steals more gently into his soul, and contributes more to elevate his thoughts heavenward, than do much alms, ungraciously bestowed. In the simple, yet truthful, language of the Scotch poet:

"A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him,
A man may tak' a neebor's part
Yet hae nae cash to spare him."

7. Finally, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, fear God and keep his commandments!-Money, in itself, is no evil, but a distinguished blessing. The evil lies in bestowing upon such dead matter those high and holy affections, which belong of right supremely to God. It is this, the base bowing of the knee at the polluted shrine of Avarice, turning Muckrake, as Bunyan's character is named, and scraping together piles of sticks and straws, at last to be buried under them, that has caused so many sad mishaps in the earth-that has caused so many to "err from the faith, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows"-that has been the prolific womb of such numberless thefts, robberies, embezzlements, forgerics, false entries, violations of trust, incarceration in cells, weepings,

wailings, and every other conceivable visitation of wretchedness and woe!

Our temporal concerns we are not to neglect. This were neither wise nor proper, for we are commanded to be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The merchant may prosecute his business, watch the fluctuations of trade, and provide against financial storms and tempests. But he must not, at the imminent peril of his soul, neglect "the pearl of great price"—the ONE THING NEEDFUL -the "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away." Blessed is he, who, amidst the excitements and rivalries of business, the commotions and agitations of trade, the rise and fall of stocks, the building up and tearing down of clashing rival interests, the discount and protest of notes, the buying and selling of merchandise, the wear and tear of conscience, the departure and arrival of ships, the hurrying to and fro, the tumult, and noise, and agitation, and harly-burly, of a commercial metropolis, emerges from the fiery ordeal unscathed-his reputation for honor and honesty untarnished-who, amidst all these perilous and trying exigencies, stands, like a rock in the ocean, unmoved, the whitecrested surges beating against it, and then breaking at its base! And most blessed of all is he, who, careering on this "ocean into tempest tost," keeps his eye calm, steady, and serene, undismayed, unmoved, full of love and of hope, on that bright POLAR STAR, which shines with such resplendent lustre in the azure heavens-that brighter and better realm above, that glorious and delightful HAVEN OF REST-where there are no rivalries, no clashing of interest, no failures, no pressures, no bankruptcies, no crosses, no losses, no persecuted, no tempted, no suffering, no poor-bnt where all are rich—rich in themselves, rich in one another, and richest of all in the enjoyment of the infinite, eternal, inconceivable, ineffable fulness of the grandeur, the glory, and majesty of heaven's high and holy King!

Good instruction is better than riches.

THE DUCK AND THE HAWK.

BY REV. J. FEW SMITH.

WAS sailing, or rather rowing, one pleasant afternoon in the month of March, with a party of friends, on the smooth and quiet San Juan, at whose entrauce into the bay the City of Matanzas is situated. Matanzas, lying on the north side of the island of Cuba, at the head of a capacious bay of the same name, is next to Havana in commercial importance; being a great depot and shipping port for sugar and molasses, which are brought in from the surrounding plantations, partly by teams of oxen, but mainly by the railroad which connects with the main branch running through the island. It is a quiet, sunny town-a miniature Havana-hiding in its strangely built houses, and in its pleasant country seats on the hills that overlook the bay and the ocean, many a pleasant family, with perhaps a larger proportionate share than Havana of American and English families.

Some ten or twelve of us, ladies and gentlemen, had taken a boat, rowed by two unusually stout Spaniards, at the bridge that crosses the Yumarru, a smaller river on the opposite side of the city, and rowing across the harbor we proceeded quietly up the San Juan, passing the principal business points, and under several bridges, and opposite the market places, and certain slaughter-houses, to which we gave as "wide a berth" as possible.

It was a delightful afternoon—the air perfectly clear and balmy, the water smooth and dark; and as we glided slowly along, escaping the city and gazing on the green banks of the river, and the hills of the Yumarru, and the great Pan of Matanzas* in the distance, and enjoying the pleasant chat of good company brought together from different parts of our native land, and England, some residents in Cuba, but most of us visitors for a few days to that sunny and sweet spot,—we were all of us full of

^{*} A mountain, about thirty miles from Matanzas, so called from its resemblance to a loaf of bread; when approaching Cuba we saw it at a distance of sixty miles

good cheer, and drank in the pleasure of the time. By and by, one of the company called our attention to a small wild duck, which, he said, had been some time following us. To see wild ducks on the river of course was nothing strange. But the peculiarity in this case was that the bird kept constantly near us-always within gun-shot of the boat; sometimes rising and flying a short distance, sometimes diving, but still never going far off. This attracted our attention, and led to several conjectures as to the reason of it. Presently the mystery was solved, as we discovered circling in the air above us, a large hawk. The poor duck had perceived its enemy, and instinctively kept near to the boat for protection, knowing that the hawk would be afraid to come within reach of men. So we continued to move on, our interest awakened for the poor duck, and leading to many expressions of sympathy, and many wishes for a gun to destroy the cruel hawk. By and by other things attracted us, and the birds were for a time forgotten; when suddenly one of our number suddenly exclaimed, "See there! sure enough, he's got him!" And so it was. The poor duck, either forgetful, or thinking the danger past, had rested quietly far in the rear of our boat, and the hawk seized the opportunity, in a moment pounced upon him, and bore him away in his talons.

So I have thought there is a great enemy ever pursuing us, and seeking to destroy our souls; and only as we keep near to the Power, wiser and mightier than ourselves, the One stronger than the strong man armed, are we safe. Wandering away from Jesus, we are always in danger.

So there is safety for the young as they hold fast by the counsels of their parents, and teachers, and experienced friends, who will protect them from the destroyer.

So, too, it has seemed to me, the Sabbathschool teachers should feel, that the young immortals committed to their charge should be carefully guarded by them. They should watch over them with tender solicitude, fold them in the arms of Christian love, guide them safely to Christ. The hawk is ever on the watch for the duck, and will catch him when off his guard. Sin has a thousand snares to entrap the unwary.

Youth, beware! cling to heavenly wisdom: cling to Jesus. Christian teachers, shoot that hawk.

A PASQUINADE;

OR, GENEALOGY OF A REMARKABLE AND NUMEROUS, THOUGH NOT VERY LOVELY FAMILY.

(Translated for the Lutheran Home Journal, from the German of Luther.)

BY X. Y. Z.

THE Devil begat Darkness; and Dark-I ness begat Ignorance; and Ignorance begat Error and his brethren; and Error, in union with Self-love, begat Free-will and Presumption; and Free-will and Presumption begat Merit; and Merit begat Forgetfulness of Grace; and Forgetfulness of Grace begat Transgression; and Transgression begat Unbelief; and Unbelief begat Satisfaction; and Satisfaction begat the Sacrifice of the Mass; and the Sacrifice of the Mass, with the aid of the Chrism, begat the Priest; and the Priest, by means of the Chrism, begat Superstition; and Superstition begat Hypocrisy, the King; and Hypocrisy begat the Trade of the Mass; and the Trade of the Mass begat Purgatory; and Purgatory begat the Jubilees of the Church; and the Jubilees begat the Revenue of the Church; and the Revenue of the Church begat Mammon; and Mammon begat Debauchery; and Debauchery begat Satiety; and Satiety begat Cruelty; and Cruelty begat Freedom from Restraint; and Freedom from Restraint begat Arbitrary Dominion; and Arbitrary Dominion begat Pomp; and Pomp begat Ambition; and Ambition begat Simony; and Simony begat the Pope and his brethren, the Cardinals, about the time of the Babylonist Captivity; and after the Babylonist Captivity, the Pope begat the Mystery of Iniquity; and the Mystery of Iniquity begat the Sophistical Theology; and the Sophistical Theology begat the Rejection of the Scriptures; and the Rejection of the Scriptures begat Tyranny; and Tyranny begat Martyrdom; and Martyrdom begat Contempt of

God; and Contempt of God begat Indulgencies; and Indulgencies begat Licentiousness; and Licentiousness begat Abomination; and Abomination begat Confusion; and Confusion begat Alarm; and Alarm begat Inquiry; and Inquiry begat the Evidence of Truth, in which is found the vanquisher of the Pope, who is called Antichrist.

THE MAPLE TREE.

(See Frontispiece.)

Maple is the common name of the acer genus of plants, of which there are thirtyfour species. Nine of these belong to North America, twelve to Europe, six of great beauty to Japan, and the rest to different parts of Asia. The timber of the maple is not adapted for works of durability and strength; but from the beauty of its texture, it is peculiarly fitted for ornamental purposes; and the variety called "curled maple" is, on this account, held in great esteem. It is capable of being highly polished, and is most commonly used for articles in which it is desired to combine utility with ornament. Its lightness occasions it to be also frequently used in the manufacture of musical instruments. The sap of the maple contains a certain quantity of saccharine matter; but two of this genus (acer saccharinum and acer nigrum) yield so abundant a supply as to have obtained for them the general designation of the sugar-maple.

Maple-sugar could be manufactured in sufficient quantities to supply the consumption of the United States.

The sugar is said to equal the common brown sugar of the West Indies, and, when refined, to yield to none in purity and sweetness. The produce of a single tree appears to vary considerably; by some it is said to amount to five or six pounds, and by others it is estimated as high as thirty-three pounds per tree; but this amount can probably be obtained only under a concurrence of peculiarly favorable circumstances, and in the Southern States of America; for in Canada the average produce of the season from one tree is stated to be not more than two pounds. Two men can attend to 300 or 400 trees. A family

may even make 1000 lbs. of sugar in the course of a season, which commences towards the end of March, and lasts a month; and fortunately happens at a period when agricultural labors have not resumed their activity.

The following is the ordinary process of sugar making: The tree being notched deep enough to penetrate beyond the bark, a wooden spout is driven in, through which the sap is conveyed till it drops into a bucket or trough at the foot of the tree, the cut being almost two feet from the ground. One tapping generally answers for the season, and the trees, if not greatly hacked, will do for a sugary many years.

The sap is collected daily and carried to the boiling-place. It is strained into the kettles, and boiled down to the consistency of syrup. It is then filtered, and left to settle for a day or two, after which it undergoes the process of clarifying. This done, it is in a condition fit for the market.

Were this branch of domestic industry more extensively cultivated, it would furnish a product sufficient not merely to supply our entire consumption, but also to add thousands of dollars to the wealth of our country. With an abundance of trees and a climate well adapted to their cultivation, the time will come, yea must come, when the maple-sugar crop will be second in importance to none other of this great and growing republic.

THE ROD.—The eldest son of President Edwards, while congratulating a friend on having a family of sons, said to him with much earnestness: "Remember, there is but one mode of family government. have brought up and educated fourteen boys; two I suffered to grow up without the rod. One of these was my youngest brother, and the other was Aaron Burr, my sister's only son-both having lost their parents in their childhood; and from both, by observation and experience, I tell you, sir, a maple sugar treatment will never answer. Beware how you let the first act of disobedience go unnoticed, and unless evidence of repentance be manifest, unpunished."

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY DORA E. RICHARDS.

T was the holy Sabbath morn! In the east pale crimson flushes and golden rays were struggling from out ashen folds, and one faint, fading star yet looked A gentle breeze was whispering to folded buds and flowers, and winging its way through the clinging vines, which half overshadowed an inclosed casement. Within that silent room a young being lay encircled by the power of a troubled and ominous slumber; moist, heavy curls, pushed from the high, fair brow, midnight lashes shutting out midnight eyes, then hands folded over a scarcely stirring bosom, and fierce, fiery hues consuming the soft, white cheek. Beside the couch knelt a pallid watcher, as if wrestling with some awful might; her sunlit tresses unbound; her drooping wings folded. From out the shadow of the new-born day, clad in purity, surrounded by a halo of glory, nearer and nearer floated one of God's shining messengers, until he stood, with divine feet, in the presence of the dying girl and weeping spirit. At last, serenely, pitifully, and godlike, he spoke:

"I am that one, of whom it is asked, 'O Death, where is thy sting?' My Master is He, who, having died once for all, dieth no more, and hath gotten the victory forever. Sorrowful being! who art thou?"

She uplifted her prostrate form, gazing fearfully upon him, then, shrinking backward, cried, in horror, "Alas! I know thee, thou stern one! Depart, depart!"

"It is ever so," was the answer; and the words sounded, as the echoes from the angelic harp-striugs, "It is ever so. When the shadows died in darkness last eve, I wandered among the children of Earth; a mother pressed her darling to her bosom, and sang to it low lullabies. I loved the little one, I raised it in my arms, and ere pollution could stain its immortal soul, I bore it to Paradise."

But the mother's wail went up in neverending woe. "Thou hast taken my jewel!" she cried; "my jewel, of brightest lustre! Thou hast torn out my bleeding heart!"

"Yes, I know thee," was again murmured.
"The loved, the bright, the beautiful, thou breathest upon, and they are not. The bowed down, and care-worn, the hearts which never-dying torments gnaw, cry unto thee night and day, but for them thou hast no answer."

"Even thus," replied the bright one, "I cause the future years to glide forth, and my magic glass pictures to me the destiny of each mortal. When crime and woe stand ready to cloud joyous eyes with tears, or pierce bounding feet with thorns, in pity, from the depths of my spirit, I bear them quickly to our Father's throne in the sweetness and innocence of their being. I take thy fairest one from the evil to come; if the mourning ones are still burthened by the cross of affliction, it is, because He, who loveth them, would try their faith. 'A bruised reed He will not break!' Sister, shall this work be mine or thine?"

The mourner wrung her hands. "O my God, she is the only one of her mother! So young, so well beloved; her life-way is full of roses; her life-sky is full of sunshine; her dancing step is lighter than the waving zephyr; her low voice as sweet melody. Hope and Love minister unto her; her heart is full of rich dreams for the days to come."

"Oh, my sister, if this be so, canst thou thus yearn to stay her flight? How soon may tempest-clouds arise, her peace depart, and love die out in agonizing gloom; her smile fade; her joyous voice be hushed!"

"But, alas! they will miss her, when the home circle gathers round the hearth; they will miss the clinging of her arms, the soft caressing of her lips; they will miss her, when they bend the knee in prayer, or swell the adoring hymn. They will look for her, when Spring awakes its buried treasures. Thinkest thou, they can bear to render to the grave, the worm,—their darling?"

A tender feeling held the answer. "I am His messenger; I do His holy unerring will; I will wean their affections from that which fadeth, unto the eternal perfect bliss of Heaven. I will transplant their precious rose into the amaranthine bowers, where the silver stream Peace floweth. There will they find it when He calleth them up higher, 'not lost, but gone before.' The Comforter leaveth not His own desolate."

From lips all tremulous, and in fainter accents, still came the plaint forth, "Oh, thou art, indeed, cruel, most cruel! Thou makest blessed home shrouded in midnight; the vacant chairs can no longer be numbered. Take the aged, with trembling footsteps, whose eyes are dim,—thou hast no message for blushing youth."

"Poor mortal! thou shouldst have greeted my coming with fervent thanksgiving, not thus have striven in unsanctified agony. Behold, the rays of glory, streaming from the opened portal of the everlasting King-

dom! Look up, up, higher!"

Then Life gazed upward, until the fountain of her tears burst forth no longer; a great calm, an humble penitence filled her heart. "Pardon!" she cried, "I wrestle no more; the work is thine." Again she knelt down with glances fixed upon the path of glory, and submissively uttered, "Father, not my will, but thine be done! Thou doest all things well."

A voice of unearthly sweetness took up the burden of prayer. "Oh thou merciful God! who receivest into thy bosom all the pure in heart, stretch forth thine arms for this young spirit. Be thou with her in the Valley of Shadows, and with thy great love do thou sustain and comfort her; and unto thee be all glory, and majesty, and might, forever. Amen! Amen!"

The watcher with pallid cheek spoke not, but pressed to her lips a cross; then these words, floating on the freighted morning air, fell distinctly upon the ear:

I thank thee, oh my God!
Because thy love doth gather in
My lambs, amid the spotless fold
Of thy dear Son's; from out of sin,
From out the tempest wild and cold.

I thank thee, oh my God! Because not once a sorrow breath Tainted the fragile earth-lit rays Over their paths. They early sped From bliss to bliss in sweet amaze.

I thank thee, oh my God! I hear the solemn angel, Death, Who cometh without any sting To me. So cheeringly he saith, "I bring thee now the wished-for wing."

Oh what a smile of ineffable loveliness overspread the angel Death's face! He kissed the burning brow of the maiden, and hand in hand with him she soared through the ether. Behold the casket still remaining!—but the gem?—gone! When the golden sunbeams glittered all over the earth, and church-bells were chiming for the worshippers, that redeemed one, so early blest, was singing among the seraphic choir in the City of our God.

THE RECLAIMED OUTCAST.

BY LILY RAY.

On the cold stone steps of a stately mansion is seated a lovely female, reclining her head against a marble pillar. The cold, piercing winds penetrate through her scanty wardrobe, howling dolefully to poverty and destitution, while the lashing rain, enraged by the cutting gale, spends its fury on all around; yet she feels not its relentless violence, for a stronger tempest with wilder power is rending her heart. Tears are streaming fast. The floodgates of sorrow, suffering, and remorse, are open, and swollen by innumerable currents of grief, rush on and on, and the current grows stronger as memory brings to recollection her unremitted, unsuccessful struggle with temptation and misery. Her heart-storm has spent its fury, and slowly the current of grief is assuaged. She thinks of the past, her days of innocence, the temptation, her consequent degradation, the wide-spread havoc of her heart's desolation, and in rueful accents of despair, she murmurs, "Is there no hope for me? am I to be lost, lost, forever lost? An orphan lone I have been; no father's prayers ever greeted my ears; no mother's love to pour balm on my aching, bleeding heart; no brother's arm on which to lean; no kind sister's sympathy to ease one stinging pain. The memory of the past strikes my heart-chords with compunctious throes of remorse. Is there no hope for me? Must I go on and onward, knowing no peace, meeting with no mercy from one

human being? for my crime has been one 'forever cursed by man, and only forgiven by God.'" A female form stands beside her. One hand rests on her burning brow. In a low tremulous voice she whispers, "My erring sister, God is all-merciful to the penitent; by the grace of our Redeemer, you may yet be pardoned and find peace for your soul. Come with me; you shall have a home away from the alluring temptations of a cold-hearted world." Vainly she essaved to thank her benefactor, but tears of gratitude choked her utterance. With faltering steps she entered that stately mansion; and for days, weeks, months, and years, did that angel of mercy watch over the erring fair one, until a holy, heavenly smile lit up her lovely features, and a pure, tranquillizing delight took possession of her heart, as she realized that she had been forgiven by her Maker. As a ministering spirit she entered many a lowly hovel, and spoke words fraught with hope and consolation to many a sore-tried and riven heart.

Where the keen edge of calamity had wounded with almost incurable anguish, she poured on the healing balm of consolation, and by a true sisterly sympathy her sphere of usefulness was almost unlimited. She knew what it was to suffer and endure, and long did she have reason to bless her kind benefactress for her Christian sympathy in the hour of trial.

And oh! how many of our erring brothers and sisters there are in the world, threading their way down to endless ruin, who might be reclaimed and prove useful members to society, and ultimately be set as a star in the crown of our Redeemer. Methinks it would be an angel task to be instrumental in reclaiming one, if only one, from the multitudinous throng who are daily going down to a pauper's grave; and their souls, oh! I shudder to think, must sink down and down to an endless hell, where no lucid intervals of peace ever reach them more, but where ever and forever they must reap the rewards of God's violated law. Who can witness unconcernedly the decay of every virtuous principle, every ennobling sentiment in a fellow-pilgrim journeying to another world, and not make one effort to reclaim him? Our Saviour visited sinners; to them he spoke pardoning words, and besought them to go and sin no more; for them he offered an oblation, a ransom all-sufficient to save the chief of sinners, and present them in unspotted whiteness as trophics of redeeming love to our heavenly Father.

If God is willing to receive them, why should we not do all we can for them while here? Earth has many sorrowing ones who need our care, our sympathy. One little unobtrusive act of kindness may send an electric thrill of joy to an overburthened heart, one cheering word raise the drooping and desponding soul, and oh! the joy of meeting such an one in the courts of Heaven! Our Saviour's new commandment is "love one another;" and if we love them we will be prompted to do all we can for them, all the good we can on earth, looking for our reward in Heaven. And when life for us is drawing to a close, we shall go down to the silent shades of death, leaning on our Saviour's arm, and the "last dying groan will be the prelude to immortality;" on whose shores we will meet earth's ransomed ones, "never, no never, to part more."

THE WRECKERS.

BY J. S. S.

Night has fallen upon old ocean. Yet not with the glory of a sunset, such as only ocean knows; not with the fair twilight, whose sober gray is so tinted and tempered with the rosy blush caught from the sun's last loving glance, that we forget it is the prelude of darkness; not with the pale moon rising in majesty from the waves, and flinging such a golden sheen over their trembling surface that they seem a bright pathway to a celestial land; not with the silence whose stillness is intensified by the low, solemn, eternal moan of the sea; but with the hasty obscuration of what an hour before was a smiling, cloudless sky. With sudden and impenetrable gloom; with wind, and storm, and tempest; with waves upheaving mountains high above the cavernous depth that yawned between.

The sinking sun saw a noble ship upon

the waves, like a white-winged bird, holding gallantly on her course, while music and song floated on the breeze, and the dance swept her decks. Brave men were there, whose cheeks never knew the blanch of fear, and lovely women, with eyes as darkly blue as the sea-swell on which they loved to gaze. Together they trod the solid deck, and thought not of the fathomless grave beneath. Together they talked of home and its loved ones, nor dreamed that the reunion of which they spoke should be only beyond the grave. Heart throbbed to heart, and hand met hand, warmly and trustfully, with no presage of the chill that should check their pulses, and of the unclasped pressure of fingers stiffened in death.

But now, how changed the scene! Huge waves break over the deck, where late mirth held such lightsome sway; each one threatening to engulf the quivering ship,each one bearing some struggling soul into eternity. Hoarse shouts rise faintly amid the din of the storm. The white sails stream in fringed tatters from the yards. Old men, -men whose heads have grown gray amid the brine and spray of ocean,-tremble, even while they predict that the ship will outride the storm. Young men, with less experience, but more trust, look anxiously up at the black heaven above, and fearfully down at the inkier blackness of the foam-crested waves beneath.

And now there is a lull. The ship rises slowly from her perilous position, slowly, and as though exhausted in her fierce strife with the elements. The waves beat less wildly, and there is hope that the fury of the storm is spent. Right ahead is seen a faint white line. Is it the lifting clouds? Or is it only an illusion? Still lower sinks the gale. And now, a low, deep roar is borne to the ear. It is the knell of death. It is the siren song of peace. For that roar is the dash of breakers upon an iron-bound coast.

Now thunders again the gale, as though it only ceased to show the doomed ones their destruction. Onward, irresistibly onward, is borne the helpless ship. There is one moment of wild, breathless suspense,—one upward bound on the breast of a mighty

wave, and, crashing down, as though each stout plank and strong bolt had parted, the ship is dashed on her rocky bed.

The boats are let down, and swamped as soon. All watch them as they disappear amid the foam, and feel that with them sinks their last hold on life. And now there are wild cries of anguish, and prayers from lips that never prayed before, and tears from eyes till now strangers to their flow, and a trembling dread of impending judgment in hitherto scoffing hearts. But their cries are lost amid the myriad tongues of ocean. And tears now cannot avail. And those prayers are too despairing to be borne to Heaven by Faith's waiting wing. And the dread of death only augments its terrors.

But, hark! there is a shout, heard even above the howlings of the storm. Through the driving rain and spray is seen a beacon light. Straight on, from where that light has risen, like hope in death's dark vale, a boat cleaves the waves. Like a thing of proud life it mounts each angry billow, and dashes the foam off each white crest. As a messenger of joy it seems to the watching eyes and eagerly-beating hearts on that doomed ship. Now, the boat,-the lifeboat,-is alongside. A line is thrown to the remaining sufferers; for, alas! half of those pulses so buoyant at morn have already been rudely stilled by the hand of death, and their forms laid in one wide grave.

Slowly and cautiously, for the work is full of peril, the life-boat receives its living freight. It is filled, but many still remain. Now, to the shore it speeds, while straining eyes watch for its coveted return. Again it is seen battling its way to the wreck. And again, with its precious burden of souls, it turns landward. Another return, and all will be saved. With a prayer for those whose lives are still at the mercy of the sea, those already saved watch its third departure for the wreck. Bravely it mounts every wave till the mist hides it from their sight, and-forever! For it never reached those to whom it was the hope of life. They saw its steady, persevering approach. But they saw not the mountain wave that, behind them, came as steadily on. With every sense absorbed in the strong desire of life,

they saw not, heard not, till, with a thunder roar, it burst upon them. It passed away. But the ship, with its watching, waiting few; the life-boat with its handful of brave men, no more remained. And when morning came, its bright sunlight gave no token of the lost. The sea gave not up her dead. And still where they went down they sleep; while the sea-gull circles above, and old ocean moans their last sad requiem.

The public prints were full of the disas-The sufferings of the saved, and the names and virtues of the lost, were fully recorded. And this was all. On Fame's record-roll no line was traced to tell the wrecker's fate. Posterity will never know the names of the brave men who perilled and lost their lives for the weal of their fellow-men. It will never know how nobly death was faced,-how unflinchingly met. Nor yet the shadow that fell on the humble homes of that wreck-strewn beach, when strangers, not their husbands and fathers, brought the tidings of the storm. But such grief seeks no publicity. The noble men, for whom they mourned, were none the less men, because over their untimely fate the world dropped no tear. Theirs was a truer bravery than that which wins war's bloody laurels. And theirs is a truer fame than that which writes the names of heroes in marble with an iron pen. It was a bravery such as Heaven approves. It is a fame such as Heaven perpetuates.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—THE LOVE OF A CHILD.—The Rochester Democrat furnishes the following interesting item. It says:

"The death of a lovely child was mentioned in our paper a few days ago, and we have just heard of an incident connected with that event which touches all the tender feelings of the human heart. Among the many destitute children, who daily seek their food from door to door, is a small girl who frequently went to the house where the little deceased boy lived. Sometimes she lingered for a few moments, and by degrees became acquainted with and attached to this lovely child, until finally she often re-

mained a long while, and shared in its amusements. The sequel shows that during this time an attachment was formed, the strength and tenderness of which was only known when the little one was cold in death.

"The evening before the funeral, the little beggar girl went to the kitchen, the place she was accustomed to go to, and remained until after nine o'clock, hoping, as has since appeared, to get a glimpse of the corpse of her little friend. When the procession started for Mount Hope, she was observed by an uncle of the deceased to be near, and sobbing as though her heart was broken, but no one knew the cause of her grief. Arrived at the entrance to the place of burial, she was again seen, having walked and run all the way in a warm day, the sweat pouring from her sunburnt face and brow, and she panting for breath. She followed on to the grave, and after the services and the lowering of the little sleeper to his final earthly rest, the apparently friendless stranger was questioned as to the cause of her grief; and then, for the first time, it was found that she was grieved, as only her sobs could tell, at the loss of the little child, who, when she came upon her daily errand, had entwined itself around her heart. That little girl, the child of poor parents, goes in the plainest garb; it may be soiled and torn, her feet bare, and her whole appearance, so far as dress is concerned, indicating extreme poverty; but under all this, if the incident alluded to is an index to what the eye cannot see, she has a heart containing a jewel, which God himself will give a place in his crown."

Novelty has charms that our minds can hardly withstand. The most valuable things, if they have for a long while appeared among us, do not make any impression as they are good, but give us a distaste as they are old. But when the influence of this fantastical humor is over, the same men or things will come to be admired by a happy return of our good taste.

No one can be in a more unhappy circumstance than to have neither an ability to give or to take instruction.

MANAGEMENT OF BOYS.

How greatly do parents and preceptors err in mistaking for mischief, or wanton idleness, all the little manœuvres of young persons, which are frequently practical inquiries to conform or refute doubts passing in their minds! When the aunt of James Watt reproved the boy for his idleness, and desired him to take a book, or employ himself to some purpose usefully, and not be taking off the lid of the kettle, and putting it on again, and holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, how little was she aware that he was investigating a problem which was to lead to the greatest of human inventions!

It has been said that we were indebted for the important invention in the steamengine, termed hand-gear, by which its valves or cocks are worked by the machine itself, to an idle boy of the name of Humphrey Potter, who, being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it, by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. If this anecdote be true, what That Humphrey Potter does it prove? might be very idle, but that he was, at the same time, very ingenious. It was a contrivance, not the result of mere accident, but of some observation and successful experiment.

The father of Eli Whitney, on his return from a journey which had necessarily compelled him to absent himself from home for several days, inquired, as was his usual custom, into the occupations of his sons during his absence. He received a good account of all of them except Eli, who, the housekeeper reluctantly confessed, had been engaged in making a fiddle. "Alas!" says the father, with a sigh and ominous shake of the head, "I fear that Eli will have some day to take his portion out in fiddles." To have anything to do about a fiddle, betokened, the father thought, a tendency to engage in mere trifles. How little aware was the father that this simple occupation, far from being a mere fiddle-faddle, was the drawing forth of an inventive genius to be ranked among the most effective and useful in respect to arts and manufactures.

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing, and with great simplicity but courtesy. he replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." (Fox was the schoolmaster of the village.) On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronounced the likeness excellent, presenting the youth with a sixpence. How many would have at once characterized the occupation of the boy as a mischievous or idle one; losing sight, for the time, of that lesson which every parent should know how to put into use, "Never despise small beginnings."

Of Edward Malbourne, the painter, it is said, the "intervals of his school-hours were filled by indefatigable industry in making experiments, and endeavoring to make discoveries." One of his greatest delights was found in blowing bubbles, for the pleasure of admiring the fine colors they displayed. Thus it appears that even the soap-bubble amusement, idle as some think it to be, may have not a little to do towards leading the young artistic mind to discriminate nicely between delicate shades of color.

The first panels on which William Etty, an English painter, drew, were the boards of his father's shop floor; and his first erayon a farthing's worth of white chalka substance considered nowadays almost invariably ominous of mischief-doing in the hands of a boy, especially on the opening day of the month of April. Now what does the mother of "little Willie" do, on discovering the nicely swept floor disfigured with chalk lines? Of course she scolds, and calls him a mischievous little fellow? No, this is not the course the sensible mother pursues. In an autobiographical letter addressed to a relative, Etty, speaking of this circumstance in his youthful life, says, "My pleasure amounted to ecstasy, when my mother promised me next morning if I were a good boy, I should use somecolors mixed with gum-water. I was so pleased I could scarcely sleep."

The family tradition says of Edward Bird, that he would, at three or four years of age, stand on a stool, chalk outlines on the furniture, and say, with childish glee, "Well done, little Neddy Bird!" Even at the dawn he would be up to draw figures upon the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. No doubt the question often engaged the attention of the parents, as to how little Neddy should be broken of the habit of sketching so much on almost everything about the house. The father finding, however, that his love of drawing and sketching was incurable, at length wisely ceased to counteract his artistic tendency, and, beginning to grow anxious to turn it to some account, finally apprenticed him to a maker of tea-trays, from whose employ, as every one knows, he advanced into the ranks of

acknowledged genius.

When young West first began to display skill in drawing, and learned from the roaming Indians the method of preparing colors, he was at a loss to conceive how to lay these colors skilfully on. A neighbor informed him that this was done with brushes formed of camel's hair; there were no camels in America, and he had recourse to the cat, from whose back and tail he supplied his wants. The cat was a favorite, and the altered condition of her fur was imputed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his father, who rebuked him, not rashly, but as becometh a wise parent, more in affection than in anger. To rebuke such an act wisely, required on the part of the parent a discrimination sufficiently clear to discern that mischief-doing had nothing to do in the affair. It was of no small importance that the correction employed should be adapted to the circumstances of the case. So also the mother of West, when she was sent to seek her son by the anxious inquiries of the schoolmaster in regard to his absence for several days from school, did not, on finding him with his box and paints laboring secretly in the garret, vent forth her anger in a passionate way, as though

the child were engaged in a "mere foolish piece of business."

Thus we see the necessity of great discrimination on the part of the parent in the correction of a child. Children do not always necessarily engage in doing things in a sort of perfunctory manner, merely performing them for the sole purpose of getting through, eareless whether they are done well or not. Children need not always necessarily act out their manœuvres in a roguish manner, merely busying their brain for the purpose of working out some means to practise a trick. Chalk does not appear to be used invariably for such purposes as raising laughter and performing mischievous acts. Even at the sight of charcoal, so difficult to tolerate, it is not allowable for the parent to disuse discretion, though mischievousness may seem to make use of this exceedingly smutty substance as one peculiarly suited to answer its purposes. It is said that our Copley, at some seven or eight years old, on being observed to absent himself from the family for several hours at a time, was at length traced to a lonely room, on whose bare walls he had drawn, in charcoal, a group of martial figures engaged in some nameless adventure. The artistic tendency in such a case, needs a treatment far different from that which would attribute it to a love of mere sportive trickpractising. The manœuvres of a boy should be thoroughly studied as to their real nature before recourse is had to rod correction. Rashness on the part of the parent or teacher is never excusable. It should be remembered that in the plays and pursuits of the boy the future man is sometimes seen, and therefore it becomes of no little importance to know how the amusements and games of children may be improved for directing their inclinations to employments in which they may hereafter excel.

THERE is a sort of economy in Providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in society.

DEATH WILL COME.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

EATH will come; he will certainly I come. He cannot be put back; he cannot be made to take his step any slower. O, he will come! All that live on earth will die; every beast, bird, and creeping thing; the humming-bird, the insect that flutters in the sunbeam; every tree, and shrub, and flower-the oak, the pine, the acacia, the moss that grows over the wall; every monarch, every peasant, every rich man, every poor man, every slave, every master of a slave, every man, every woman, every child, every old man that prides himself on his honors and his wealth; every young man that prides himself on his talents and his strength; every maiden that prides herself on her beauty. O, all will die! I am in a world of death; I am amidst the dying and the dead; I see not a living thing in all my rambles that will not die-no man, no woman, no child, no bird, no beast, no plant, no tree. The eagle that cuts the air cannot fly above it; the monster of the deep cannot dive below it; the tiny insect cannot make itself so insignificant that death will not notice it; the leviathan cannot, with his great strength, struggle against it. The Christian will die, the sinner will die-yea the sinner! Your wealth cannot save you; your accomplishments cannot save you. Death cares for none of these things; they are all trifles-gewgaws beneath his notice. He no more "loves a shining mark" than an ignoble one, he has no more pride in cutting down the rich man than the poor man-the daughter of beauty and fashion than the daughter of ugliness and sin. He loves to level the thistle as well as the rose-bud; the brambles and the magnolia; the briar, as the cedar of Lebanon. He cares as little for the robes of ermine as for the beggar's rags; as little for your richest vestments and gayest apparel as for the blanket of the savage. You will die, and the fear of death will come upon you. Death comes just as he is; pale, solemn, fixed, stern, determined on his work. He hears no cry for pity; he regards no shriek of terror. He comes

steady, certain, unchanged and unchangeable in his purpose, to take you from your bed of down; to hurry you away from your splendid dwelling; to call you out of the assembly-room; taking you away from your companions that will miss you for a moment, and then resume their dance, that you may die. Death will come. He has been advancing to meet you, while you have been asleep or awake; and if we have gone north, or south, or east, or west, he has always put himself in our path; how near or how remote you have never known. Death will come. He has always been advancing, never receding; and soon his baneful shadow will fall upon your path; and that shadow will deepen and become more chilly, like an advancing eclipse; and then his dark form will stand right before you, between you and the light of the living world, and you will be in the dark valley. Death will come; fearful enough under any circumstances, even if you are a Christian; awful, unspeakably awful, if you are not prepared.

TEN RULES OF LIFE.

THE following rules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his namesake Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1817:

- 1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
- 2. Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself.
- 3. Never spend your money before you have it.
- 4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
- 5. Pride costs as much as hunger, thirst, and cold.
 - 6. We never repent of eating too little.
- 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- 8. How much pain those evils cost us which never happened.
- 9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
- 10. When angry, always count ten before you speak.

RAILROAD REFLECTIONS.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPT.

No. 7.

THERE are but few more analogies to be noticed between a railroad and its appurtenances, and the track of life.

We have seen childhood and age, joy and sorrow, the career of the righteous and the wicked contrasted, and all symbolized in the equipment or speed of a train of cars.

It remains but to draw your attention to

the closing scene of life.

The distance between stations on life's track, are not measured by miles but by moments: hours and days mark the length of our journey, and show how far we have travelled.

"Ten thousand human beings," says Bishop Burgess, "set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third at least have disappeared; at the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster as the ranks grow thinner, those that remained till now become weary, and lie down to rise no more.

"At threescore and ten, a band of some fourscore still struggle on; at ninety, these have been reduced to a handful of trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again and the work of death is finished."

So too with the train, as it passes along, young and old having reached their destination, leave the car, and their places are supplied by others; the train again hurries on—to stop at the next point in life's progress, to take in new passengers and let out those that have arrived at home.

But let us take a look inside the cars, and see who are travelling, and for what. Here, as everywhere in life, young and old, rich and poor, male and female, are promiscuously intermingled—the cars are full!

In one place is a whole family journeying to a distant land, to seek some new home; they are engrossed by their plans for the future, and take no notice of what is going

on around them. In another place, are men of business calculating the profits of some new investment. Some are engaged in conversation, others are reading, and taking no thought as to how rapidly they are passing onward, until the whistle announces some new station, and seats are vacated, to be filled again by new-comers.

On one side are several children, whose joyous prattle beguiles the way, and whose innocence laughs at danger. They know no fear, as their father is beside them; their simple faith trusts all to him, knowing that he will shield them from harm. On the other side is a poor woman, frail and timid, fearful of danger, and trembling continually, lest some unforeseen accident should hurry them into eternity.

Here is a man asleep—oblivious to everything, as he pursues his rapid journey. There is a widow, who, clothed in the habiliments of mourning, grieves for the loss of some near and dear friend, the remembrance of whose love sheds a ray of light on her troubled heart; and, as she looks upward, by faith, to the clear sky overhead, she feels that though cast down she is not forsaken.

A little further on is an elderly man, who has had many cares, yet they have made but little impression upon him; he seems, by his bustling activity, to be a man of some consequence, and desires to be regarded as one who lives well and has no trouble, who is satisfied to take the world as it is, without complaining that it is no better.

Near him sits a young man full of impatience; his hopes are buoyant, and, fired with the prospect of successful enterprise, he is anxious to mingle in the arena of life, being conscious of his ability to do great things.

All these and many other persons are crowded together on the train. In life we find the same endless variety; the rich and poor, the righteous and the ungodly, jostle against each other in the thoroughfares of social intercourse, and all are at the same time hurried onward by one irresistible impulse towards eternity. Hours and days and weeks pass by, and one after another drops into the grave, whilst others are born into their places, and thus the vast train is kept ever full.

Some pass through life as if asleep, making no exertion to reach heaven; but satisfied with, as they think, doing no harm, they never trouble themselves about the future, thinking God is too good to punish them, although they have never made a single effort to please him.

Others, engrossed by cares of business, by a seeking after pleasure or honor, take no thought for the morrow; and having, perhaps, much goods laid up for many years, take their ease, and when the train stops to put them out, they are surprised to find themselves so soon at the end of their journey, having made no preparation for the vast future before them.

Others again, pass through the world calmly and happily, pursuing a daily round of Christian duty, having the fear of God before their eyes, and with abundant faith in a crucified Redeemer; they know that when the train shall stop, an entrance shall be ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of their Lord and Saviour. Expectant friends shall welcome them, and bear them to their eternal abode of happiness and peace.

But, oh! to leave the train in the darkness of the night in a strange place, with no kind friends to bid one welcome, and with no guide to conduct to a place of safety! how sad must be the condition of such!

As we journey slowly along we can appreciate the landscape, but as the speed increases the features of the scene flit by so rapidly as to leave no impression upon the mind; the modest beauty of the prairie flower is unperceived, the grand sublimity of mountain and forest scenery is scarcely heeded. So in life, the locomotive Time urges us onward; the more slowly we move the more enjoyment can we derive from the contemplation of the beauties God has so profusely showered around us.

But there are others who are appropriately denominated "fast," who do everything in a hurry, who live fast, eat fast, spend money fast; their only concern being how to get through the day; who have no higher object than the gratification of self, saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

They feed the body and starve the soul; they clothe and decorate the carcass, whilst the immortal spark that enlivens it and gives it being, is neglected and goes out; and passing rapidly down the descending grade of life, they are finally switched off into eternity unprepared.

But there is another view of this trip, from the cradle to the grave; and then I shall cease these desultory "Reflections."

All mankind are involuntary passengers; as soon as they are born they begin to move forward towards the grave; each moment is a station, and the train scarcely stops as some passengers get out and others take their places.

Some little ones, who die in early springtime, travel but a short distance before they reach their destination, and are removed to a happier clime and immortal youth; others live to see many pass in and out, and yet they linger, but at last their turn comes too, and they have gone.

At every station there is a platform at each side of the track, and passengers get in and out both on the right and left. This is in accordance with God's plan of separating the evil and the good; as he shall say finally to those on the *right* hand, "Come; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And to those on the *left*, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

Some who enter from the left side, the children of ungodly parents, get out again on the right, and are saved eternally; whilst others, from the right side, trained up by pious parents, but neglecting their counsels and spurning their reproofs, pass over to the left, and are lost.

But, at length, the end of the world has come; the train stops; the engine Time is at the end of its trip; the fuel all consumed.

A gradual separation of the passengers has been taking place, so that by the time they arrive at the end of the world, the righteous are gathered into the front cars, and being disconnected from the rest of the train, are passed rapidly by a bridge over a dark river, foaming and roaring far below. This is the river of Death; the bridge, the Saviour; he bears them safely over the dark

abyss; and they are landed upon the fertile fields and flowering plains of that better country after which they had been striving.

The rest, who have lived without hope and without God in the world, who have no title (ticket) to heaven but the spurious one of their own righteousness, having been collected together in the hind cars, the switch is turned by an unscen hand, the bridge is removed, and the balance of the train, with its living freight, go down, down, to inevitable despair, into that lake of fire whence the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.

Oh sinner! delay not to seek an interest in that Redeemer who alone can bridge the river of Death. Go to him at once, wrestle and pray and seek until you find him precious to your soul; then shall your name be registered on the way bill, a genuine ticket be given you, that shall admit you into the company of those shining ones who surround the throne of the Highest, and ascribe praise and honor to the Lamb forever and ever.

BREAKING PROMISES.

TT is hard work to make even honest men L keep their promises, when either their interest or convenience is promoted by doing otherwise. Call on your tailor, for instance, and order a new coat, and he will say in answer to your most serious inquiry, "It shall be done sir, sure, next Saturday night." Well, if you get it a week after that, you may consider yourself fortunate. We need hardly mention boot-makers, for they tell —, break their promises—as a part of their trade. Untruthfulness sticks like wax to the whole profession, and no reform is anticipated except at the last end of a mighty conflict with their hide-bound consciences. But tailors and boot-makers are not the only persons who break their promises. Merchants, bankers, and those in every profession, not excepting ministers, are strongly addicted to this wrong-doing. A promise is made to perform a certain work at a specified time, and the same may be in writing, yet, if not repudiated, it is often entirely neglected or forgotten. This soon

becomes a habit, so that to do "as agreed" is an exception to a general rule. A merchant buys a bill of goods, and promises to pay at a specified time. He don't keep his promise, because he can do better (?) with his money, or he is unwilling to make a sacrifice, or it is not quite convenient. Poor fellow! he has lost his character, injured his credit, and enrolled his name among the ranks of No. 2 merchants. He has lost, therefore, more than he has gained. He comes to New York and says, "It is true I allowed my note to be protested, but"-nonsense. He puts on airs, stops at a firstclass hotel, and tries to make a sensation, but it is a failure. His reception is less cordial, he pays more for credit than before, and after making a few more such experiments, is announced as "suspended." Having time now for reflection, he wonders at God's providence, thinks it hard thus to suffer, and perhaps finally sets himself down for life a ruined man. Whoever thought of tracing their downfall to such a course?

Reader, whoever you are, regard your every promise as sacred as life itself. Do anything and everything that an honest man may do, rather than forfeit your word.

—The Independent.

Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinions of things which ruin us. Nature has been extremely fruitful of wonders in the kingdoms that compose the British monarchy; and it is a ridiculous custom, that gentlemen of fortune should be carried away with a desire of seeing the curiosities of other countries, before they have any tolerable insight into their own. Travelling sometimes makes a wise man better, but always a fool worse.

Examples do not authorize a fault. Vice must never plead prescription.

Knowledge is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer of a wise man.

Many bad things are done only for custom, which will make a good practice as easy to us as an ill one.



Home Circle.

THE THREE HANDFULS OF GRAIN.

IT was one day in the early spring of the year that Gerard Steimer called his three sons, Adolphus, Henry, and the little Bernard, to his side. In his hand he held an open letter. The tears shone in his eyes, and his voice was very sad, as he addressed them:

"You have often heard me speak, my children, of my brother Bernard, who left home many years ago to go into business in a distant country."

"Yes," they replied, and they gazed won-

deringly at their parent.

"Well, my sons," he continued, "your uncle Bernard, having at last amassed a considerable fortune, had determined to return to his native village, and take up his abode with me; for we are the only two that remain of a happy family of seven brothers and five sisters," he added, as he drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

"And is uncle coming soon?" inquired

Henry in an animated tone.

"He should have been here by this time, my son," replied his father, "but an all-wise Providence has ordered it otherwise; and now," he added, "I fear that you will never see him, for this letter informs me that he is lying very ill in a distant city, and he desires me to come to him, that he may see me once more, and that I may assist him in arranging his affairs."

"And you will go, father?" said Bernard anxiously.

"Certainly, my child. And during my absence cousin Jacob Reimmer and his wife will come and take care of the house, for I shall probably not return until the fall, as I shall have to travel some distance; and in case of your uncle's death, there may be a great deal for me to attend to."

"Perhaps he will get well, and then you

will bring him home with you."

"I fear, Bernard, that that may not be, for he writes me word that the doctors say his case is hopeless. Listen now attentively, my children, to what I am going to tell you, for it is a message to each of you from your dying uncle. He says, 'Give a handful of grain to each of your three children when you leave them to come to me, and tell them to do with it what they think best during your absence, and when you return you will decide who has made the best use of it, and will reward that one according as I shall tell you.'"

It is autumn. The little Bernard stood watching at the open window, when a carriage drove hastily up to the door, and the aged Gerard stepped from it, holding in his hand a small tin box.

"Oh, there is papa! there is papa!" he exclaimed.

Then the three children rushed from the

room and threw their arms around him, saying,

"Oh, we are so glad to see you, papa, you

have been so long away."

"And I am glad to see you, too, my children, and all looking so well," replied the aged man, as he bent forward and gave them each a kiss.

Cousin Jacob Reimmer and his wife now approached to welcome him, and he inquired of each of them how the children had behaved during his absence.

"Oh, they have been very good boys," he

replied.

They all now entered the house. Gerard Steimer then placed the tin box that he held in his hand upon the table, and taking a small key from his pocket, opened it, and drew from thence the last will and testament of his brother Bernard Steimer.

All gazed sadly upon the old man, as with trembling hands he unrolled it, and said,

"I had the sad pleasure, my children, of closing my brother's eyes in peace, and of laying his remains in their last resting-place. In this will he bequeaths the whole of his property to the one that I shall decide has made the best use of the handful of grain that I gave each of you before I left home. Let me now hear, my children," he added, "what you have done with it."

"I," said Adolphus, "have saved mine. I put it in a small wooden box, in a dry place, and it is just as fresh as the day that

you gave it to me."

"My son," said his father, in a stern voice, "you have laid by the grain, and what hath it profited thee? Nothing! So is it with wealth. Hoard it, and it yieldeth neither profit nor comfort. And you, Henry," he continued, "what have you done with your handful?"

"I ground it to flour, papa, and had a nice sweet cake made of it, which I have eaten."

"Foolish boy!" he replied, "and it is gone, having given thee but a moment's comfort and support. So is it with money. Spend it upon thy pleasures, they also are but for a moment." The aged Gerard now turned toward his youngest son, and drawing him toward him, said:

"What use has my little Bernard made of the handful of grain that I gave him?"

The child smiled, and clasping his father's hand between his own, said,

"Come with me, papa, and I will show you."

They all followed the boy as he led the way toward a field that belonged to his father, but which was situated at some distance from the house.

"See, papa!" exclaimed the happy child; "see what has become of my handful of grain!" and he pointed in delight toward a corner of the field where grew the tall slender corn, which, laden with its golden ears, waved and rustled beneath the gentle breezes.

The aged Gerard smiled, and resting his hand upon Bernard's head, said, "You have done well, my son. You sowed the grain in the earth, and it has brought thee forth a bountiful harvest; to you must I award my brother's fortune. Use it as wisely as you have the handful of grain. Neither hoard it up nor spend it merely upon thine own pleasures, but bestow it upon the poor, upon the fatherless and widow, upon the little ones of Christ, and He shall remember it with a plenteous reward.

THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

NOT long since, a little daughter of Christian parents was spending some time with a friend, who was also a professor of religion. The community in which the lady resided was not remarkable for the strictness of its morals—drinking and eard-playing were frequent attendants of any social gathering; the Sabbath was little regarded, and the sanctuary mostly unattended.

Not only young men, but mothers of young families, were drawn aside from rectitude and usefulness by the fascinations of the gaming-table. So hardened were some to the shame of a dissipated life, that when once a pastor called upon a member of his church and offered to pray with her family, the reply to her invitation to her nearest neighbor to be present was, "Tell him we are playing cards and cannot come."

The few who loved a better life, and

sought from the teachings of God's word a holier happiness, were grieved and pained; and often with tears inquired, What can we do to remedy this fearful evil? And as often the conviction came back that no remonstrance would be so effectual as the silent rebuke of consistent Christian example.

It was one day, after much thinking of these things, and particularly of the importance of avoiding the very appearance of evil, that a mother, whose precious hours were often worse than wasted in the fatal game, came to spend an hour in the professor's house. By some sort of chance the little girl spoke of playing cards. "Do you know how to play?" inquired the visitor.

"I do," was the artless reply; "my brother has a pack."

The woman looked up with surprise and an expressive thoughtfulness; and, as if to assure herself of the truth, asked what games the child knew. "Do you know how to play cards?" was the next inquiry, turning to the professor with a meaning in the glance beyond her words. Happily her answer could, in truth, be no; but how did her heart sink within her when she thought of those who had been looked up to for an example of piety, as forfeiting the integrity of the Christian name.

Who taught those children the use of such dangerous companions of idle hours? Could the parent whose aim has professedly been to give a strictly Christian education to his family have added also to his teachings this fearful art? Could he plead its innocence in times of too much weariness for work or book or thought, and not remember the danger that its fascinations may lure the soul from better things at other times? Does every one who has formed a taste for any sort of game spend only the weary moments in its practice? Does it not rather steal many an hour that might be employed in gaining useful knowledge or doing useful service? And is it not cultivating a taste for games of chance and skill, and for the excitement of emulation and conquest? And then, too, is it avoiding the appearance of evil to give the little ones of a Christian home the opportunity to silence the lips of a professed disciple of Christ in the presence of those whose boast is in their shame, because her own associates indulge the same disposition to such unhallowed recreation? How is Christ pained when His own people thus give the enemies of His cross such occasion to say, "What do ye more than others?"

The circumstance of the child card-player will not soon be forgotten; but the incident will be often related, and many a scornful word will be uttered of the Christian's pretensions, and many a reproach fall upon the cause of the Christian's Master.

A TRUE PREACHER.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm, Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,

Coincident, exhibit Incid proof That he is honest in the sacred cause-To such I render more than mere respect, Whose actions say, that they respect themselves. Would I describe a preacher-such as Paul, Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own-I would express him simple, grave, sincere; In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain, And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste And natural in gesture; much impressed Himself, as conscious of his awful charge, And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds May feel it too; affectionate in look, And tender in address, as well becomes A messenger of grace to guilty men. I seek divine simplicity in him Who handles things divine; and all besides, Though learned with labor, and though much admired By curious eyes and judgment ill-informed, To me is odious. He that negotiates between God and man,

As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity should inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart.

Couper.

DECEIVING CHILDREN.

I WAS spending a few days with an intimate friend, and never did I see a more systematic housewife, and, what then seemed to me, one who had so quiet and complete control of her child. But the secret of the latter I soon learned. One evening she wished to spend with me at a neighbor's,—it was a small social gathering of friends,—therefore she was very desirous of attending; but her child demanded her presence

with him. After undressing him, and hearing him say his prayers, she said—

"Willie, did you not see that pretty little

kitten in the street to-day?"

"Yes, I did!" he replied, "I wish I had

her; wasn't she pretty?"

"Yes, very; now don't you want me to buy this kitty for you? Perhaps the man will sell her."

"Oh, yes, mother, do buy her."

"Well, then, be a good boy while I am gone;" thus saying, she closed the door, but he immediately called her back.

"Don't go till morning, then I can go

with you; won't you stay?"

"No, Willie! the man won't sell it if I don't go to-night, so be a good boy."

He said no more, but quietly lay down.

"Is this the way you govern your child?" said I, after we had gained the street; "if you but knew the injury you are doing, you would take a different course."

"Injury!" she repeated, "why, what harm have I done? I did not tell him I would see the man, I only asked him if I should."

"But you gave him to understand that you would. He is not old enough to detect the deception now, but he soon will be. Then I fear you will perceive your error too late. You have yourself grafted a thorn in the young rose, which will eventually pierce you most bitterly. You cannot break off the thorn, or club the point, to make it less piercing. On your return he will not see the kitten, therefore you will have to invent another falsehood to conceal the first."

We had now gained our friend's door, which ended our conversation. During the evening she seemed gayer than usual; my words had little or no effect upon her. She did not think her little one was doing all in his power to keep awake to see the coveted kitten on her return, wondering what made "Mother gone so long." It was late ere I reminded her we ought to return. But little was said during our homeward walk. She went noiselessly into the room, supposing her boy asleep, but he heard her and said—

"Mother, is that you? Have you brought the kitten? I kept awake to see it, and I was so sleepy." "No, my dear; the man would not sell ner."

"Why won't he, mother?" he asked with quivering lips.

"I don't know; I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice."

"Did he say so, mother?"

"He did not say just that, but I thought he meant so."

"I did want it so bad, mother." The little lips quivered, and the tears started to his eyes. He rubbed them with his little hands, winking very fast to keep them back, but they would come; at last he fell asleep with the pearly drops glistening on his rosy checks. The mother's glistened also. As she knelt to kiss them away, he murmured softly in his broken slumber, "I did want it so bad." She turned her dewy eyes toward me, saying—

"You have led me to see my error. Never will I again, let what will be the consequences, deceive my child to please myself."

Mothers, are you practising the same deception? If you are, pause and think of the consequences ere it is too late. Does it not lessen your confidence in a person when you find out they have been deceiving you? Will it not also that of your children in you, when they become old enough to detect it? Besides, it would be very strange if they themselves did not imitate you in things of more importance.

It is the pride and joy of a mother's heart to gain and retain the entire confidence of her child, and it is in her power to do so if she but exercise that power by precept and example.

M. D. A. L.

YOU DARE NOT!

COME, Louis, help to launch our little boat," said a keen-eyed lad, entering the schoolroom. "Let me study now," was the evasive reply. "Do come!" persisted Frank. "I do not care to go," said Louis, still bending over his book. "Ha! ha! Lou, I know," shouted Frank, "your father has forbidden it; so I'll tell the boys you don't dare go to the lake." The book was

instantly thrown down, and Louis rushed to the forbidden spot—he resented the insinuation that he must not act his own pleasure but long months of bodily suffering were the penalty for his rash disobedience.

Thus many enter paths of sin to prove what they and their allurers call courage, but it is weakness and folly. Many have yielded to temptation because they had not enough true bravery to endure the sarcasms and sneers of their more wicked companions. Ah! how many a life-bark has been wrecked by those defiant words! When the first step in sin is taken, and the first bound of restraint is passed, the tempted more readily go on to the next, and the next, till ruin is stamped on their souls!

"Take a glass of wine with me, friend," said a gay young man to a stranger guest

at a fashionable dinner party.

"No, I thank you, I am not accustomed

to it," was the reply.

"No refusing—you know not how very delicious it is," and the tempter offered a richly-carved goblet, in which sparkled the exhilarating draught. "Ha, ha! so you dare not taste it," he added, laughing contemptuously. The stranger's face flushed—dare not, thought he, I will show him that I am as brave as himself—and he quaffed the proffered wine, refilling the glass again and again. Who, in five years, would have recognized in the loathsome, tattered criminal at the bar of justice, that richly-dressed, elegant stranger, who first tasted the fatal poison at that festive board.

"Certainly you will go with us, my little fairy," said a beautiful lady to her young niece, "and our carriage will soon be at the door; Rose," addressing a servant, "go and assist Miss Celia at her toilette."

"No, no, aunty," said Celia, blushing, "I ought not to go on the Sabbath day."

"Hear our niece Celia, Edward. She says she 'ought not to go,'" and Mrs. Love-joy laughed derisively as her husband entered the parlor.

"Oh, fie, my dear Northern bird, you must grace our assemblage," he said to Celia.

The young lady was from New England on a visit at the luxurious home of her uncle in the sunny South. On that Sabbath the family were to ride to a neighboring city, and partake of a dinner with several gay friends at the house of Mr. L.'s brother. Celia knew it would be wrong to spend that sacred day so carelessly, and the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," seemed sounding as in childhood, when repeated by her now sainted mother. Should she heed it, or would she strive to quench those memories, and indulge in the "pleasures of sin for a season?" Thus she wavered, as Mrs. L. said,

"The day is magnificent, the company will be brilliant, and brother's dinner will be superb! You will not enjoy sitting alone in our pew at church; but here comes cousin Arthur. Most learned lawyer," and she bowed with mock gravity to the young man, "use your irresistible eloquence, and persuade Celia to go with us to-day."

"Why, my pretty Puritan, you do not pretend that you will not?" he queried. "Come, come, no old-fashioned notions," added the handsome Arthur, "we cannot go without you, and do not let us believe you dare not go."

His words were spoken in soft, winning tones, and poor Celia yielded. Bitter was her anguish in after days as she reflected on that step in transgression, and when again in her New England home, it seemed to her that the noble mountains, towering to the heavens in their unchanged grandeur, were mocking her in her misery.

"Ha, you coward!" bitterly said a man to his friend, who hesitated to accept a challenge given in the heat of passion; "then you dare not?" "Yes, to-night, we will meet,"—and they did meet, the challenger was killed, his wife widowed, his children made fatherless. The murderer fled, and strove to hush the upbraidings of conscience with the thought like one of old—"Am I my brother's keeper?" But fear seized on him, and he sought to end his remorse by taking his own life.

Where is the bravery in such desperate deeds? What is such a miserable spirit compared with one that braves the scoffs and resists the temptings of evil-doers, ever looking up to God as a "refuge in time of

trouble." Far more heroic is he who conquers his own inclination to sin, than he who conquers on the battle-field.

The real criterion of heroism is an unswerving adherence to Bible principles, instead of a cringing submission to the tempter; and those only are truly brave who "dare not" do wrong.

M. E.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious themselves, that every person acted upon by right reason would avoid them, though he was sure they would always be concealed from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

Editorial Book-Cable.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS. By HUGH MILLER. Gould & Lincoln. Boston.

This is the most interesting and instructive of all the books we have seen from this great man. He is justly styled one of the princes of Geology. He has unquestionably done more than any other man to popularize the science of Geology. This is evident from the fact, that his works, uniting the graces of literature with the formal details of science, have obtained a circulation coextensive with civilization. No scientific works are so universally read and admired. The tragical end of the author invests this last work with a peculiar melancholy interest. No Biblical student can dispense with this volume. The chapters which treat of the Mosaic Vision of Creation, Geology in its bearings on the two Theologies, and the Noachian Deluge, are invaluable contributions to the great object which inspired his earliest ambition-to conciliate the seeming conflict between science and religion, and to blend them into one intelligent and reasonable service. The accomplishment of so noble an object was worthy of a whole life, "even at the cost of the clouds which saddened and darkened the close." But,

"Glory, without end, Scatters the clouds away; and on that name attend The thanks and praises of all time."

No student should feel satisfied without this addition to his library. T. S.

THE BIBLE AND ASTRONOMY. By JOHN HENRY KURTZ, D.D., Professor of Church History in the University of Dorpat, author of "Manual of Sacred History," &c. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Those who have read the Sacred Manual of History, by Dr. Kurtz, will need no additional commendation of this volume. Those who love to expatiate on the wonders and sublimities of creation—to withdraw from the earth

and rise in lofty abstraction above this little theatre of human passions and human anxieties-to abandon themselves to lofty reveries and sublime explorations, through the vast dominions of God—to see nature in the simplicity of her great element, and the God of nature invested with majesty and glory-will find in this book rich materials and developments for such sublime pursuits. I know of no human book so full of biblical and scientific information. He assumes, throughout, that the Bible and nature must agree. And in case there seems to be a discrepancy, he affirms, that it must arise either from a defeetive exegesis, or a misinterpretation of the phenomena of nature. In all his readings of nature, he has not forgotten to sit in humble docility at the feet of Jesus. He has uniformly adhered to the admonition which he gives to the student of nature. "Let him not forget that if nature be a book full of Divine lessons and teachings, yet is the Bible the lexicon and grammar whereby alone the etymology and syntax of its sacred language, the form and history, the sense and signification of the single words, may be learned-that it alone is the teacher of that criticism, hermeneutics, æsthetics, and logic, whereby the 'disjective membra pata' are to be arranged, explained, and understood."

There are some important anachronisms in the chapter on Comets—which we presume are attributable to the printer. Upon the whole Dr. K. is one of the most reliable men in all his statements of scientific facts, and energetical conclusions.

It is a book that should stand beside Hugh Miller's work, in the library of every minister and intelligent layman. T. S.

FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS. By Rev. D. R. THOMASON. M. W. Dodd. New York.

The most we can say of this book, by way of commendation, is, that it treats of subjects

of emphatic importance in our day. The principal topics of discussion are, the theatre, card-playing, dancing, and novel-reading; with a review of Dr. Bellows' Lecture on the Theatre. With such themes, a man of genius might make a book of immense popularity, and great practical utility. The fact is, we need a book on these very topics. A book in which these fashionable amusements are taken up and discussed thoroughly, philosophically, and Scripturally-exposing the fallacious grounds upon which they are vindicated and practised, unveiling their meretricious fascinations, and demonstrating their inherent hostility to Christian virtue, and their subtle and destructive power, by which "they smile and damn."

But this book, in our estimate, fails utterly in its object. It is a verbose, inelegant, and impotent attempt at the discussion of themes for which the author was incompetent. A book, which few would have patience to read; or, if read, from which the volatile reader would turn with a smirk and a bound, ready for the dance or the theatre. The book has an attractive exterior, and is only an additional illustration of the fact, that appearances are often deceptive. The book may possibly do good, as a provocative to some one to take up the subject, who is competent to the work. An able discussion of these subjects would be not only timely, but could not fail to do immense good to the young of our country.

T. S.

THE BIBLE TIMES. By Rev. T. H. STOCK-TON, D.D. This is no doubt a very good monthly paper, with interesting and varied reading on matters related to the Bible. In the present number is a prospectus for the publication of the New Testament as a periodical. The prospectus is in the following magniloquent style, "The purest brilliant of blessing and beauty." It is a very beautiful way of styling the New Testament, but it is not as beautiful, to my taste, as the old name, in its unadorned simplicity. The press has spoken encouragingly of this contemplated publication of the New Testament as a periodical. And the design of the publisher is unquestionably worthy of unqualified commendation. But, to us, it seems wholly a work of supererogation. It is an effort to do, what the Bible Society is doing far more efficiently than can possibly be done by any individual isolated enterprise. And then the method of doing the same thing, is, in my view, exceptionable. It may be mere fancy, but I do not like to see the external and internal form of God's word modernized. I love the old style of publication-the very form and internal method of the Bible, is to me sacred-just as the old-fashioned doors and hearthstone of my childhood are hallowed; and just as I should deprecate a change in the arrangement of the

old homestead, so I dislike any innovations in the appearance of the book, which has been endeared to me in its old face and body. This may be mere fancy, but at all events there seems to me no use in the expenditure of time, money, and talents, in endeavoring to do what can be more extensively done by the vast system of Bible distribution, which is now in successful operation, and which is enlisting the benevolent co-operation of all Christians throughout the world.

T. S.

BIBLIOAL COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Dr. H. OLSHAUSEN. First American Edition. Revised after the latest German edition. By A. C. Kendrick, D.D. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

It is only necessary to announce the issue of the fourth volume of this incomparable commentary. It is now approaching the end, and will, as we have the assurance, be completed by the first of January. Dr. Kendrick and the American publishers deserve the gratitude of all the admirers of Olshausen, for this admirable edition of his Commentary on the New Testament.

This is one of the few works that needs no pufts of editors to facilitate and extend its circulation. All that is needed is a simple announcement of the consecutive issues, and away goes the eager expectant to possess the volume.

T. S.

Other books on our table will be noticed in our next Journal.

LUTHERAN PUBLICATION HOUSE. - The Board, through its indefatigable Agent and Committee of Ways and Means, has finally succeeded in the establishment of this central Depository of Lutheran publications. The store is situated on one of the most central and beautiful thoroughfares in the city. The front store room is tastefully arranged, and furnished with all the Lutheran publications, an ample selection of theological and miscellaneous books, and a general assortment of stationery. In the rear of the store is the room for the meetings of the Board. This room is furnished with a large central table, upon which may be found the various periodicals of the Church. Ministers or laymen visiting the city, will find this a pleasant retreat from the noise of the city; where they may meet with their brethren, and spend a profitable hour, with the usual accommodations of a pleasant parlor-without lounges.

It surely must be matter of commendable pride to every Lutheran to see such an establishment in the most central part of the Church. And if it is sustained by a liberal patronage, it cannot fail to be of immense utility to the whole Church, both as a central bond of union, and as furnishing facilities for

augmenting and communicating our own church literature.

Let all Lutheran ministers and laymen wanting books and stationery, remember the

Lutheran' Publication House, Arch below Eighth Street, Philadelphia. All the profits of the establishment are given to the benevolent institutions of the Church. T. S.

Church Intelligence.

PUBLICATION SOCIETY'S AGENCY .- Philadelphia, September 17, 1857. Travelling Agents are like birds of passage; they have no abiding place, but are passing from one place to another. This is not a very pleasant thing; yet in this world, you know, we must not look for pleasant things, if we wish to be useful among the children of men, and to serve the Lord, who made and redeemed us. It is more especially unpleasant, nay, a great trial, for a man, advanced in life as I am, to be shifting about from place to place, and to be often long from home. But at home an agent dare not stay, if he wishes to obtain money for any benevolent object. This I have too often found out, and hence, after I got home from Carlisle and Shippensburg, I had soon again to leave, with a view to labor in the congregations in the neighborhood of Mechanicsburg, Cumberland County, all of which formerly belonged to my Carlisle charge, as stated in my last report.

I arrrived at Mechanicsburg in the Philadelphia cars, on Friday, the 14th August, between 1 and 2 o'clock, P.M. Immediately after my arrival, I called on Brother Stoever, who, however, was not at home, having a funeral some distance from Mechanicsburg. As I was very anxious to see him in order to make some arrangements to preach in two of his churches on the following Sunday, I waited patiently till he came home. But no sooner had I made my proposition to Brother Stoever, when I learned from him that I was doomed to be disappointed; for he told me that in one of his churches there was no appointment, and in the other he had published to preach the harvest sermon. What now was I to do? Lay over Sunday, and so lose the whole next week? Ah, no! this I cannot do. Time is too precious, and I cannot afford to lose so much of it. At once I resolved to go over to Brother Cornelius Nitterauer, at Churchtown, a distance of about six miles. But how shall I get there? was the question. Brother Stoever very kindly replied: "Either I myself will take you, or I will get some one to take you over." Whereupon, he started out in search of some one, and soon returned, informing me that Mr.

Hummel would take me with his horse and carriage. After supper we left Mechanics-burg, and arrived at Brother Nitterauer's just about dusk, who gave me a very hearty welcome, and invited me to make his house my home. On Saturday we made our arrangements, and on Sunday I preached in Churchtown at 10 o'clock A.M., and in Kingstown at 3 o'clock P.M. Both these churches are new, and although not large, are yet very neat and handsomely finished, especially the one at Kingstown. Brother C. Nitterauer is the pastor of both these congregations, for about three When he took charge of them, each congregation had a considerable debt, but through his zealous efforts the entire debt of each congregation was liquidated. congregations being small, and having just freed themselves from the burden of a heavy debt, it was somewhat doubtful whether the members would contribute much towards the Publication Society. The sequel, however, shows that our doubts were not well founded. St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, Kingstown .-Geo. Beltzhoover, \$30; Michael Kast, John Herman, Mary Nitterauer (pastor's wife), Jacob Kast, Geo. Longsdorf, each \$10; Martin Herman, Margaret Bobb, B. Jeinstein, Margaret Fought, C. Hartman, H. B. Bauman, each \$5; J. Herman, J. Mosset, J. Paul, each \$3; cash, David Orris, each \$2 50; J. Souder, J. Q. Grove, J. W. Duey, V. Shally, J. F. Leidig, Eibsa Longsdorf, Samuel Houston, W. Mosset, W. Miller, each \$1; E. Bobb, \$1 50. Total subscription, \$134 50; paid, \$85 50. Mt. Zion's Lutheran Church, at Churchtown-M. G. Beltzhoover, \$30; John Beltzhoover, \$20; M. Beltzhoover, G. Beltzhoover, G. W. Leidig, and G. H. Voglesong, each \$10; Saml. Diller, G. H. Beltzhoover, J. Vannasdall, Sarah Ann Nisley, Benj. Givler, Jos. Brandt, and C. Westfall, each \$5; Daniel Diller, \$2 50; L. Diller and J. Westfall, each \$2; Enoch Young, \$1. Total subscription, \$132 50: paid, \$75.

Brother Nitterauer accompanied me to his members in the Churchtown congregation, and my esteemed friends, Jacob Kast and Geo. Longsdorf, took me round in the Kingstown congregation. The two last-mentioned

brethren deserve, and I herewith tender them, my sincere thanks. I would also express my sincere gratitude to Brother Nitterauer and his very amiable lady, for the marked kindness

with which they treated me.

Having finished my labors in Bro. N.'s charge, Brother Jos. Brandt brought me to Mechanicsburg to Brother Stoever, who received me very kindly, and bid me to feel myself perfectly at home in his house. Here I also found Bro. Stoever's father-in-law, old Father J. H. Van Hoff, and his aged lady. Both are over eighty years of age, yet Father Van Hoff still possesses much vigor of body and mind; and I must say that I spent some hours in conversation with him very delightfully.

On Sunday, the 23d inst., I preached in Peace Church at 10 o'clock A.M., in Trendel's Spring Church at 3 o'clock P.M., and at candle-light at Mechanicsburg. On the following Monday I commenced calling on the members of Peace Church, being piloted around by Mr. Peter Gantz, to whom I owe many thanks for his kindness. The result of my labors in this congregation is as follows, namely: Revs. J. H. Van Hoff and C. F. Stoever, \$30; Peter Gantz and H. G. Moser, each \$20; J. Boyer, J. Eichelberger, J. Sheely, J. Bricker, F. Mumma, J. K. Heck, and J. Eichelberger, each \$10; J. L. Boyer, W. R. Gorgas, D. G. Eyster, and J. Eichelberger, each \$5; F. Sheely, \$3; George Schaeffer and J. Kuster, each \$2 50; D. Eichelberger, each \$2; Barbara Eichelberger, \$1. Amount subscribed total \$171, paid \$106.

scribed, total, \$171; paid, \$106.
Having finished in this congregation, I started out on Wednesday morning with a view to take up subscriptions in Trendel's Spring congregation, being accompanied by my worthy friend Lehn; but I had scarcely commenced operations here, before I was met by Brother Stever, who handed me a telegraphic despatch, in which I was informed of the sudden yet happy death of Mrs. M. Houpt, a near and highly esteemed relative, inviting me to attend her funeral the next day. I at once shut my subscription book, and immediately proceeded, with Bro. Stoever, to Mechanicsburg, where I took the car, in which I reached Philadelphia between 12 and 1 o'clock that same night. The unexpected intelligence of this sudden death of Mrs. M. Houpt reminded me very sensibly of the Saviour's injunction: "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh." Matt. 24:44.

Before I close this letter I would make the following statement, which may not be uninteresting to your readers:

The Lutheran Board of Publication having rented a large and commodious storeroom in Arch Street, below Eighth, No. 732, and having resolved at their last meeting, held on

Tuesday the 2d inst., to open our store or depository about the middle of September, they imposed upon the local agent, Mr. H. W. Knauff, and myself, the duty of selecting books and stationery to stock the store in some small degree. In the discharge of this important duty we were assisted by a committee appointed by the Board, consisting of the Rev. Drs. J. C. Baker, C. W. Schaeffer, W. J. Mann, T. Stork, and the brethren, E. W. Hutter and G. A. Wenzel, and J. L. Frederick, The selection having been judiciously made, as we think, the store was opened on Monday the 14th of September, to the gratification and delight of all, who have, on that day and since, visited the same. Thus we are now ready for the publication and sale of Lutheran and other standard Theological, Religious, and Miscellaneous works. And having no other object in view but the glory of God and the salvation of souls, we bespeak for this noble establishment the co-operation and patronage of all our ministers and lay members throughout our beloved Church.

On next Monday morning I purpose (God willing) leaving home to attend the Synod of West Pennsylvania, which is to convene in Brother Jacob Fry's church in Carlisle, Pa. I shall stop on my way thither to finish my collections in and about Mechanicsburg, the result of which I will communicate in my next, provided life and health are continued to me.

Yours in the Lord,

BENJAMIN KELLER.

ACCEPTANCE OF REV. DR. REYNOLDS .-We are truly happy in being able to communicate to our readers the intelligence that Dr. Reynolds has accepted the call to the Presidency of Illinois State University. It is needless for us to say anything in regard to the Doctor's qualifications for this important post. The Church has already expressed itself in many ways on this point, and he will go to his Western home, carrying with him, in a large degree, the confidence and co-operation We congratulate the of the brotherhood. friends of the Institution upon the successful result of their negotiations, and cannot but express the conviction that the hand of God has guided them in their choice. The Scandinavians in the Northwest may well rejoice over his acceptance, for none of our American ministers so fully understand their language, literature, and religious wants, or have exerted themselves more vigorously and successfully for their spiritual welfare. May the blessing of the Highest rest upon this new connection, and the future realize the largest hopes which have been excited by his coming.—Missionary.

LUTHERVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.— The Annual Catalogue of this flourishing Institution has been received and is gratefully acknowledged. The number of students in attendance during the past year has been larger than ever before, reaching a total of eighty-four, all but three or four of whom are from a distance. It is truly gratifying to witness the success which has attended the establishment of this Seminary, and the worthy Principal and his associate teachers, as well as the Board of Trustees, and especially its honored founder, Rev. Dr. Morris, must be greatly encouraged. May it continue to flourish, and be a centre of light and love to the whole land.

Persons wishing information concerning the school are referred to the Rev. Dr. Martin, Lutherville Post-office, Baltimore Co., Md.

CALLS ACCEPTED AND REMOVALS.—The Rev. M. Sheeleigh, late of Valatie, N. Y., has accepted a call from the Minersville charge. His address is Minersville, Schuylkill County, Pa.

The Rev. A. Buerkle, who was recently ordained by the North Dist. Synod of Ohio, has accepted a call from the Ger. Lutheran church

in Lansing, Mich.

The Rev. F. Berkemeyer, late of Friesburg, N. J., has removed to Allentown, Pa., in the vicinity of which he will probably take charge of congregations.

The Rev. J. Wampole, late of the Theol. Seminary, has received a call from the Shamokin pastorate. His address will be Shamokin,

Pa.

The Rev. W. M. Gilbraith, late of Mt. Vernon, O., has accepted a call from the Brookfield pastorate, and desires to be addressed at Navarre, Stark Co, Ohio.

CALL DECLINED.—We learn that the Rev. G. F. Krotel, of Lancaster, has declined the call to the pastorship of Trinity Lutheran Church, in Reading, which was tendered him by the unanimous vote of the congregation a few weeks ago.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—The Executive Committee of the Lutheran Church Extension Society, have issued the following important circular:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22, 1857.

To the Pastors and Councils of Lutheran Churches in the United States:

Dear Brethren: The undersigned, Executive Committee of the Lutheran Church Extension Society, were instructed, by a resolution, passed at the Biennial Meeting, held at Reading (Pa.), May 19, 1857, to issue a CIRCULAR, directing your attention to an annual collection to be taken up in the different churches, in behalf of the objects of the Society, on the 31st of October, the Anniversary of the Reformation, or the Sunday nearest that day, in such manner as you may deem most expedient. We were instructed, also, to embody an abstract of the past operations of the Society.

In the execution of this duty, we respectfully communicate, that there have been received by the Treasurer, from all sources, up to the present date, \$10,000. This entire amount has been loaned in sums varying from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars, to TWENTY-SIX needy congregations, to assist in the erection of suitable houses of public worship. There are still urgent and meritorious applications pending, which the Executive Committee would gladly grant, if the necessary funds were in the Treasury. The Treasury, however, is now EMPTY, and unless replenished by further collections, no additional loans can be made. Despite every obstacle, under the Divine blessing, the Lutheran Church Extension Society has proved an instrumentality of great good, and with proper efforts, we think the sum originally contemplated (\$50,000) may yet be raised. We express the hope, therefore, that your church will contribute its proportionate sbare, as God has given you the ability, to prosper this most excellent and praiseworthy society, with whose success the welfare of the Lutheran Church in the United States is so intimately identified.

Collections, when taken, are to be forwarded to WILLIAM M. HEYL, Treasurer, No. 325 Franklin Street, above Wood.

MARTIN BUEHLER,
ISAAC SULGER,
E. W. HUTTER,
W. M. HEYL,
A. T. CHUR,
G. A. REICHERT,
MICHAEL C. KREITZER,
EXECUTIVE COMMITTER,

Editorial Miscellung.

LUTHERAN BOOK DEPOSITORY.—We copy from the Philadelphia North American the following kindly notice of the new Depository of the Board of Publication. Such a Depository in Philadelphia will be a great convenience,

and the friends who have labored so perseveringly and successfully in carrying out the plans of the Board, deserve the thanks of the whole Church.

THE LUTHERAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement in another column of "the Lutheran Publication Society." This Church seems of late years to be arising to a sense of the important position it holds in the galaxy of kindred denominations; and its efforts now to establish and disseminate a Church Literature of its own, are perfectly worthy of commendation.

The vast emigration continually pouring into this country from Germany, seems to demand special exertions from this branch of the Church of Christ, as the great majority of the German people are so wedded to the church of their fathers and the doctrines of Luther and Melancthon, that they cannot be reached by any other instrumentality than the Lutheran Church.

Much has already been done throughout the West and Southwest, to educate and collect the scattered members of the Church, so that even upon the outward verge of civilization in the native wilds, the humble churches of self-denying Christians gather the hardy immigrants together for the worship of God on The Collegiate and Theological the Sabbath. Institutions of the Lutheran Church are now established everywhere, from New York and Pennsylvania to distant Iowa and South Carolina.-Amongst the most prominent are Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.; Hartwick Seminary, New York; Wittenberg College, Springfield, O.; Illinois State University, Springfield, Ill.; Newberry College and Theological Seminary at Lexington, S. C.; Roanoke College, Va.; Central College of Iowa, at Des Moines, Iowa; Capital University, Columbus, O. The Synods embrace an area of country as extensive as the Union itself, and a higher course of usefulness seems opening before this church, of which the establishment of its Publication House is but the harbinger, giving promise of a glorious future.

The Church should everywhere awake to support this new enterprise and the wants of the people, the great importance of the work, together with the zeal and energy displayed by the Board of Publication should receive, as they certainly demand, the co-operation of the whole Church.

The Christian's Birthright.—This is a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bangher before the recent Graduating Class of Pennsylvania College, on the evening of Sept. 13th, and is published by the Class. It abounds with valuable counsel and timely suggestions to the young men, and like all other productions from Dr. Bangher's pen, is distinguished by strong common sense and evangelical piety.

FREE ABSOLUTION.—A Catholic paper in Canada East says that a priest who was within

sight of the steamer Montreal, lately burned a few miles below Quebec, gave a free absolution to all the persons on board before a single soul perished!

This was certainly a very considerate priest. But, then, as there are multitudes perishing around him constantly, would it not be well for him to extend his absolving kindness far enough to take the whole? Why should we be deprived of his saving power, because we did not happen to be in that unfortunate steamer?

Modesty.—It is said that a lady once asked Lord Brougham, the great English orator and author, who was the best debater in the House of Lords. His Lordship modestly replied, "Lord Stanley is the second, madam."

The modesty of his lordship is equal to that of a distinguished lecturer on phrenology. He told his audience there were three remarkable heads in the United States; one was that of Daniel Webster, another, John C. Calhoun; "the third, ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer, "modesty forbids me to mention."

The Hard Times do not yet affect much the places of amusement. Fifteen places of public amusement in New York, open on Saturday night, had receipts estimated at \$10,000, and this is said to be a fair average of the nightly expenditures. In Philadelphia there are now more theatres open than any former year. The attendance at some of them is, however, not very promising of managerial fortunes, though others are well supported.

Where it went.—The London Times declares May, June, July, and August, to have been the hottest months ever experienced in England. If we did not get our average of summer heat this side of the globe, it was because the other side robbed us of it, and got more than its fair share.

DAVID PAUL BROWN, Esc., of Philadelphia, had a narrow escape at Charlotte, Va., last week. In attempting to get upon a train he fell beneath the step of the car, and so near the track that the wheels passed over his hat.

A Pastor Owned by his Congregation.—The Rev. Kelly Lowe, pastor of the African Church in Angusta, Georgia, was originally a slave, but his congregation bought him some years since, and now allows him a salary of from \$800 to \$1000 a year, so that he is their servant in a pecuniary, as well as a spiritual sense.

REV. C. F. HEYER, an aged Lutheran minister, who has been laboring as a missionary among the Telugoos, in India, has lately returned to this country, on a visit to his children and grandchildren.

Antheran Home Journal.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

THE CRISIS IN INDIA.

- Selections from the Papers of Lord Metcalf, late Governor-General of India, etc. etc. Edited by J. W. KAYE, Author of the "Life of Lord Metcalf," etc. London: 1855.
- Allen's Indian Mail; or, Register of Intelligence from British and Foreign India, etc. etc. July, 1857.

3. The Homeward Mail, from India, China, and the East. July, 1857.

 The Mutinies in the East Indies. Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. July, 1857.

THE prophets of evil are always unpopular. The howlings of Cassandra are answered with a howl. If this does not silence the ill-omened cry, it is bellowed down by a chorus of the nation. Neither states nor individuals can bear to be aroused from sleep, and to be reminded of danger. The intrusion upon our tranquillity is sure to be resented. We call the alarmist a fool, and betake ourselves again to our slumbers. The next time we wake up, we find our

This has, unhappily, been the case with respect to our Indian possessions. For many years there have been prophets of evil, announcing, with more or less distinctness, that mighty dangers were casting their shadows before. Considering the nature of our tenure of India, it was really not a hazardous prophecy. We have been accustomed to contemplate, with quiet and level you. II. No. 11.

houses in a blaze.

eyes, the most wonderful political phenomenon that the world has ever seen. spectacle of a handful of white-faced men, from a remote island in the western seas, holding in thrall an immense oriental continent numbering a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, has long been so familiar to our sight, that it has ceased to lift our eyebrows or to raise our hands with a look or gesture of astonishment. And yet it was altogether so strange and exceptional a case, that if any one declared that it was not in the nature of things that such an anomaly should last forever, he attered a mere truism to which every one might have been expected to yield assent.

Looking at this whole question of Indian government, or endeavoring to look at it, as though we were regarding the great political phenomenon for the first time, the feeling uppermost in the mind is one of wonder, not that a great disaster should befall us at the end of a century; but that the structure we have reared should have lasted half that time, with even a semblance of stability about it. But this marvellous edifice of our Indian Empire had become a mere matter of course. Content with its wonderful present, people troubled themselves little about either its past or its future. Practically they seemed to doubt whether it had ever had a beginning; and they felt assured that it could never have an end. It was enough for the multitude, that the Anglo-Indian Empire, like Topsy in Mrs. Stowe's fiction, had "growed." The

fact is, that we have been too successful. From generation to generation, through one reign after another, we have floated down the stream of prosperity, basking in the summer sunshine, and falling asleep with the rudder in our hand. From this pleasant drowse we have now been awakened by a terrible collision; and have therefore begun to condemn ourselves, or more properly, to condemn one another, for the want of ordinary prudence and caution, which has led us to disregard the rocks and whirlpools lying in our way. And yet nothing is more true than that disaffection may be prevalent without any actual mismanagement on the part of the Indian Government at home or abroad.

That cartridges greased with bullock's fat should be served out to Hindoo Sepoys, appears prima facie to constitute a case of mismanagement. But we know so little about the history of these cartridges, that we are not prepared either to fix the extent to which this alleged grievance may have contributed to the great military outburst, or how it happened that anything so inflammable was placed in the Sepoys' hands. All, indeed, that we know with any certainty is, that there has been a terrible disaster. Whole regiments of Sepoys, in different parts of the Bengal presidency, have broken out into revolt. They have not only raised the standard of rebellion, but have turned against their European officers, and murdered them without a pang of remorse. In many places, the mutineers have struck indiscriminately at white life; massacring, often with a refinement of cruelty impossible to describe, man, woman, and child; burning and pillaging in every direction; sweeping away the civil government like chaff; and openly declaring the rule of the Feringhee usurper at an end. And this storm, it may be said, has burst suddenly on the land. It is true that we heard, some months ago, distant murmurings, indicating a troubled state of the political atmosphere. We knew that one or two regiments near the capital had exhibited symptoms of disaffection; but it was believed that the feeling was local, that it had been suppressed, and that it would not break out in

other places. In this country it had excited no alarm, and scarcely any attention, until, on the morning of the 27th of June—four days after the centenary of the great battle of Plassy, which, in the stereotyped historical phrase, "laid the foundation of our Indian Empire"—the pregnant sentences of the telegraph announced as tragic a story as has ever yet been embodied in a few terrible words.

People knowing something about the matter, are loudly and angrily accusing and condemning, and people knowing nothing about it are, in accordance with the usual scale of inverse proportion, louder and angrier still.

It is natural that there should be an outcry against some one. Some one ought to have known better; some one ought to have foreseen all this; some one ought to have prevented it. But, after all, it is the great Outis, or No one, who has done all the mischief. Outis has put out the giant's eye, and left him to grope in the darkness. We say it not ironically, but seriously, truthfully, that no one is to blame for the false security in which the nation has long been lapped. It was the necessary result of progressive success. Indeed, we are by no means sure that it has not been also the cause of our progressive success. A more cautious and suspicious policy might not have been so successful. We have raised, step by step, during the last century, an army consisting of two hundred thousand natives of India-men of different nations and different castes, all differing from ourselves in color, creed, institutions, language, habits, everything that can separate one people from another. Over this immense mass of Indian humanity, a handful of English gentlemen has held undisputed sway. The thousands and tens of thousands have obeyed the word of the dominant tens. And not only have these thousands and tens of thousands obeyed the dominant tens, but millions and tens of millions have followed the same straight line of obedience. Hireling troops-foreign mercenaries are to be found everywhere, ready to fight and to kill any one for pay. In India, the English pay has been paid with a regularity

wholly unknown under any oriental govern-The Sepoys, therefore, have had their reward. And for this reward, obedience was expected in return. But we have had no such claim, no such hold upon the affections of the people. The legitimate inference, therefore, was, that the soldiery were more likely to be true to us than the people; and that we should always be able to keep the latter in check through the agency of the former. The general proposition has been, that our tenure of India is safe, so long as we can rely upon the fidelity of the native army. Let the bayonets of the Sepoys bristle on our side, and we are safe.

But, was it likely that the bayonets of the Sepoys would always bristle on our side? We confess that it appeared to us very likely that they would. The belief was not at all a preposterous one. There was no discredit in credulity. No mightier lever than self-interest moves the hearts and shapes the actions of men. It is true that Indian armies always mutiny. The Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, the Arab soldier, lives in a chronic state of mutiny. But the Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, is always in arrears of pay: when the arrears are paid, the mutiny ceases. In these days, on the other hand, the pay of the British Sepoy is never in arrears. It is liberal in amount; regular in disbursement. The soldier has never had, and is never likely to have, so good a master as "John Company." The son follows the example of the father, and enlists into the service of the British Government, well knowing that in youth, in maturity, in old age, he insures a provision for himself; that a certain number of years will see him in regular receipt of pay, and an uncertain number of years in regular receipt of pension. It is manifestly to his interest to uphold a state of things which secures him advantages never to be expected under any other government. There has always been good reason to believe that the natural tendency of the Indian soldier to revolt would be suppressed, in the person of the British Sepoy, by the conviction of the folly of the movement.

So long, it has been said, "and no longer."

But now it appears that this latter proposition is as likely to be falsified as the former. The Sepoy receives his pay and pension with the old regularity—but he is mutinous; and we are now about to demonstrate to the world that we can hold India in spite of him.

We pass on to another and a very important point of inquiry. It is extremely desirable that it should be well considered in this conjuncture, whether the present crisis is not the result of an over-anxiety to govern well, rather than of any culpable negligence and indifference-whether, indeed, we have not done too much rather than too little. Sir John Malcolm, who knew India and her people as well as any man whoever lived, was continually insisting upon the evils of precipitate reform. It was his opinion that great evil would result from over-governing the country-from attempting to do too much for the amelioration of the people. The government of the East India Company has been perpetually reproached for being so slow in the work of improvement. But we suspect that it will appear, on inquiry, that it has been not too slow, but too rapid. And as the people of England at the present time-men of all classes and all interests-are crying out against the misgovernment out of which our disasters have arisen, it may be not undesirable to consider whether many of the circumstances which have contributed to evolve the present crisis, are not the results of their own incaution and impatience-the growth, indeed, directly or indirectly, of some clamor at home, some urgency for particular reforms. The progress may have been all in the right direction. The Parliament, the Platform, and the Press of Great Britain may all have urged what is right; and the government of the East India Company may have been right in yielding to the pressure: but it does not follow that, because it was right, it was not dangerous.

Yet it is our duty to enlighten and civilize the people. No fear of consequences should ever deter us from the steadfast prosecution of measures tending to wean the people from the cruel and degrading superstitions to which they have so long been given up,

bound hand and foot, by a priesthood, whose interest it is to perpetuate ignorance and barbarism. We do believe that what we have done for the people at large, has given dire offence to the Brahmans. At present affairs are in a transition-state. The Brahmans feel that their influence is declining, and will decline still more, as the effects of European education diffuse themselves more and more over the face of the country. But they have still power to lead the people astray, and especially that class-the soldiery -which is least exposed to counteracting influences. That they have been busily employed in disseminating a belief of the intention of the British Government to interfere, in a far more peremptory and decided manner, with the religion of the people, is a fact which is rarely questioned. They have, doubtless, pointed to repeated measures of interference, of no great import, perhaps, when viewed singly, but alarming in their aggregation. The abolition of Suttee-the suppression of female infanticide—the prohibition of the cruel ceremonies attending the Churruck Poojah—the modification of the Hindoo law of inheritance—the promotion of female education-the legalization of the marriage of Hindoo widows-the diminished endowment of religious institutions -and the relaxation of the once stringent rules interdictory of all, even indirect or constructive, encouragement of educational or missionary efforts for the evangelization of the people, are, doubtless, all referred to as indications of the insidious endeavors of the Feringhees to break down the walls of caste. A little thing will fill the cup of suspicion and alarm, to the brim. Nothing could answer the purpose better than the greased cartridges, of which we have heard so much. Alone, the cartridges would not have stirred a single company to revolt. But, added to all these foregone manifestations of our disregard of Hindoo superstitions, and coupled, moreover, with vague and mysterious rumors of some more open and undisguised assault to be committed upon Hindooism, under the protection of an overwhelming European force, even a less outrage than this might have made the seething caldron bubble over in rebellion.

Still, it may be said, that the proximate cause of the outbreak in Bengal, is to be found in certain lies disseminated, with a malicious object, among the native soldiery; and that if the authorities in India and England had been duly acquainted with the state of feeling in the army, they might have anticipated and counteracted the evil influences of those who have exerted themselves, with too much success, to fan the latent fires of disaffection into a blaze. There are, indeed, two distinct branches of inquiry; the one, why the disaffection arose; the other, why, having arisen, it was not allayed by the European officers before it broke out into acts of violence. If proper relations had been maintained between the Sepoy and his English officer, there would never have existed this dangerous delusion, "that they should believe a lie." The Sepoy is very credulous. There is, indeed, a childlike simplicity in the readiness with which he believes and ponders over the most absurd story. But he has far greater faith in the word of the white man than in that of his own people. A few words of explanation from an officer esteemed by the men under his command, will speedily remove a dangerous error rankling in the Sepoy's mind, and send him back to his lines a contented man and a good soldier. Fortified by the assurances of his captain, he will be proof against the designing falsehood of the emissary of evil. No one, knowing how easily the Sepoy is alarmed, will doubt for a moment the effect which the greased cartridges may have had upon his mind, especially when interpreted to him by one bent upon mischief. But no one knowing how docile and tractable he is, when properly managed by his European commander, will have any more doubt that this alarm might have been easily dissipated by a few words of timely explanation.

Then, why were these words of timely explanation not spoken? We desire not to be understood as making any sweeping assertions. We do not say that in no case has a statement been made on the subject of the cartridges, tending to allay the alarm and irritation in the Sepoy's mind. It may have been made in time; it may have been

made too late; or it may not have been made at all. We will assume the worst, although we have no information to lead us to a belief in anything better. But it is impossible to resist the conviction that, in the greater number of cases, the explanation was not offered; and that regiments have broken out into rebellion, because there have not been intimate relations between the Bengal Sepoy and the British officer.

And why? Simply for this reason: that it has been the inevitable tendency of the social, the administrative, and the material progress of the nineteenth century, to weaken the bonds between the Hindostanee soldier and the European officer. Little by little, the English in India have been more and more un-Hindoo-ised by the growing civilization of the West. In the old time, he conformed himself, more or less, to the habits of the people. If he did nothing else, he conformed himself, with wonderful alacrity, to their vices. He might not adopt their religion, but he very soon forsook his own. There were few Christian churches; there were few Christian ministers; there were few Christian women. He, therefore, soon ceased to worship, and he found his female companions among the women of the country. He lived in the Zenana. He participated in the ceremonial festivities of the people. He was all things to all men-now a Hindoo, and now a Mussulman. He was a Sepoy officer; and content to be a Sepoy officer. His regiment was his home. The native officers were his brethren; the soldiers were his children. He spoke their language-though, in all probability, he could not read a single word. Reading, indeed, was not part of his vocation. He, therefore, talked all the more. He was glad to converse with his native officers. The soobahdar or jemadar of his company was ever welcome to his bungalow. He had always a kind word to say to them; he seldom failed to ask what was going on in the lines; and what was the bazaar qup, or gossip. It is the pleasure of the native officer to be communicative. He is never slow to talk if he is encouraged. He will not hoard up his grievances if he can find a sympathizing listener: he will not hatch sedition in secret if he is encouraged to make a confidant of one who has any power to redress them. So, when he visited his officer in the olden time, when Englishmen were content to be mere soldiers in India, he freely disclosed to him all that was done and was talked of in the lines. If sinister rumors were afloat, they were communicated to the officer, who investigated their origin, and explained the circumstances in which they originated. The native soldier then carried back to his comrades words of comfort and assurance. The lie was strangled; the delusion vanished; the panic subsided; and men went to parade with cheerful faces as before.

That this is not the case now, or, if ever the case, is the exception, and not the rule, is generally admitted. The Englishman in India has become more English—the officer has become less a soldier. We no longer leave our country, with its religion, its manners, its literature, its domesticities behind us, when we set our faces towards Calcutta or Bombay. We carry with us to the East our civilization, our propriety, our old ideas and associations, and, as far as possible, our old way of life. We do not cast off the mother country, but still turn fondly towards it; and as increased facilities for communication multiply around us, we hanker more and more after home. The English drawing-room has supplanted the native Zenana. Instead of the dusky paramour, the palefaced English wife has become the companion of the officer's solitude, and the mother of his children. A wide severance between the conquered and the conquering races is the result of this social change. Some may lament it-some may say that we have become too English, and that a greater assimilation to the manners and customs of the people, and a more thorough appreciation of their tone of thought, and a more enlarged sympathy with their feelings, are absolutely necessary to insure our permanent occupation of the country. But this is simply impossible. The change of which we speak is the inevitable result of the civilization of the nineteenth century. We cannot Hindooize ourselves again, any

more than the butterfly can return to the status ante of the grub. We cannot demolish our Christian churches, or burn our English books, or place a five months' voyage between India and Great Britain. When we consider the atrocities which have been inflicted during the last few months upon delicate women and innocent children, it is not unreasonable to surmise that there may be less willingness than heretofore to transplant English ladies to so perilous a land; but even if this, as we greatly doubt, were to be the permanent result of our recent disasters, there are other influences (not the least of these being the progress of public opinion with respect to religion and morality), which would prevent our again assuming the old loose garments which once we wore in true Hindostanee fashion. We have divested ourselves of them forever.

But is it only by ceasing to be Englishmen-by ceasing to be Christians, that we can win the confidence and affection of the natives? We believe that there are other and better ways, but scarcely as the present military system of the country is main-There has been long an outcry tained. against the old exclusive civil service and the regulation system. All our more recent acquisitions of territory, as the Punjab, Pegu, Nagpore, and Oude, have been administered since their annexation, under the "non-regulation system," by a mixed commission, composed of civil and military officers-the latter generally predominating in respect of numbers. These military administrators are commonly the picked men of the service. They are not the sons and nephews of directors, or young men of good connections at home, strongly recommended to the Governor-General, but men of proved capacity and undoubted vigor, acquainted with the native languages, with the country, and with the people, and full of activity of the best kind. These are the men who are most wanted with their regiments, but they are not suffered to remain soldiers. The temptation to accept any extra-regimental employment is great. There is better pay, more credit, a better prospect of gaining future distinction, and rising to eminence in the service. The allurement, therefore, is not resisted; and regiments, already denuded of their best officers to supply the ordinary requirement of the staff, are still further stripped, and all the remaining men of any mark and likelihood carried off to administer new provinces, or to take the place in other detached situations of those who have been selected for the government of our new acquisitions. Thus the civil administration is strengthened, but the strength of the army is sacrificed to it.

Almost contemporaneously with the extension of the "non-regulation system," was the extension of Public Works in India. This, also, was a laudable movement. It is not to be doubted that it was promoted, in no small degree, by a pressure from this country. The East India Company had never been unmindful of the importance of great material works, remunerative and reproductive; but the pace at which they had proceeded had been too slow for home-bred politicians, and there was a clamor for greater speed. Large sums of money were devoted to roads, to canals, and other great works of public utility. The Department of Public Works became an important department of the state. Great numbers of officers were required to give effect to our measures. Young military men took to the study of engineering, and came to England to work upon the railways. Any one with a little knowledge of practical science felt himself secure of obtaining an appointment in the public works' department; so here was another mode of escape from that penal settlement-the military cantonment. It was, doubtless, a movement in the right direction; but, excellent as it was in itself, it struck another blow at the efficiency of our native army. More active enterprising young soldiers were carried away for detached employment, and the residue became scantier, more dissatisfied, and more inefficient, until the attachment and confidence of the Sepoy towards his British officers became little more than things of the past; and this, perhaps, less because the number of officers left with a regiment was so small, than because the quality was so indifferent. We have no doubt that a few good officers

are better than many bad ones. We have some tangible proof of this in the Company's Irregular regiments, which have mostly only three European officers, a commandant, a second in command, and an adjutant, and yet are always in an admirable state of efficiency. These officers are picked officers; their appointments are staff appointments, hungered after like all others. A man in command of an Irregular corps is satisfied with it; the officers beneath him aspire to nothing better than the command, in due course, of the regiment to which they have long been attached. The regiment is their home, the soldiers are their comrades. They are proud of their connection with the corps, and are eager to exalt it; whilst the officer with the Regular regiment sits loosely to his duty, and is continually longing to escape. It is of less importance that we should secure the services of good than of many officers with the Sepoy regiments. But it is impossible that any man should be a good regimental officer who looks upon himself merely as a bird of passage with his regiment-dislikes, and perhaps despises his duties, and is expending all his energies in efforts to get himself transferred to the staff.

The "Staff," indeed, has, for some years past, been gradually swallowing up the commissioned ranks of the Indian army. The intention of employing military officers in civil offices was, we repeat, an excellent one, and, so far as regards the administration of the country, it has been eminently successful. But it has destroyed the military feeling and the military capacity of hundreds, who might have become first-rate soldiers. The tendency, indeed, of our entire system has been to degrade regimental duty, in all its degrees, to the utmost possible extent, until the zeal and the pride of the soldier are almost wholly extinct.

Enough we think has been advanced to indicate—firstly, what have been the predisposing causes of the disaffection of the native army of India; and, secondly, what has prevented that disaffection from being allayed before it had become dangerous—in a word, the active and the passive causes of the recent disastrous outbreak. In both cases, an undue zeal for precipitate reform

has been at the bottom of the mischief. The wheels of progress would have rolled on surely and safely, without creating alarm or rousing national prejudices into violent action, and great moral and material improvements would have struck root in the soil, when the country was ready for them. But the pressure from without has given to these wheels of progress a forced and unnatural rapidity of rotation, and we have been roused to a sense of our danger by seeing the State machine rushing down the hill to destruction, beyond the power of human agency to control its headlong course. The Government of the East India Company has often been called a "drag." It was a drag that was much needed. But Parliament, the Platform, and the Press, scouted the dicta that India was not yet ripe for this or that measure, and that to reform effectually we must reform slowly, as the antiquated conservatism of the effete oligarchy of Leadenhall Street. The wisdom of the festina lente doctrine was ignored. The prudence, which shook its head and whispered caution, was derided. There was not wanting, perhaps, some just ground of complaint, that the Government of the Company moved slowly-that it carried the quieta non movere principle a little too far-and that it needed some external stimulus to keep it from falling in the rear of the general progress of the age. But it was very possible to fall into an opposite extreme; and, by attempting to sow broadcast reform and improvement over the land, before the soil was ready to receive them, to do more to retard the desired progress than by advancing, with painful effort, as though the tarda podagra were in every limb.

We have said, and we cannot too emphatically repeat, that we are not to cease from doing good, because there may be temporal danger in the enlightenment of the people. But the highest wisdom has taught us prudence, and counselled us against pouring new wine into old bottles. They who have the most genuine—the most heartfelt desire to root out error from the land, ought to be the most eager to inculcate caution, lest all their efforts be defeated by bringing

on a collision, and precipitating a crisis, which must prove fatal to the accomplishment of all their most cherished hopes. This is no mere speculation. The events which have recently occurred—which are now occurring—must necessarily check the course of progress of every kind. The saddest thing of all in connection with the great outbreak of 1857, is the heavy blow and great discouragement given to the cause of national enlightenment. It will be long now before we cease to be timid and suspicious. The good work of half a century, indeed, has been undone in a few weeks.

We believe that our hold of India is as firm as it has ever been. There may be outbreaks not yet reported; there may be more bloodshed, more terror; and there will be horrible retribution. But the English will be masters of the field, and remain rulers of India. The immediate remedy for the great disease is an overawing European force. Upon this point there are not two opinions. Brute force, however, is but a sorry cure for such an evil, and can hardly be a permanent one. India may be conquered again and again by European troops. But to conquer the country is one thing; to hold it is another. There are able menpowerful writers-who recommend that we should break up the Bengal army, and disarm the whole of India. It might be done, but it is not worth doing. Such an empire as we should then have, would not be a credit to us, and could not possibly be a profit. It could not last long, and would be a sorry spectacle whilst it lasted. Even if it did not come to a sudden and violent end. such an experiment must necessarily break down for want of money to maintain it. We must look for the remedy in some other quarter than a continued exhibition of brute force.

We cannot carry on a war of extermination against a hundred and fifty millions of people—many of them brave and warlike, skilled in the use of arms—and if we could, what use to us would be a country which we cannot colonize? If we cannot re-establish our moral influence in India, and again place our confidence in a Sepoy army, we had better abandon altogether the experi-

ment of Indian government. When we speak of confidence, we do not mean blind confidence. We can no longer regard the fidelity of the native army as a matter of course-we can no longer go to sleep with our doors and windows open, whilst two hundred thousand of foreign bayonets are bristling around us. Doubtless there is much to be done; there is need of consummate wisdom and sagacity to turn what may at any time become a source of immediate danger into an element of continued safety. It is not so much that the Sepoy is not to be trusted, as that we have proved ourselves not worthy to be trusted with the use of so perilous an instrument. If a gun goes off unexpectedly in our hands, it is not the fault of the gun, but our own fault for improperly handling it. We believe that the Sepoy army may yet be all that it has once been to us, and much more. But we must look upon the management of these immense bodies of foreign troops as a science, and not leave things to take their course, as though the very name of a British officer were sufficient to keep these gigantic legions in control.

Everybody agrees that the first thing to be done is to put down the rebellion. This can only be done by force. Having done this, we have to punish the guilty, and we have to reward the faithful. Reward must go side by side with punishment, or we shall only do half our work. Then we have to re-model our system, and to re-organize our establishments. To accomplish this successfully, we must have full information—we must look the matter boldly and honestly in the face; we must cast aside all prejudices, all foregone conclusions, cling to no ancient errors, and care for no vested rights. We shall find in our system and practice of government, when we come calmly to examine it, much that is good, much that is evil-but much more which, good in itself, has become evil by its excess, and has hurt where we meant to heal. So terrible a lesson cannot be thrown away upon the nation. In spite of the present darkness, it is yet permitted to us to hope that we shall yet derive strength from our present weakness; and that, when at last we lay down the reins

of Empire in the East, we shall do so of our own free will, not as the beaten enemies, but as the triumphant friends of the people, leaving them to the self-government for which we have fitted them by the precept and the example of a second century of beneficent rule.

HEROD THE GREAT.

THIS prince is characterized by Josephus as a person of singular courage and resolution; liberal and even extravagant in his expenditure, magnificent in his buildings, especially in the temple of Jerusalem, and apparently disposed to promote the happiness of every one. But under this specious exterior he concealed the most consummate duplicity. Studious only how to attain and secure his own dignity, he neglected no means, however unjustifiable, which might promote that object of his ambition; and in order to supply his lavish expenditure he imposed oppressive burdens on his subjects. Inexorably cruel and a slave to the most furious passions, he imbrued his hands in the blood of his wife, his children, and the greater part of his family. Such, indeed, was the restlessness and jealousy of his temper that he spared neither his people nor the richest and most powerful of his subjects, not even his very friends. When he had gained possession of Jerusalem by the assistance of the Romans, and his rival Antigonus was taken prisoner by the Roman General Sosius, and carried by him to Mark Antony, Herod by a large sum of money persuaded Antony to put him to death. His great fear had been that Antigonus might some time revive his pretensions, as being of the Asmonean family. Aristobulus, brother of his wife Mariamne, was murdered by his directions at eighteen years of age, because the people of Jerusalem had shown some affection for his person. In the seventh year of his reign, after the death of Antigonus, he put to death Hyrcanus, grandfather of Mariamne, then eighty years of age, and who had 'saved Herod's life when he was prosecuted by the Sanhedrim; a man who in his youth, through all the vigor of his life, and in every revolution

of his fortune, had shown a mild and peaceable disposition. His beloved wife, the beautiful and virtuous Mariamne, had a public execution, and her mother Alexandra soon after. Alexander and Aristobulus, his two sons by Mariamne, were strangled in prison by his order upon groundless suspicions. In his last sickness, a little before his death, he sent orders throughout Judea requiring the presence of all the chief men at Jericho. His orders were obeyed, for they were enforced with no less penalty than that of death. When these men were come to Jericho he commanded them all to be shut up in the circus, and calling for his sister Salome and her husband Alexas, he said to them, "My life is now but short; I know the dispositions of the Jewish people, and nothing will please them more than my You have these men in your custody; as soon as the breath is out of my body, and before my death can be known, do you let in the soldiers upon them and kill them. All Judea, and every family will then, though unwillingly, mourn at my death." -Nay, Josephus says, "that with tears in his eyes he conjured them, by their love to him and their fidelity to God, not to fail of doing him this honor; and they promised they would not fail." These orders were not executed; but as a modern historian of very good sense observes, "the history of this, his most wicked design, takes off all objection against the truth of murdering the innocents, which may be made from the incredibility of so barbarous and horrid an act." If Josephus' character of him be just, he was a miscreant, and deserved the worst death that could be inflicted.

It is not at all surprising that such conduct should procure Herod the hatred of his subjects, especially of the Pharisees, who engaged in various plots against him; and so suspicious did these conspiracies render him, that he put the innocent to the torture lest the guilty should escape. These circumstances sufficiently account for Herod and all Jerusalem with him being troubled at the arrival of the Magi, to inquire where the Messiah was born. The Jews, who anxiously expected the Messiah,

"The Deliverer," were moved with an anxiety made up of hopes and fears, of uncertainty and expectation, blended with a dread of the sanguinary consequences of new tumults; and Herod, who was a foreigner and usurper, was apprehensive lest he should lose his crown by the birth of a rightful heir. Hence we are furnished with a satisfactory solution of the motive that led him to command all the male children under two years of age to be put to death, in Bethlehem and its vicinity.

No very long time after the perpetration of this crime, and after having suffered the most excruciating pains, Herod died, in the thirty-seventh year of his being declared King of the Jews by the Romans. The tidings of his decease were received by his oppressed subjects with universal joy and

satisfaction.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED IN READING, PA.,

In the Lutheran Church under the pastoral care of Rev. F. A. M. Keller, at the farewell meeting of five missionaries and assistant missionaries, on the evening of Sept. 30th, 1857. By the Rev. J. Z. Senderling, Corresponding Secretary of the For. Miss. Soc. Evan. Lutheran Church. Published by request.

CORRESPONDENCE.

READING, Oct. 1, 1857.

Dear Brother Senderling: Having consulted with each other this morning, we thought it would be for the benefit of the Foreign Mission cause, if the interesting and instructive address you delivered last evening was published in the Home Journal, or in some other permanent manner; and we therefore earnestly request that you would furnish a copy of the same to the editor of the above Journal, at your earliest convenience.

Very truly, yours in Christ,

WM. E. SNYDER,
A. LONG,
E. UNANGST,
P. A. UNANGST,
M. J. SNYDER.

(Reply.)

Johnstown, Oct. 6, 1857.

J. Z ENDERLING.

REV. MESSRS. SNYDER, LONG, &c.

Dear Brethren and Sisters in Christ: Your note of the 1st inst. is received, and its request granted. My address is herewith forwarded, for the reason specified in your note, that the publication of the same would be for the benefit of the Foreign Mission cause.

Very respectfully, Yours in Christ Jesus,

"He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life."

1 JOHN 5: 12.

THIS text was suggested to me by reading a letter from the Hon. H. Stokes, the long-tried friend of our missionaries in India. It was written about two years ago. He is pleading, as he has often done before, for more missionaries from this country. He writes as follows: "The willingness, or rather desire evinced by the lower castes in the Palnaud, to place themselves under Christian instruction, has extended to the West Coddapa, the adjoining district, containing, perhaps, a million and a half of souls; to which there is only one European missionary of the London Society, with his The call for more missionaries is urgently felt. The Lord seems to say to us, work while it is called to-day; troublous times are at hand. We may not long have the facilities of communication, or the means we now have. Meanwhile, millions are passing into eternity, and the solemn words stand before us, 'He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." This appeal is no ordinary one. It comes from a gentleman of high and honorable standing in India; from a Christian brother of another denomination, whose enlightened views, deep piety, and liberality have endeared him to all our brethren. It is made in behalf of millions of our race, whose souls are dark as night on the great subject of religion, and who are "passing into eternity." It is made to our Church, for it has special reference to our mission, and to the claims of one million and a half of souls who are asking for light,

for instruction in the way of salvation, from our brethren. It urges us to work, while it is called to-day. And, lest some objecter might say, "the heathen are well enough off," as many have said, it points us to the word of God, "He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life," connected with that fearful passage in John (3:36), "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

These words exhibit a soul without Christ, the evidence of such a state, and its hopeless condition. A soul without Christ is destitute of a divine teacher, and consequently has no means of arriving at the truth. The heathen world is an evidence of the truthfulness of this statement. Their wisest and best men have never by their unaided wisdom found out God. This is plain, since not with standing all their travels, all their researches, and all their philosophical writings, they could not turn their countrymen from the grossest idolatry. As they could not find the truth, so they could not find wisdom; for the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. The learned Greeks sought after wisdom, as Paul says, and professed to be lovers of it, but "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." None could satisfy the immortal mind of his fellow-men; none could point to the way of happiness; none could throw a light around the grave. The converted child of our Sunday-school is wiser than they, for he knows his sins forgiven; because he knows what sin is; knows its origin, its desert, and its cure. Again, a Christless soul has no Redeemer, and of course has no motive of sufficient appropriateness and power to lead him to repentance. What a motive is contained in that passage of Isaiah, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," and in that, "He was bruised for our iniquities," or in that declaration of Paul, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners." These are encouragements and inducements to repentance. How bitter, yet how unavailing, was the repentance of Esau, for his birthright and blessing were irrecoverably gone. How deep the anguish

of Judas, yet despair drove him to a dreadful deed. Millions on our earth have never yet heard of our Redeemer, are yet in all their sins. Many of them feel, at times, their burdens, but know not what to do. Various are the expedients, and cruel too, to which they resort; the very recital of which is more than we can bear. Yet they labor in vain. For none but Jesus can give them rest.

A Christless soul has no sanctifier, for the Spirit proceedeth from the Father and the Son. What power is there then to break up a hard and depraved heart, to melt and reform it, since the only efficient cause is not there. Of course sin and Satan must rule the heart, the family, the country, if he be wanting whose office it is to convince of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. How dreadful is the fact that there is now no adequate reforming power acting upon hundreds of millions of the heathen; no power to remove the causes of misery, to plant the principles of comfort and happiness in all that dark mass of human beings. For neither science, philosophy, or force can accomplish this great work. The ear of God yet hears the groans of more than three hundred millions of lost Chinamen, and more than one hundred and fifty millions of perishing East Indians; besides the millions from the isles of the sea, and other parts of the heathen world. They have been ascending for centuries, and they will continue to go up until the Gospel shall be sent among them, and the Spirit be poured out from on high upon their nations. Then, these groans shall give way to joyful praises to our great Deliverer. O when shall that time come? when, dearest Lord, when? It is evident then, that he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life. The heathen are dead in trespasses and sin. Therefore they are in a perishing condition, being without Christ, without God, and having no hope. To this fact, that they are in a perishing condition, we ask your hearty assent. This fact, it appears to me, is sufficiently established by the foregoing remarks, and by the text itself. Our missionaries have taken this view of it. Mr. Stokes, our friend, formerly in India, now in England, thus views

it. "Millions," says this man of God, "are passing into eternity, while the solemn words stand before us, 'He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." This is enforced by the fact, that our Lord commanded his disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, with these conditions, He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned. Hence we see the disciples, after the ascension of our Lord, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, hastening, under the guidance and quickening of the Spirit, to carry out and execute the commission of the Master. The Macedonian cry sent to them by that Spirit, moves the souls of Barnabas and Saul. "The Lord bath called us," they say, "to go into Macedonia." Paul, in his epistle to the Ephesians, reminds this people of their former state, "that at that time, ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." Could we see somewhere in the eastern sky, written in letters of fire, the words, no hope! no hope! perishing, perishing! and then see the visible hand of the Almighty pointing right down to China and to India; should we then hear in thunder tones the voice of the Invisible to his Church here, Go ye, and give them my Gospel; some might think we would feel like Daniel, and that there would be no strength left in us. Yet, my friends, all this, as plain, as striking, as powerful, is before us in the word of God. The heathen are perishing, without hope; and God, our Redeemer, commands us to go, and preach to them his Gospel. Consequently the hearts of God's dear children, partaking measurably of a Saviour's love, and bending to the Supreme will, are drawn out in compassion to their dying multitudes. This is right, natural, and just. Right! for it is duty, it is the law of the kingdom. Natural! for it is the dictate of the Christian heart. Just! for it is doing to others as some have done unto us, and it is a feeble return to Him who has done so much for us. All our sympathies then for these lost ones, are warrautable by the facts in the case. So are

all the efforts that have been put forth, all the expenditure of treasure, and all the sacrifice of human life. The duty then of the Church is clearly defined and established. For these are among the lost that Jesus came to save. We must save these perishing millions, must, absolutely must. The solemn covenant into which we have entered as his people, bind us to this duty. Our strong desires to see our blessed Christianity elevating, ennobling, beautifying, and rendering happy the nations of our globe, even as it does our own favored country, urge us to this duty.

Our prayers for the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom on the earth, and that his salvation might go forth as a lamp that burneth, until the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, urge us on to our duty, to engage heart and hand in this great enterprise. Is not also the duty of our own Church clearly defined and established? As a part of his Church, in whom is all our joy, and all our salvation, we too feel an interest in his wishes. We too have covenated with him to do his will. We too have a compassion for the lost, degraded, and miserable of earth. We too have those strong desires to see our blessed religion ennobling, beautifying, and rendering happy our globe. We too have offered up unceasingly our prayers for these desirable events. The question then arises, what reason have we to withhold our heart's co-operation by men and means in this great enterprise? Or, if it be admitted that we have no reason to do this, then what right have we to moderate our estimate of the comparative importance of this, with any other enterprise of our Church, and thereby underrate the required qualifications of the workmen for the foreign field? Why should we detract from the necessity of their number, or, when they are qualified, divert their attention to home operations; and thus disappoint the expectations of the laborers in the field, and weaken our claims upon the Church for immediate and liberal pecuniary supplies? Permit me here to make for your encouragement the following statement. We have done what could be done with our men in the field, and with the

outlay of funds expended upon our mission. These facts our missionaries have repeatedly asserted. The churches at home have indorsed the same. More could have been done in the way of schools, but only with a greater outlay of money, which our treasury would not, in the judgment of the Executive Committee, have warranted. The time is come, however, when our schools, to be more efficient, must be better supported. What will you bid us do? "Go forward," you will say, for progress is your practice, and onward your motto, if ye belong to Christ. Well, we are not the leaders in this great and good work, but some of you were. We are your successors, and we pledge you, God's grace assisting us, we will not be behind you in any one good thing. Say you go forward? We will, conditionally, if you will go with us, if you will help us with your prayers, with laborers, and with means, and we will join our hearts in holy concert of prayer, that the presence of Jesus Jehovah may also go with us, and with you, beloved in the Lord .- Amen.

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

"Sleep, saintly poor one! sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find thy labors done."

CHARLES LAMB.

WE never remember seeing any notice of the dear old legend we are about to relate, save in some brief and exquisite lines of Charles Lamb; and yet how simply and quaintly it confirms our childhood's faith, when heaven seemed so much nearer to earth than it has ever been since, and we verily believe that the angels watched over the good and pure of heart!

Once upon a time there lived in a far-off country place, the name of which has long since passed into oblivion, a young girl whom we shall call Alice, with an aged and bedrid mother dependent upon her exertions for their sole support. And although at all periods they fared hardly enough, and sometimes even wanted for bread, Alice never suffered herself to be cast down, placing her whole trust in Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." And when

better days came again, who so glad and thankful as that young girl?

It may be all very pretty and picturesque for poets and artists to picture to themselves calm, peaceful scenes of rural loveliness, in the foreground of which they generally place some happy village maid, sitting in the cottage porch at the sunset hour, and singing merrily at her wheel; even as bright-eyed and glad-hearted damsels of our own times take up their sewing only as a pleasant excuse to be silent and alone, that they may indulge in sweet and gentle musing. But let us not forget that that which is a pastime to the few, may be to the many a weary and never-ending toil! engrossing the day that seems so long, and yet it is not half long enough for all they have to do; breaking into the quiet hours set apart by nature for rest, and mingling even with their troubled dreams.

Thus it was oftentimes with our poor heroine.

And yet she sang, too, but generally hymns, for such sprang most readily to her lips, and seemed most in harmony with her lonely and toilsome life; while her aged mother would lie for hours listening to what seemed to her as a gush of sweet, prayerful music, and not questioning but the songs of the good upon earth might be heard and echoed by the angels in heaven! Poor child! it was sad to see thee toil so hard, but beautiful to mark thy filial devotion and untiring love; thy thankfulness to have the work to do, otherwise both must have starved long since! thy trust in Providence that, for her sake, it would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks; the hope, that would not die, of better times; the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials; the store of sweet and pious thoughts that brought thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wings to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For years Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due; but now, either from the widow's long illness, or the hardness of the times, which ever presses in seasons of national or commercial difficulty most heavily upon those least able to struggle against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and his successor, one of those stern men who, without being actually hard-hearted, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are never weary of repeating; holding poverty to be but as another name for idleness, or even crime; but yet, even he was touched by her tears, and meek, deprecating words; and consented to give her one week's grace, in which she reckoned to have finished and got paid for the work she then had in the house. And although the girl knew that, in order to effect this, she must work day and night, she dared ask no longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

"It will be a lesson to her not to be behindhand in future," thought her stern companion, when he found himself alone; "no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or spending her money on that pale-colored hood she wore (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion), instead of having it ready as usual." And yet, sleeping or waking, her grateful thanks haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts; we say almost, for deep-rooted prejudices such as his, were hard, very hard to overcome.

Alice returned home with a light heart.

"Well?" said the widow, anxiously.

"All right, mother, with God's blessing, we will yet keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die."

"Not yet—not yet, dear mother!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

"And yet I am but a burden on your young life!"

"No-no-a blessing, rather!"

Alice was right; labor and toil only ask an object; something to love, and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet. And then, kissing her mother, but saying not a word of all she had to do, the girl took off the well-preserved hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust animadversions, and putting them carefully aside, sat down in a hopeful spirit to her wheel. The dark cloud which had hung over her in the morning seemed already breaking, and she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but not selfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful love ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing hands, always so ready to labor in her behalf. And when night came, fearing to cause that dear mother needless anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen asleep; and then, rising noiselessly, returned to her endless task. And yet, somehow, the harder she worked, the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers; the real truth of the matter was, she had overrated her own powers, and was unaware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of the labor than she had allowed herself. But it was too late to think of all this now; the trial must be made, and heaven, she doubted not, would give her strength to go through with it. Oh! happy, thrice happy are they who have deserved to possess this pure and childlike faith, shedding its gentle light on the darkest scenes

Morning broke, at length, over the distant hills; and Alice, flinging open the casement, felt refreshed by the cool breeze, and gladdened by the hymning of the birds, already up and at their orisons; or exchanged a kind good morrow with the peasants going forth to their early labor. No wonder that those rough, untutored men, gazing upward on her pale, calm face, and listening to her gentle tones, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts, as though there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed, with that quicksightedness of affection which even the very blind seem gifted with in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smile that met hers every time Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, marked how wearily the heavy eyelids drooped over the aching eyes; and yet, she never dreamed of the deception which had been practised in love to soothe and allay her fond auxiety; and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened that, about noon, as she sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and wearied looks; for, of late, she had indeed toiled far beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. But still that stern man said within himself, "It is ever thus with the poor; they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times. And yet," he added, a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half lingeringly, "she is very young, too."

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half-relenting glance, or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time allotted her; ay, even if it were but one single day! but he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night glided on thus, and the third evening found her still at her spinning, with the same smile on her lips, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing I can do to help you, my Alice?" asked her mother, who grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard.

"Nothing; unless, indeed, you will tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why, you are but a child now," said the widow, with a mournful smile; and then, inwardly comparing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings; Alice knew that they were sad, by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

"Come, mother dear!" said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscences of bygone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew so little of life, save in these homely and transient revealings; falling asleep in the midst, through weariness; for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on; but presently awoke again half-be-wildered.

"Where was I, Alice?" asked the invalid, gently.

"Asleep, dear mother, I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me, I could not help it. But you will not set up very long?"

"No, no! good night."

"Good night, and God bless you, my child!" said the widow; and, a few minutes afterward, Alice was again the only wakeful thing in that little cottage; if, indeed, she could be called so with her half-closed eyes and wandering thoughts, although, it is true, the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull, drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed almost like a lullaby.

Presently, the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake; hymns as usual; low, plaintive, and soothing; while the widow heard them in her sleep, and dreamed of heaven. But all would not do, and she arose at length and walked noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling that oppressed and weighed upon her so heavily. And then opening the casement, sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad stars looking down in their calm and silent beauty upon earth. How naturally prayer comes at such times as these! Alice clasped her faded hands involuntarily, and although no words were uttered, her heart prayed! We have called her, in our love, pure and innocent; but she, of her holier wisdom, knew that she was but a weak and erring creature, after all, and took courage only from remembering that there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth. But, gradually, as she sat thus in the pale starlight, the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes; her hands unclasped and sank slowly and listlessly down; the weary and toil-worn frame had found rest at last!

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat erstwhile, at her wheel, is an angel with shining hair, and raiment white and radiant as a sunbeam; while another bends gently over the slumberer; and, looking first at her and then at her companion, smiles pityingly; and the girl smiles too, in her sleep; and as if still haunted by her favorite hymn-tunes, sings again, very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingering away, at length, upon the still night-air. Fast and noiselessly ply these holy ones at their love-task, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound, as of wings, alone disturbed the profound silence of that little chamber. And now the morning broke again over the earth; and, their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly!

Alice awoke trembling from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel toward her; she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure she was not still dreaming; and then gazed around the quiet apartment, where all remained just as she had left it; but the task, the heavy task for which she had marked out four more weary days and nights of toil, and fearing, even then, not having time enough to complete it, lay ready finished before her! But, after a little time, the girl ceasing to wonder, or remembering to whom she had prayed on the previous night, guided by an unerring instinct, knelt down and poured out her full heart in a gush of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven! And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off, smiling upon each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing in their own

We are told, in the legend, that from that hour the widow and her good and pious child never knew want again. It may be, that Alice's employer was pleased with her diligence and punctuality; or the stern landlord shamed out of his prejudices by the unlooked-for appearance of the glowing and happy face of his youthful tenant, three days before the appointed time, with the money ready, and many grateful thanks besides, for what she termed his kindness in waiting so long for it; or there was a charm in that web, woven by holy hands, which brought Alice many more such tasks, with better payment, and longer time to complete them in. The only thing that makes us sad in this simple and beautiful legend is, that the age of such-like miracles should have passed away.

And yet, fear not, ye poor and suffering children of toil!—only be gentle and pure-hearted as that young girl—trust as she trusted—pray as she prayed, and be sure that Heaven, in its own good time, will deliver you!

FIRST AND LAST.

BY H. BONAR, D. D.

TIS first the true, and then the beautiful;
Not first the beautiful and then the true:
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

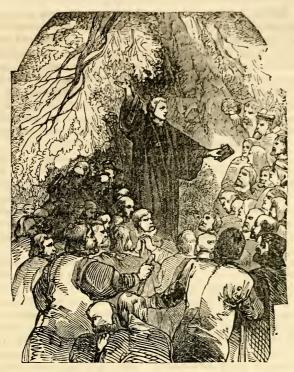
Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful; But first the sorrowful, and then the glad: Tears for a day, for earth of tears is full; Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark; But first the dark, and after that the bright: First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc; First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

"Fis first the night—stern night of storm and war, Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies; Then the fair sparkle of the Morning Star, That bids the saint awake, and day arise.

Reproach.—It was said by Cato, "We cannot control the tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise calumnies;" and by Plato, "When men speakill of thee, live so that nobody may believe them."

GODLIKENESS.—What we have in us of the image of God, is the love of truth and justice.



THE MONTH OF LUTHER'S BIRTH.

NOVEMBER 10.—The anniversary of the birth of Luther, the illustrious founder of the Reformation. Martin Luther was born in 1483, at Eisleben, in Upper Saxony, to which town his mother had come to attend the fair from the village of Mera, where she resided. His ancestry for some generations, as he himself tells us, had been farmers; but his father left this occupation for that of a miner. His name was John, and that of his wife Margaret Lindemann.

Luther, whilst pursuing his studies at the village school, was in the habit of going from door to door, in the village of Eisenach, somewhat after the manner of an almsseeker, rewarding the generosity of his donors with songs and recitations, a custom much in vogue in that age.

At the age of eighteen, he entered the University of Erfurt; and four years after, having taken his degree of Master of Arts, he proceeded to study the law, when the VOL. II. NO. 11.

fate of a companion, who was struck dead at his side by a flash of lightning, so impressed him, that he resolved to dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of religion. To favor this resolution, he entered a monastery of Augustinian friars, at Erfurt. We next find him, as one of the Professors of the new university at Wittenberg, by the Elector of Saxony. A visit, which he had paid to Rome, in the year 1510, brought under his observation many of the abuses of the Church, and somewhat abated his zeal in favor of the existing order of ecclesiastical affairs It seems to have been in the year 1516 that he first began to preach in public; and his addresses already manifested a disposition to assail several of the prevailing errors of the time.

Being engaged to defend the claims of the Augustines, against their rivals, the Dominicans, who were dispensing the indulgences to fill the treasury of the Roman Pontiff, the honest and daring spirit of Luther soon carried him far beyond the bounds within which it had been intended he should confine himself; and on the 31st of October, 1517, he affixed on the gate of the University of Wittenberg, ninety-five propositions, which directly attacked the whole doctrine of indulgences. This may be considered the commencing movement of the Reformation; from that day the insurrection against the existing order of things continued to grow and to diffuse itself, till it revolutionized the half of Christendom.

The mighty engine, which Luther mainly trusted for the accomplishment of his designs, was the circulation of the Scriptures; and hence we find him busily engaged in the translation of its several parts; the publication of the seven penitential Psalms into German, was his first effort, in the work of unsealing the Scriptures to the whole body of the people.

Having now aroused the active opposition of the friends of the Church of Rome, it was deemed prudent that Luther should, for a season at least, be secluded from the public, and accordingly we find him a tenant of the castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach. Here he remained for nearly ten months, during which time his chief employment was the translation of the New Testament into his mother tongue; which translation was published in the year 1522, giving a greater impulse to the Reformation than anything else could have done, firmly establishing a new era in the history of the German language. In 1524 he published the Pentateuch in German, and in 1525 his translation of the Psalms. This year, also, he married Catharine de Bora, a lady of noble family; he was blessed with a family of six children by his wife, the descendants of some of whom survived in Germany till the latter part of last century. It was in 1529, at a diet of the empire held at Spire, that the adherents to the Reformation delivered that protest from which they became first known by the name of Protestants, now the common designation of all the sects of Christians dissenting from the Church of Rome.

The remainder of the great Reformer's life was spent in maintaining and extending,

by his preaching and his writings, that formidable resistance against the pretensions of the Church of Rome; and before his death he saw his principles embraced by kingdoms, and provinces, and by vast numbers of the inhabitants of France and England.

The death of Luther took place at Eisleben, his native town, on the 18th of February, 1546, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was, beyond all dispute, the master-

spirit of the Reformation.

One writer commends him for his towering genius, and wonderful combination of intellectual and moral qualities; another says "Luther is all in all, and a miracle among men; whatever he utters, whatever he writes, penetrates into the minds of men, and in some wonderful manner, leaves as it were, stings in their hearts." Bossuet says that "there was a force in his genius, a vehemence in his discourses, which made his disciples tremble in his presence, so that they dared not to contradict him, either in great matters or in small, and that he possessed a lively and impetuous eloquence, by which the people were drawn along and charmed, and an extraordinary boldness, when he found himself supported by the populace." With this hasty and imperfect sketch of the Reformer, we close this article, with the hope, at some future time, of bringing before you, dear reader, some of the minutiæ, for the dissemination of which he not only lived but also died.

NATURE—REVELATION.—The books of nature and revelation were written by the same unerring hand. The former is more full and explicit in relation to the physical, the latter in relation to the moral laws of our nature; still, however, where both touch on the same subject, they will ever be found, when rightly interpreted, to be in harmony.

IMMORAL BUSINESS.—Satan is a broker, not a wheat, or cotton, or money broker, but a soul broker; some can be procured to labor in his service for a hundred, some for a thousand, and some for ten thousand dollars a year.

A SABBATH IN MANCHESTER.

BY HUGH MILLER.

T SPENT in Manchester my first English Sabbath; and as I had crossed the border, not to see countrymen, nor to hear such sermons as I might hear every Sunday at home, I went direct to the Collegiate This building, a fine specimen Church. of the florid Gothie, dates somewhere about the time when the Council of Coustance was deposing Pope John for his enormous crimes, and burning John Huss and Jerome of Prague, for their wholesome opinious; and when, though Popery had become miserably worn out as a code of belief, the revived religion of the New Testament could find no rest for the sole of its foot, amid a wide weltering flood of practical infidelity and epicurism in the church, and gross superstition and ignorance among the laity. And the architecture and numerous sculptures of the pile bear meet testimony to the character of the time. They appear, themselves, the production of an age in which the priest, engaged in his round of rite and ceremony, could intimate knowingly to a brother priest, without overmuch exciting lay suspicion, that he knew his profession to be but a joke. Some of the old Cartularies curiously indicate this state of matters. "The Cartulary of Moray contains the Constitutiones Lyncolnienses, inserted as proper rules for the priests of that northern province, from which we learn that they were to enter the place of worship, not with insolent looks, but decently and in order; and were to be guilty of no laughing, or of attempting the perpetration of any base jokes, and at the same time to conduct their whisperings in an under tone. A full stomach, however, is not the best provocative to lively attention; and it is therefore far from wonderful that the fathers dozed. Ingenuity provided a remedy even for this; and the curious visitor will find, in the niches of ruined walls of the ecclesiastical edifices of other days, oscillating seats which turn upon a pivot, and require the utmost care of the sitter to keep steady. The poor monk who would dare to indulge in one short nap, would, by this most cruel

contrivance, be thrown forward upon the stone floor of the edifice, to the great danger of his neck, and be covered at the same time with the 'base laughter and joking of his brethren.'"

Externally, the Collegiate Church is sorely wasted and much blackened; and, save at some little distance, its light and elegant proportions fail to tell. The sooty atmosphere of the place has imparted to it its own dingy hue, while the soft New Red Sandstone of which it is built, has resigned all the nicer tracery intrusted to its keeping to the slow wear of the four centuries which have elapsed since the erection of the edifice. But in the interior all is fresh and sharp as when the Field of Bosworth was stricken. What first impresses, as unusual, is the blaze of light which fills the place. For the expected dim solemnity of an old ecclesiastical edifice, one finds the full glare of a modern assembly room. The air of the place is gay, not solemn, nor are the subjects of its numerous sculptures of a kind suited to deepen the impression. Not a few of the carvings which decorate every patch of wall are of the most ludicrous character. Rows of grotesque heads look down into the nave from the spandrels; some twist their features to the one side of the face, some to the other; some wink hard, as if exceedingly in joke; some troll out their tongue; some give expression to a lugubrious mirth, others to a ludicrous sorrow. In the choir—of course a still holier part of the edifice than the nave-the sculptor seems to have let his imagination altogether run riot. In one compartment there sits, with a birch over his shoulder, an old fox, stern of aspect as Goldsmith's schoolmaster. engaged in teaching two cubs to read. In another, a respectable-looking boar, elevated on his hind legs, is playing on the bag-pipe, while his hopeful family, four young pigs, are dancing to his music behind their trough. In yet another, there is a hare, contemplating, with evident satisfaction, a boiling pot, which contains a dog in a fair way of becoming tender. But in yet another, the priestly designer seems to have lost sight of prudence and decorum altogether: the chief figure in the piece is a monkey

administering extreme unction to a dying man, while a party of other monkeys are plundering the poor sufferer of his effects, and gobbling up his provisions. A Scotch Highlander's faith in the fairies is much less a reality now than it has been; but few Scotch Highlanders would venture to take such liberties with their neighbors, the "good people," as the old ecclesiastics of Manchester took with the services of their religion.

It is rather difficult for a stranger, in such a place, to follow with strict attention the lesson of the day. To the sermon, however, I found it comparatively easy to listen. The Sabbath was the twice-famous St. Bartholomew's Day, associated in the history of Protestantism with the barbarous massacre of the French Huguenots, and in the history of Puritanism with the ejection of the English non-conforming ministers after the Restoration; and the sermon was a labored defence of saints' days in general, and of the claims of St. Bartholomew's days in particular. There was not a very great deal known of St. Bartholomew, said the clergyman, but this much at least we all know, he was a good man-an exceedingly good man; it would be well for us to be all like him. As for saints' days, there could be no doubt about them; they were very admirable things; they had large standing in tradition, and large standing, too, in the Church of England-a fact which no one acquainted with "our excellent Prayer Book" could in the least question; nay, it would seem as if they had even some standing in Scripture itself. Did not St. Paul remind Timothy of the faith that had dwelt in Lois and Ennice, his grandmother and mother? and had we not, therefore, a good scriptural argument for keeping saints' days, seeing that Timothy must have respected the saint, his grandmother? I looked round me to see how the congregation was taking all this, but the congregation bore the tranquil air of people quite used to such sermons. There were a good many elderly gentlemen who had dropped asleep, and a good many more who seemed speculating in cotton, but the general aspect was one of heavy, inattentive decency: there was, in

short, no class of countenances within the building that bore the appropriate expression, save the stone countenances on the wall.

The sermon and the ludicrous carvings, linked as closely together by a trick of the associative faculty as Cruikshauk's designs in Oliver Twist, with the letter press of Dickens, continued to haunt me throughout the evening.

CONTRARY WINDS.

"The Wind was Contrary."

CTORMS may often rise against us, even when acting in direct obedience to the will of Christ. The disciples had not set sail without his express command. Yet the tempest assailed them. He knew that the wind would arise. He himself permitted it to blow. Nevertheless, he told the disciples to go over to the other side. We should learn never to interpret duty by success. The opposition which assails us in the course of obedience is no evidence that we are mistaken. He who gives laws to his servants is the controller of all events. It may be his will that in the very act of obedience, we should encounter storms. He foreknew every trial we should meet with, when he laid down the route we should pursue. We must not dare to turn back. The disciples, when the wind became contrary, might have wished to return to shore, especially as Jesus was there. But they had been commanded to go to the other side; and so they continued rowing, even though they made little or no progress. They were not responsible for the contrary wind which stopped them, but they were responsible for striving to obey the will of their Master. Even so, no difficulty must daunt us in the way of obedience. Let the prow of our vessel be ever turned towards the point of duty, however terrible the gale, however mighty the waves which beat against it. Though they may seem to force us back, yet, if we persevere in obediently struggling against them, we are really making rapid progress. Christ secures deliverance and success to every faithful disciple. Better,

infinitely better, to suffer the loss of all things in obeying Jesus, than to purchase the universe by retreating from the storm. Better to perish in the tempest, than to seek safety in a disobedient flight. "For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it."

But while the disciples are battling with the winds and waves, where is Jesus? In the mountain alone with his Father, spending the night in prayer. Are his afflicted followers forgotten? When were they ever absent from his considerate thoughts, his loving heart? Doubtless he is interceding for them. He intercedes for thee, afflicted, tempest-tossed soul. Most consoling truth. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." By night and by day, in the tempest and the calm, his all-prevalent prayer arises, "Father, keep them from evil." Thou art never forgotten by him. The hands of Moses grew weary as he was praying for the Israelites; and when they drooped, Amalek prevailed. But a mightier than Moses is here, who never is weary, and whom the Father heareth always. He bears thy name upon his heart; thou art graven on the palms of his hands; in every storm he is on the mount, and his intercession renders thy deliverance certain. Think not, that because the wind is boisterous and the storm continues long, he intercedes in vain. Thy not sinking proves that his advocacy prevails. Expect a calm, and thou mayest be disappointed. But charge not his mediation with inefficacy. Expect supporting grace and final deliverance, and thy hope shall never make thee ashamed. He prays not that our day may never be stormy; but in answer to his intercession, we may always be confident that "as our day, so shall our strength be."-Newman Hall.

Holiness.—Each virtue may be a kingdom of heaven; and the whole together is the kingdom of the heavens, so that he who lives according to these virtues is already in the kingdom of the heavens: for Christ, who is all virtue, declares that the kingdom of heaven is not here or there, but is within us.

MIRAGE IN THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

(See Frontispiece.)

A MONG the many extraordinary appearances occasionally exhibited by unusual occurrences in nature, few have been witnessed with more astonishment than the phenomenon designated by the French "Mirage." This is an appearance often presented to the traveller in places where there is a large extent of arid country acted upon in a powerful manner by an almost vertical sun, in which the earth puts on the appearance of an extended lake or river, although no water is in reality to be found near the spot.

It is in Egypt that this phenomenon is most frequently observed. The uniformity of the extensive sandy plains of Lower Egypt is interrupted only by small eminences, on which the villages are situated in order to escape the inundations of the Nile. In the morning and the evening objects appear in their natural form and position; but when the surface of the sandy ground is heated by the sun, the land seems terminated at a certain distance by a general inundation. The villages which are beyond it appear like so many islands situated in the middle of a great lake, and under each village an inverted image of it is occasionally seen. As the observer approaches the limits of the apparent inundation, the imaginary lake which seemed to encircle the village withdraws itself, and the same illusion is reprodued by another village more remote.

It is not, however, only in the African deserts that this appearance has been witnessed: many other parts of the world, where there are large tracts of flat land, often exhibit the same phenomenon.

Baron Humboldt describes several instances witnessed by him during his travels in South America, especially in the barren steppes of the Caraccas, and on the sandy plains bordering the Orinoco. Little hills and chains of hills appeared suspended in the air, when seen from the steppes at three or four leagues distance; palm trees standing single in the Llanos appeared to be cut

off at the bottom, as if a stratum of air separated them from the ground; and, as in the African desert, plains destitute of vegetation appeared to be rivers or lakes.

The view in the frontispiece represents a case of mirage witnessed in the plains of Mexico, from which the engraving has been token

However supernatural these phenomena appear, they have been satisfactorily accounted for by natural causes. It is only, however, within the last fifty years that an explanation was attempted.

Monge, the French philosopher, and Mr. Huddart in England, were among the first to explain the principle of the mirage, and they both referred it to an unusual refraction of the atmosphere caused by different densities of the strata of air consequent on the heat of the ground. The lower portion of the atmosphere being warmed by receiving heat from the earth, it becomes less dense than the strata of air above; but as this must receive a certain portion of heat from the lower strata, the air will be gradually denser as the distance from the earth is increased; so that an aerial prism will be formed, through which, as in a common glass prism, distant objects will be seen reversed.

M. Biot adopted the same idea, and explained the circumstances on which he founded his opinion at great length in a memoir presented to the French Institute; and Dr. Wollaston proved the truth of the theory by a very ingenious experiment, by which the appearances presented by the mirage were accurately imitated. He procured a square glass bottle, a third of which he filled with clear syrup; to this he added some distilled water, and filled up the remaining third of the vessel with rectified spirits of wine. The different specific gravities of these fluids did not permit them to mix with each other, except in a slight degree at the points of contact. This produced slightly different densities in those portions of the contents of the vessel, being in fact similar to glass prisms, and on looking through the mixture at an object placed at a slight distance behind, a reversed image of the object became apparent.

Dr. Brewster adopted a better plan to render the same effect apparent. He says, "Although the experimental method of illustrating this phenomenon of unusual refraction, as given by Dr. Wollaston, is in every respect an excellent one, yet the employment of different fluids does not represent the case as it actually exists in nature." The method employed by Dr. Brewster consists in holding a heated iron above a mass of water bounded by parallel plates of glass. As the heat descends through the fluid, it produces a regular variation of density, which gradually increases from the surface to the bottom. If the heated iron be now withdrawn, and a cold body substituted in its place, or the air allowed even to act alone, the superficial strata of water will give out their heat, so as to have an increase of density from the surface to a certain depth below it. Through the medium thus constituted all the phenomena of unusual refraction may be seen in the most beautiful manner, the variations being produced by heat alone.

An appearance similar to the mirage, and produced by similar means, may be observed on looking along the surface of the boiler of a steam-engine; or if we even heat a poker, and look along its edge at an object placed at a little distance, it will be observed inverted in the air at about a quarter of an inch from the poker, the surrounding objects appearing to be floating in water.

Self-Denial.—Since the Son of God hath visited the earth on an errand of mercy, and being rich, became poor for the sake of others, reason, conscience, religion, sanction self-denials, especially among that race he came to save, and on that planet where he submitted to his privations, endured his sufferings and planted his cross.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN FEASTS.—Our feasts are not only chaste, but sober; we indulge not ourselves with banquets, nor make our feasts with wine, but temper our cheerfulness with gravity and seriousness.

FRIENDSHIP.—Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.

WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.

IT must be a source of sincere gratifica-tion to every Christian, and every man of intelligence, that the modern delusion of spirit-rapping is so fast wending its way to that tomb of oblivion, from which it will only be resuscitated by the pen of the historian. At such a time it may not be uninteresting to look for a moment at a picture of a kindred delusion, which is now only amongst the things that were, as given by an olden writer. As a story of witchcraft, without any poetry in it, without anything to amuse the imagination, or interest the fancy, but hard, prosy, accompanied with all that is wretched, pitiful, and withering, perhaps the well-known story of New England witchcraft surpasses anything else upon record.

The prosecutions continued with little intermission, principally at Salem, during the greater part of the year 1692. The accusations were of the most vulgar and contemptible sort-invisible pinchings and blows; fits, with the blasting and mortality of cattle; and wains stuck fast in the ground or losing their wheels. A conspicuous figure in nearly the whole of these stories was what they named the "spectral sight;" in other words, that the profligate accusers first feigned for the most part of the injuries they received, and next saw the figures and action of the persons who inflicted them when they were invisible to every one else. Hence, the miserable prosecutors gained the power of gratifying the wantonness of their malice, by pretending that they suffered by the hand of any one whose name first presented itself, or against whom they bore an ill will. The persons so charged, though unseen by any but the accuser, and who, in their corporal presence, were at a distance of many miles, and were doubtless wholly unconscious of the mischief that was hatching against them, were immediately taken up and cast into prison. And what was more monstrous and incredible, there stood at the bar a prisoner on trial for his life, while the witnesses were permitted to swear that his spectre had haunted them, and afflicted them with all manner of injuries. The poor prosecuted wretch stood astonished at what was alleged against him, was utterly overwhelmed with the charges, and knew not what to answer; all of which were interpreted as so many presumptions of his guilt. Ignorant as they were, they were unhappy and unskilful in their defence; and if they spoke of the devil, as it was natural, it was instantly caught at as a proof how familiar they were with the fiend that had seduced them to their damnation.

The first specimen of this sort of accusation, in the present instance, was given by one Paris, minister of a church at Salem, in the end of the year 1691, who had two daughters, one nine years old, the other eleven, that were afflicted with fits and convulsions. The first person fixed on as the mysterious author of what was seen, was Tituba, a female in the family, and she was harassed by her master into a confession of unlawful practices and spells. The girls then fixed on Sarah Good, a female known to be the victim of a morbid melancholy, and Osborne, a poor man that had for a considerable time been bed-rid, as persons whose spectres had perpetually haunted and tormented them, and Good was twelve months after hanged on this accusation.

A person who was one of the first to fall under the imputation, was one George Burroughs, also a minister at Salem. He had, it seems, buried two wives, both of whom the busy gossips said he had used ill in their lifetime, and consequently it was whispered that he had murdered them. This man was accustomed foolishly to vaunt that he knew what people said of him in his absence; and this was brought as a proof that he dealt with the devil. Two women, who were witnesses against him, interpreted their testimony with exclaiming, that they saw the ghosts of the murdered wives present (who had promised them they would come), though no one else in the court saw them; and this was taken in evidence. Burroughs conducted himself in a very injudicious way on his trial, but when he came to be hanged, made so impressive a speech on the ladder. with protestations of innocence, as melted many of the spectators into tears.

In such a town as Salem, the second in point of importance in the colony, such accusations spread with wonderful rapidity. Many were seized with fits, exhibited frightful contortions of their limbs and features, and became a fearful spectacle to the bystanders. They were asked to assign the cause of all this, and they supposed, or pretended to suppose, some neighbor, already solitary and afflicted, and on that account in ill odor with the townspeople, scowling upon them, threatening and tormenting them. Presently, persons, specially gifted with the "special sight," formed a class by themselves, and were sent about at the public expense, from place to place, that they might see what no one else could see. The prisons were filled with persons accused. The utmost horror was entertained, as of a calamity which, in such a degree, had never visited that part of the world. It happened, most unfortunately, that Baxter's Certainty of the World of Spirits had been published but the year before; a number of copies had been sent out to New England. There seemed a strange coincidence and sympathy between vital Christianity in its most honorable sense, and the fear of the devil, who appeared to be "come down unto them with great wrath." Mr. Increase Mather and Mr. Cotton Mather, his son, two clergymen of highest reputation in their neighborhood, by the solemnity and awe with which they treated the subject, and the earnestness and zeal which they displayed, gave a sanction to the lowest superstition and virulence of the ignorant.

All the forms of justice were brought forward on these occasions. There was no lack of judges and grand juries, and petty juries, and executioners, and still less of prosecutors and witnesses. The first person that was hanged was on the 10th of June; five more on the 19th of July, five on the 19th of August, and eight on the 22d of September. Multitudes confessed that they were witches, for this appeared the only way for the accused to save their lives. Husbands and children fell down on their knees and implored their wives and mothers to own their guilt. Many were tortured by being tied neck and heels together, till they

confessed what was suggested to them. It is remarkable, however, that no one persisted in her confession at the place of execution.

The most interesting story that occurred in this affair was that of Giles Cory and Martha his wife. The woman was tried on the 9th of September, and hanged on the 22d. In the interval, on the 16th, the husband was brought up for trial. He said he was not guilty; but being asked how he would be tried, he refused to go through the customary form, and say, "By God and my country." He observed that of all that had been tried, not one had as yet been pronounced not guilty; and he resolutely refused, in that mode, to undergo a trial. The judge directed, therefore, that, according to the barbarous mode prescribed in the mother country, he should be laid on his back, and pressed to death with weights gradually accumulated on the upper surface of his body, a proceeding which had never yet been resorted to by the English in North America. The man persisted in his resolution, and remained mute till he expired.

The whole of this dreadful tragedy was kept together by a thread. The spectreseers, for a considerable time, prudently restricted their accusations to persons of ill repute, or otherwise of no consequence in the community. By-and-by, however, they lost sight of this caution, and pretended they saw the figures of some person well connected, and of unquestioned honor and reputation, engaged in acts of witchcraft. Immediately the whole fell through in a moment. The leading inhabitants presently saw how unsafe it would be to trust their reputation and their lives to the mercy of these profligate accusers. Of fifty six bills of indictment that were offered to the grand jury, on the 3d of January, 1693, twenty-six only were found true bills, and thirty thrown out. On the twenty-six bills that were found, three persons only were pronounced guilty by the petty jury, and these three received their pardon from the government. The prisons were thrown open; fifty confessed witches, together with two hundred persons imprisoned on suspicion, were set at liberty, and no more accusations were heard of.

The "afflicted," as they were technically termed, recovered their health; the "spectral sight" was universally scouted; and men began to wonder how they could ever have been the victims of so horrible a delusion.

OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

BLESSED be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fireplace therein, with its smooth old jambs of stone -smooth with many knives that had been sharpened there-little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons too-the old andirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad hearth, worn by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and now walk upon floors of tessellated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasped a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies, and dreamed our first dreams-the shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs, till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair—a low, rush-bottomed chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns, and samplers in frames.

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step, mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very providence of the old homestead—she who loved us all, and said she wished there was more of us to love, and took all the children

in the glen for grandchildren beside. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woollen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heir-loom of silken texture.

We can see her to-day, those mild blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than time could touch, or death do more than hide—those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother, and lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel; a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's dishevelled head, when a small voice cries,

"Grandma!" from the old red eradle, and "Grandma!" Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs.

Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red back in a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low; she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tiptoe, and we beg in a breath to be lifted up, one by one, and look in for the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world, and our petitions are all granted, and we are all lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so sweetly did she wreathe the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses budded for company.

How she stood between us and apprehended harm; how the rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was never withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn-over" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us, the offspring of her heart.

What treasures of story fell from those old lips, of good fairies and evil, of the old times when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever—but then she couldn't be handsomer or dearer, not but that she ever was "little." And then when we begged her to sing! "Sing us one of the old songs you used to

sing for mother, grandma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure it wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert-room now-a-days, but then it was the old kitchen, and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times; and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a hand's breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fall, but then how sweet-toned it was; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit there around the fire, all of us, except Jane, who clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her thoughts we saw, when the hall door was opened a moment by the wind; but then we were not afraid, for wasn't it her old smile she wore ?--to sit there around the fire, and weep over the woes of the "Babes in the Wood;" who lay down side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robinredbreast covered them with leaves, and last of all, when the angels took them out of the night into the day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts, whatever memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the Godswept circle of the hearth-stone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother—her mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands, and all is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers and the firelight, and it looks like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and of the voice that sang it, when a lighthaired and light-hearted girl she hung around that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the years to come.

O! the days that are no more! What spell can we weave to bring them back again? What words can we unsay, what deeds undo, to set back, just this once, the ancient clock of time!

So all our little hands were forever clinging to her garments, and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead.

We thought we were men and women, but we were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with her heart as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the opened door, and she felt them as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the doorway, and she says:

"Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other? It must be Jane's"—for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for she —let me see, she is waiting for me, isn't she?" and the old grandmother wandered and wept. "It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought," says some one,

"for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?" Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble

hand:

"Here, my poor child, rest upon grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bedtime of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung—the story told, it was bedtime at last. Good night to thee, grandmother. The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER.

GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

Home Circle.

THE LITTLE THEOLOGUE.

NEATLY-DRESSED, dapper little A boy, looking not more than thirteen years old, with all the manner of a youthful clergyman, came in to see us lately. He is one of our old friends, and one of the best little fellows we ever had to do with, and just now is holding an important position in the Union Theological Seminary, where all students know little Johnny M-, who sells old furniture and nick-nacks, and is general commission merchant for the establishment. We asked him about the times; he seemed to have found them hard as well as other people, but not for the same reason. The trouble with him, he says, is that the students, being ministers, buy at the wholesale shops as cheap as he can, and he cannot make much by peddling to them. Still, he had that term cleared \$60 on furniture, which he thought pretty well.

"But what do you mean to do with it, Johnny?"

"Oh, I am going to pay my education with it, sir."

"Education! where?"

"At the West, sir. I am going to Oberlin, and I am thinking to be a minister!"

He then said he was already studying Latin and Greek. "But, Johnny, how did you come to this? Tell me about your history before you were in the News-boys'

Lodging-House."

"Well, I will, sir. You see, father he was an architect, and we lived up in --- street, my stepmother and brother and sister and me, and we didn't get on very well. So at last father he sent me out one day to beg; it was a cold snowy Saturday I remember, and I hadn't any shoes; with my little brother We only got four cents in the morning, and with that we went over the ferry to Jersey City, and there we got half a dollar, and then as we were coming back a gentleman on the boat saw me with bare feet and he gave me a two dollar and a half gold piece, so I brought home the gold and father was very glad, and sent me right out for a pint of rum, and that night they were both as drunk as they could be, and I knew they wouldn't let me have money for our breakfast, so I had kept the fifty cents and we children bought our own breakfast, and

then cooked it while they were asleep. And when father woke up he was very angry because we had cooked the breakfast, and he wanted to know where we got the money, and then he beat me. After that they used to send me out often for begging and picking up wood, and father would say, 'You can take it wherever you can find it,' and so I began stealing."

"How much could you earn, Johnny, at

begging?"

"Oh, sometimes two dollars a day, sir, so that I supported all the family, and after a while father didn't work at all, but just drank all we earned. I would sell little books, too, and go out barefooted, and I could always get enough. But finally, one day I said something about it to my stepmother, how she lived on what we made, and how they drank it up, and she told father, and he first caught me by the throat and nearly choked me, and threw me into the corner, and there he beat and kicked my head; and I thought he would kill me, and I hoped he would.

"I asked him to kill me, for I said I would rather be killed than live so, begging and stealing, and being scolded and beaten so. Well, the very next morning they sent me out again with my little brother; and I thought to myself I would not come back again. Brother and I, we made that day about two dollars, and at night we got into a Dutchman's rag-cart, and he covered us up with some old stuff. Then we sent home some of the money by my sister to father, but we did not go back. We used to make considerable some days; and at last we slept in the Fulton ferryboat, down where the firemen are. They used to give us a place to sleep, and a cup of tea sometimes. Finally, some one told us of the News-boys' Lodging-House, and said if we were orphans we could get a bed there for sixpence. So me and brother went there, and I said to Mr. Tracy that I hadn't any father or mother, and he took me in. But in a day or two I felt so bad at telling a lie, that I confessed to Mr. Tracy all about it. By-andby, my Sabbath-school teacher heard about how I was living, and offered me a place to board in the Seminary for \$1 a week, and said there was a chance to support myself and get an education. And there is where I am now. My brother, you know, got a place in the country from the Society; and I want a place for my sister. My father died some time ago; and Mr. Coffin and I were there the night he died.

"And now I'm thinking if I can get out West to Oberlin I can study, and do jobs

enough to pay my board."

This was the story of the little fellow; and we wonder whether there are many more manly ones in any class. C. L. B.

THE CHILD AT PLAY.

LITTLE boy was running about in an apartment, amusing himself as children are accustomed to do. His money was potsherds, his house bits of wood, his horse a stick, and his child a doll. In the same apartment sat his father, at a table, occupied with important matters of business, which he noted and arranged for the future benefit of his young companion. The child frequently ran to him, asked many foolish questions, and begged one thing after another, as necessary for his diversion. The father answered briefly, did not intermit his work, but all the time kept a watchful eye over the child, to save him from any serious fall or injury. Gotthold was a spectator of the scene, and thought with himself: How beautiful an adumbration of the fatherly care of God! We, too, who are old children, course about in the world, and often play at games which are much more foolish than those of our little ones; we collect and scatter, build and demolish, plant and pluck up, ride and drive, eat and drink, sing and play, and fancy that we are performing great exploits, well worthy of God's special attention. Meanwhile, however, the Omniscient is sitting by, and writing our days in His book. He orders and executes all that is to befall us, overruling it for our best interests in time and eternity; and yet His eye never ceases to watch over us, and the childish sports in which we are engaged, that we may meet with no deadly mischief. My God! such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high, and I cannot attain unto it, but I

shall thank and praise Thee for it. O my Father! withhold not from me Thy care and inspection, and above all, at those times when, perhaps, like this little one, I am playing the fool.—Gotthold's Emblems.

THE TWO MIRRORS.

YOUNG lady, otherwise well-behaved and esteemed, made an idol of the beauty which she had received from nature, and often labored by ornaments to improve it. For this purpose she had two mirrors in her chamber, placed opposite to each other, so that when she stood between them she could see her figure behind as well as before; the one at her back reflecting the image into the one in front, and there presenting it to her view. Gotthold saw this, with some surprise at the ingenuity of the device. At the same time he said: Are you aware that beauty when unadorned and left to its own native loveliness, is often more admired than that which paint and ornament have been used to set off. The rose is of itself beautiful and fragrant; sprinkle it with balm and you only injure its innate perfume. Over-anxiety to be beautiful is to be half ugly. Be moderate, therefore, and delight not too greatly in the verdant gourd of your comeliness, lest God prepare a worm to smite it that it wither. I will, however, recommend to you two other mirrors in which you may contemplate yourself with profit. The one is the Past, the other the Future. That will show you how great the mercies you have, all your life-long, received from God, and how small the returns of gratitude you have made Him; this will exhibit the various changes which still await you, viz., pale sickness, sorrowful old age, certain death, and at last the terrors of judgment. Or would you prefer two other mirrors? In that case set up continually before your eyes the Divine Justice, which sees all things, even our most secret thoughts, and will, in due time, bring them to judgment; this will guard you against pride and security. On the other hand, look also at the Divine Mercy which incessantly follows after the sinner, and consumes his transgressions in the flame of love; this will keep you from

despondency and excess of sorrow. Such an employment will be as much more profitable than that in which you are now engaged, as the immortal soul is nobler than the vile body.—Gotthold's Emblems.

THE OPEN SMELLING-BOTTLE.

OTTHOLD had, for some purpose, taken from a cupboard a vial of rosewater, and, after using it, had inconsiderately left it unstopped. Observing it some time after, he found that all the strength and sweetness of the perfume had evaporated. This, thought he with himself, is a striking emblem of a heart fond of the world, and open to the impressions of outward objects. How vain it is to take such a heart to the house of God, and fill it with the precious essence of the roses of Paradise, which are the truths of Scripture, or raise in it a glow of devotion, if we afterwards neglect to close the outlet; that is, to keep the Word in an honest and good heart (Luke viii, 15). How vain to hear much, but to retain little, and practise less! How vain to excite in our heart sacred and holy emotions, unless we are afterwards careful to close the outlet by diligent reflection and prayer, and so preserve it unspotted from the world. Neglect this, and the strength and spirit of devotion evaporates, and leaves only a lifeless froth behind. Lord Jesus, enable me to keep thy word, like a lively cordial, in my heart. Quicken it there by thy spirit and grace. Seal it, also, in my soul, that it may preserve forever its freshness and its power.—Gotthold's Emblems.

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, You have been idle since I saw you last. By no means, replied the sculptor, I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb. Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles. It may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection; and perfection is no trifle.

Editorial Book-Table.

T. STORK, D.D.

Guide to the Oracles. By Alfred Nevin, D. D. Lancaster, Pa. Murray, Young, & Co.

The author has compressed an immense amount of valuable information, in this volume. Everything pertaining to archæological, chronological, historical, geographical, &c., matters has been so arranged and collocated, as to facilitate the student's study of the Bible. To those who have not access to the original sources of information, or to those who have not time to prosecute a thorough research for themselves, this book will prove an invaluable auxiliary in Biblical study. It should be in the hands of all Sabbath-school and Bibleclass Teachers. The Doctor has performed a good work in the compilation of this book; and we trust it will become the actual guide of thousands in their study of the oracles of

SERMONS OF REV. C. H. SPURGEON. THIRD SERIES. New York. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

This is the third volume of Sermons from this phenomenon of the English Pulpit. The popularity of this young preacher is unparalleled in the history of the pulpit. We have expressed our views and impressions of his sermons, in our review of the two preceding volumes. We can cordially commend this volume of sermons to those who desire to increase their books of religious and devotional reading.

ESSAYS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY. By J. DYMOND. Collins & Brother. New York.

A new edition of these well known essays, on good paper and in good type. We need not criticise or recommend this work, for it has been long before the public, and has been rightly appreciated. Throwing aside the utilitarian schemes, on which Paley and his school based their moral systems, he boldly points to the Will of God, as the only foundation on which a secure system of morals can be reared. We recommend the work to the study of all who love these metaphysico-theological works.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. By P. BAYNE, author of Christian Life, Social and Individual. Gould & Lincoln. Boston, 1857.

This is an age of criticism rather than of production. Early in this century Wilson asserted, that no great poem had been given to the world, but since then invention has been

still less prolific. But if production has given way to criticism; criticism has grown to be an art as instructive and pleasing in its labors as the subjects it handles. As an instance of the truth of this, we offer the volume before Whilst valuable as an analysis of the works of genius, these essays are in themselves works of art, that may live as long as the productions they criticise. Original and truthful in thought, catholic in sentiment, and elegant in diction, they must add to the fame Mr. Bayne has already gained by his first work. The principal articles are on Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, The Modern Novel, and De Quincey. The article on De Quincey shows not so mature a mind nor so careful handling as those on Tennyson and Mrs. Browning; perhaps the author was afraid of his man, or it may be that he does not sympathize so heartily with the scholarly and profound essayist, as he does with the poet and the poetess. We can hardly accept all he says of Mrs. Browning, certainly we cannot agree with him in pronouncing her a great poet, for he admits himself that she has not written a single poem that is not marred by many and great extravagances. While we accord her the praise of being the greatest of female poets, we cannot, "in full recollection of Wordsworth's Majesty, of Shelley's Millioncolored Fancy, and of Tennyson's Golden Balm, hold her worthy of being mentioned with any poet of this century." We recommend especially to novel readers his article on the Modern Novel, particularly the closing sentences.

THE KEYSTONE COLLECTION.—A book of Church Music, containing Exercises, Hymntunes, Anthems, Chants, &c. By A. N. Johnson, assisted by E. H. Frost. Published by Murray, Young, & Co. Lancaster, Pa.

The best part of this work is the Physiological system for training and cultivating the voice. The design of such a system is very credita-Any attempt to render the study of music interesting, and especially any attempt to interest the mass in the study and practice of vocal music, is worthy of commendation. This system promises to develop the organs of sound. Whether it will be of practical utility, and whether teachers and scholars will bestow the time necessary for such a course, remains to be seen. Those who fancy new tunes, will find a large collection in this work. Many object, and with reason, to so free an introduction of new tunes in the music of the church. The standard tunes, which have already become familiar, and some of which have been

favorites for centuries, are so numerous and so various, that there is little cause for burdening the congregations with compositions both unknown and unneeded. To those who desire novelty, we recommend the Keystone Collection. The prevailing style of the work seems too much in accordance with a false standard. We should prefer the solid harmony and melody of the old classical masters.

The musical taste in our churches is already bad enough, and every operatic addition tends to make bad worse. The opening pieces will be acceptable to all. Any quantity is needed; the supply is limited. Many of the anthems are particularly suitable for choirs containing solo voices. The chants and sentences, and especially the good old tunes are very valuable.

Church Intelligence.

THE new edifice of the second English Lutheran Church of Germantown, was dedicated on Sunday, October 11th. The building has recently been erected upon the site of the old church, at an expense of \$15,000. The dimensions of the new building are 54 by 87 feet; it is surmounted by a graceful spire 160 feet in height. The lower floor contains the lecture-room, the pastor's study, and a chamber for an infant school, all of which are above ground. The upper floor comprises the audience-room, with an end gallery capable of seating comfortably six hundred people. The entire building is lighted with gas, and tastefully furnished throughout. The membership of the church is about one hundred and forty, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Luther C. Albert. In connection with the church are two Sabbath-schools, numbering one hundred and seventy-five scholars.

THE CONGREGATION of St. James' Church, Rev. J. L. Schock, New York, also entered their new building, which has just been completed, upon the same Sabbath. The edifice is no doubt an ornament to the city, and worthy of the congregation, through whose liberality it has been erected.

OUR MISSIONARIES, about to leave for India, held their farewell meeting in the City of Reading, on the 30th ult. They are now in Boston, from which port they will shortly sail. May their lives be very precious in the sight of Him who ruleth the winds, and holdeth the waves in the hollow of his hand.

ANOTHER WATCHMAN FALLEN.—We have just received intelligence of the sudden death of Rev. William F. Greaver, of Williamsport, Maryland.

Editorial Miscellany.

GIFT BOOK SALES.—We clip the following from an exchange, and willingly give it a place in our columns, in the hopes it may be the means of turning some one from the error of his way, whose eyes may not hitherto have rested upon its lines.

This species of gambling, as we may term it, is fast becoming a wide-spread evil in our communities. It originated in an apparently plausible scheme for distributing pianos, but has now spread its infection into other trades, and rages with the greatest virulence amid the book business. Perhaps no one thing, in our time, has furnished a more specious pretext for leading the unwary astray. Such announcements as these—"Gifts from 25 cents of \$100." "Every purchaser receives a present,"—tell upon the multitude, and fill the

pocket of the unprincipled dealer. It matters not what may be the character of the gift We know of one instance, where a friend bought a book for \$1, and received, as a gift, a single steel pen! such as are purchased by dealers for about ten cents per gross! In another case, one purchaser received a set of studs, professedly gold, but which contained absolutely nothing of the precious metal. We sometimes see certificates of watches obtained here and there. Now, all this seems very generous to the unsuspecting; but, my dear friend, watches can be easily borrowed and returned again as a gift.

It is a source of sincere regret, that these schemes have found encouragement at the hands of some professed Christians. Christian reader, have you been guilty of this? Can

you discountenance card-playing, and yet sanction such a game of chance as this? May you not by this prove a stumbling-block to some weaker disciple? Pause, Christian, and read these lines.

A correspondent lately sent us a few lines against the gift book business, as it is called

Perhaps we ought to add a word:

The sellers of books on this plan, we notice, take care to deny that their sales are of the nature of a lottery. The denial itself betrays a consciousness either that lotteries are morally wrong, or that public sentiment unequivocally condemns them. Were lotteries something to be tolerated, the denial would not have been made.

A lottery, according to Webster, is "a scheme for the distribution of prizes by chance, or the distribution itself. Lotteries," he adds, "are often authorized by law, but many good men deem them immoral in principle, and almost all men concur in the opinion that their effects are pernicious."

The essential thing in a lottery then, is the

distribution of prizes by chance.

The gift book business is described as follows:

"The books are all numbered, and the number to correspond with each book is entered on a ledger, kept for the purpose, with the gift written against the number. Then, when a book is sold, we turn to the ledger and deliver the gift to which the number is entitled."

The "gifts" differ in value, according to the scheme of the dealers here quoted, from 25 cents to \$100. The purchaser does not know what his gift will be; it may be a 25 cent volume, or it may be a \$5 gold pen, or a \$100 gold watch. The distribution, though arranged beforehand, in one respect, is entirely by chance, so far as the purchasers are concerned; it is "distribution of prizes by chance."

The fact that all purchasers get something, does not affect the principle in the least; nor does the consideration that the books sold are worth in market (supposing such to be the fact) what is charged for them. The distribution of prizes by chance is the point, and the only point, to be considered in determining whether it is of the nature of a lottery or not.

We shall not now discuss the lottery principle. It is well known to be extensively demoralizing and ruinous, by discouraging regular industry and sober plans of life, and fostering the spirit of gambling—a spirit so seductive and terribly desolating in all its forms and accompaniments. On this account lotteries have been suppressed in England and some others of the advanced countries of Europe, and in most of the United States.

We have said nothing about the probability of fair-dealing in this book business. We know little of the fact It is obvious, however, that the purchaser, especially when sending his orders by mail, is in the power of the seller in several particulars. Considering the character of the business, the presumption is not in favor of a man's principles who engages in it. We notice, too, that the charges of dishonesty are plainly implied against each other, in the advertisements of these dealers.

The Independent, we are very sorry to notice, advertises for no less than four establishments of this kind in New York. The Evangelist and Observer practise the same thing. Our correspondent tells us that Christian people are often induced to make ventures in these schemes; and it is doubtless in the power of the sellers to extend their business among the members of our churches, by sending their advertisements through such channels, if the religious papers will lend their influence in this way. For ourselves, we should most decidedly decline the responsibility.—Vermont Chronicle.

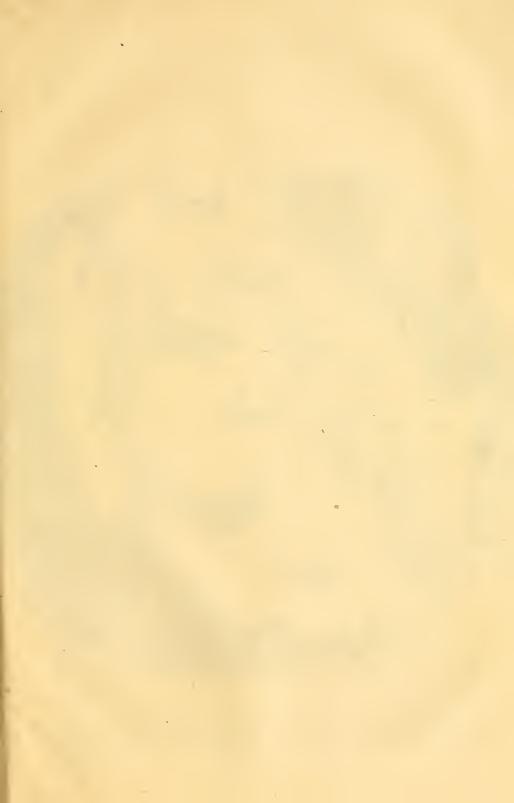
HART, the Kentucky sculptor, has been at work in Manchester, doing some of his wondrous busts; he is now in Liverpool startling all who see his work, by his unsurpassed genius, and has completed models of two ladies (wives of Philadelphians), besides other work now on its way to Florence, to be marvellously marbled. He has just received a commission from New Orleans for a full length statue of Henry Clay, for which he receives three thousand guineas. He intends to give his personal care to it, and starts for his Italian studio this week. The statue of Clay, by this great artist, for the ladies of Virginia, is about completed, and will probably be exhibited in London before shipment to its destination.

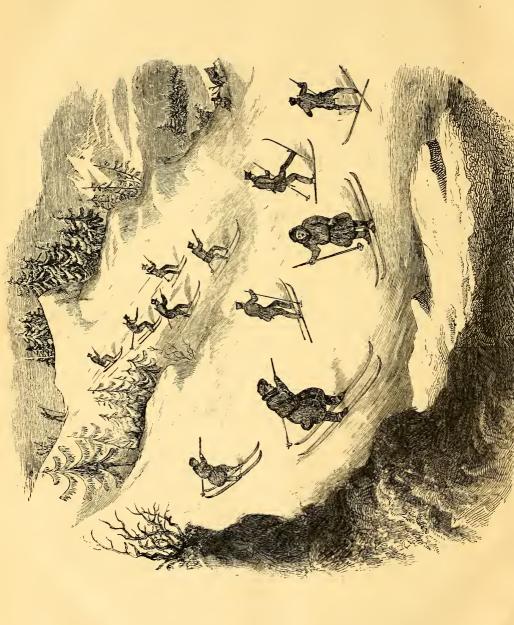
Hart's history is a curious and romantic one, and has never yet been truthfully told.

ANOTHER ASTEROID.—We learn that on the 15th of September, Dr. R. Luther, at Bilk, near Dusseldorf, discovered a new planet, of the eleventh magnitude, the fifth first seen in 1857, and the forty-seventh now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter.

The condition of affairs in British India was still unsettled and uncertain at the latest dates. Delhi had not fallen, but reinforcements were pouring in for the British, and a terrible attack was soon expected. The Punjaub was tranquil, and the organization of Sikh regiments for Delhi, was rapidly progressing. The entire province of Bengal was in a state of alarm, and Calcutta was crowded with fugitives.

THE parent who would train up a child in the way it should go, must go in the way in which he would train up the child.





Antheran Home Journal.

DECEMBER, 1857.

ELECTIONEERING IN OLDEN TIMES.

(From the London Quarterly Review.)

A FTER all, what greater enjoyment can there be in life than to stand a contested election, and to win it by one? Electioneering is not only a political activity, and a social one—it is an art, and it is even a game.

Of the very early electioneering of our ancestors little is known, and little accordingly can be said. The fountain of our Constitution is as inaccessible as the source of the Niger. (It is not, indeed, till comparatively quite modern times that electioneering assumed anything like its modern proportions.) Let us dismiss the ancient times, by saying that all is doubtful about county suffrage before the celebrated 8th of Henry VI (1429), which fixed it to fortyshilling freeholders; and that the borough suffrage was a various, disputed, and uncertain right for centuries after that. best of the county families seem always to have sat for the shires, and the same names may be traced for centuries as county members.

Had there been contests of the eighteenth century stamp in those days, the families could not have lasted so long! Such electioneering wars of the roses would have cleared them out of their districts like the red deer.

What a different world we are in when we go into the parliamentary world of Queen Elizabeth! Readers will remember how her Majesty used to admonish the Commons not to waste their time in long and vain discourses, but to apply themselves at once to business. We are going to recall something still more curious—an electioneering incident of that day. The date is 1571.

"It appears from the Journals of the 10th of May," says the Parliamentary History, "that one Thos. Long, gent., was returned for the borough of Westbury, in the county of Wilts, who, being found to be a very simple man, and not fit to serve in that place, was questioned how he came to be elected. The poor man immediately confessed to the House, that he gave to Anthony Garland, mayor of the said town of Westbury, and one Watts of the same, £4 for his place in Parliament. Upon which an order was made that the said Garland and Watts should repay unto the said Thos. Long the £4 they had of him. Also that a fine of £20 be assessed, for the Queen's use, on the said corporation and inhabitants of Westbury for their scandalous attempt."-Parl. Hist. i, 765.

This, say some writers, is the first case of bribery on record. But the naïveté with which we are told that poor Long was found to be "a very simple man," and questioned accordingly, is delightful. If our simple men were so handled now by the House, there would be not a few who would be puzzled to give any rational account of the motives which had actuated their constituents in sending them there.

In 1639, when the stand was to be made against the Crown, "in many places the elections were managed with much popular heat and tumult."

But the palmy days of electioneering were still to come, when the Stuarts had fallen, when the money interest had grown strong, when the House of Commons had become the leading power of the Coustitution. Then there was no longer any modest solicitation from the mayor, any auxiety to escape from the member! A seat was a prize to be fought for, to be won by fair means or foul. Eleetioneering, from a constitutional form, beeame a grand political struggle; it passed as a distinct feature into English life; was depieted by novelists and painters; was studied as a game of skill, and practised as a species of art. All these consequences flowed from the increased importance of the House of Commons after the Civil War, and all may be found in full play even before the Revolution. Burnet tells us, under 1685, that "complaints came up from all the parts of England, of the injustice and violence used in elections."

In 1695, a severe act was passed against bribery and treating, the progenitor of a breed of similar acts down to our own times. It was, indeed, high time; for Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, who died in 1715, was ealculated to have spent in electioneering the sum of eighty thousand pounds. With brilliant activity, with the expenditure of thousands, and with oceasional duels, he managed to return from twenty to thirty members to the House of Commons. the general election of 1705, alone, he spent twelve thousand; and yet, neither his pluek, his energy, nor his money, would have carried him on so triumphantly, if he had not had a born genius for canvassing. An admirable illustration of his talent in this way is found in the "Memoirs," which appeared shortly after his death, when all such traditions about him were fresh:

"His lordship," says the biographer, "having recommended two candidates to the borough of Wicomb, about twenty years ago, some of the stanch churchmen invited two of their own party to oppose them, and money was spent on both sides. A gentleman, a friend of one of the High Church eandidates, was desired by him to go down to the borough with him when he went to make his interest. This gentleman told me

the story, and that he was a witness of what passed when they eame to Wicomb. They found my Lord Wharton was got there before them," (of course!) "and was going up and down the town with his friends to secure votes on their side. The gentleman with his two eandidates and a very few followers, marched on one side of the street, my Lord Wharton's eaudidates and a great company on the other. The gentleman not being known to my lord or the townsmen, joined in with his lordship's men to make discoveries, and was by when my lord, entering a shoemaker's shop, asked 'where Dick was?' The good woman said 'her husband was gone two or three miles off with some shoes, but his lordship need not fear himshe would keep him tight.' 'I know that,' says my lord, 'but I want to see Dick and drink a glass with him.' The wife was very sorry Dick was out of the way. 'Well," says his lordship, 'how does all thy children? Molly is a brave girl, I warrant, by this time.' 'Yes, I thank ye, my lord,' says the woman: and his lordship continued, 'Is not Jemmy breeched yet?"

At this stage, the gentleman slipped away to inform his friends that opposition to Wharton was hopeless. Nothing could stand against a great peer who had such a knowledge of the ages of Molly and Jemmy.

Canvassing-if a man have a dash of Lord Wharton in him-is a real pleasure. In no way can a man with an eye for charaeter, see so much character in a short time. The varieties of the genus voter are so infinite! There is the common dubious voter, a little shy as you enter, and who fumbles with something on the counter while you are talking. He has not made up his mind. He "pledges himself to no man." He "will see on Monday." eome away doubtful, but feeling that you have a chance. The next voter is the bluff Briton, who "disapproves of your principles," and "tells you so frankly." There is a story of one of this breed in the grand contest for Westminster, in 1784, when Fox fought Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood. Fox ealled to canvass him in the regular way. "Sir," said the voter, "I admire your abilities but not your principles!" "Sir,"

replied Charles James, "I admire your sincerity but not your manners!" These men have a sympathy with a ready stroke of wit which may get you their votes after all; especially if the opposite party should boast of the vote, in which case our friend is as likely as not to change his mind, only to show his independence. The worst kind of eccentrie voter is the fellow who affects a rude familiarity first, and then votes against you after all; and an equally disagreeable specimen is your small politician who draws you into a discussion on politics, that he may show off to his wife and the apprentice, duly intending, all the while, to plump for your opponent. These are the phenomena which make eanvassing so admirable a test of the tact and the temper of candidates. Again, a humorous constituent will sometimes hear you in inscrutable silence, and all of a sudden burst out with the fact that he has been pledged to you for a week. The obdurate, inaccessible voter, belongs to a class by himself, and of him we have a capital anecdote, which has come down from the last century.

Sir Francis Blake Delaval-of the fine old Norman Delavals—the humorist of about a century ago, was one time canvassing Andover. There was a voter there, as far as every appearance went, insensible to all temptation. Money, wine, place, flattery, had no attractions for the stoic. Sir Francis puzzled himself in endeavoring to discover the man's weak point. At last, he found it out. He had never seen a fire-eater, and doubted if there existed a class endowed with that remarkable power. Off went Delaval to London, and returned with Angelo in a postchaise. Angelo exerted all his genius; fire poured from his mouth and nostrils-fire, which melted that iron nature, and sent it cheerfully to poll for Delaval!

From Wharton's time, on through the century, electioneering grew a larger and larger feature in English life; and when party struggles ran close, the wit of England was exhausted in the contests. Families ruined themselves in them. Antagonists fought duels constantly about them. Abuses of all sorts were practised. Nay, what is still more remarkable, a kind of election-

cering morality gradually formed itself, a morality different from that which prevailed in all other matters. "Men," says Southey, writing in 1802, "who at other times regard it as a duty to speak truth, and think their honor implicated in their word, scruple not at asserting the grossest and most impudent falsehoods, if thereby they can obtain a momentary advantage over the hostile party."

The reign of George II saw a new act passed to regulate elections, and repress bribery; and surely that was a fit age for such measures, which produced the wonderful satirical pictures of election proceedings by Hogarth.

Heads were broken, polling-booths were burnt, and the followers of each party fought from street to street, like hostile armies on a field of battle. The contests which at one time were fieree, were at another period facetious. At a Nottingham election the victorious mob ducked their opponents, and killed some of them. At the next election, the other side were in the ascendant, and were content to cut off the coat-tails of all who voted for the obnoxious candidate.

When the freemen who lived in London were going down by sea, the skippers to whose tender mercies they were committed, used to be bribed, and have been known, in consequence thereof, to carry them over to Norway.

To manufacture electors was as important an act as getting rid of them. At Bristol, the daughters of freemen conferred the right of voting upon their husbands. A trick devised at one closely contested election, was for the same woman to marry several men. The ceremony ended, the couple shook hands over a grave in the churchyard, and exclaimed: "Now death us do part." This was considered a divorce. "Away, then," says Southey, who relates the incident, "went the man to vote with his new qualification, and the woman to qualify another husband at another church."

The money spent in electioneering in "the old days," was of course enormous. It was a far dearer game than horse-racing; and to keep a borough was a far more expensive process than to keep a yacht. In one of Chesterfield's letters, he talks of look-

ing out for one as he might have talked of taking an opera-box, and informs his son that they are scarcely to be got now, because they are all bought up by East and West Indians. Here is the passage, in a letter dated Bath, December 19, 1767:

"In one of our conversations here, this time twelvemonth, I desired him (Lord Chatham) to secure you a seat in the new Parliament. He assured me he would, and, I am convinced, very sincerely. . . . Since that, I have heard no more of it, which made me look out for some venal borough; and I spoke to a borough-jobber, and offered five-and-twenty hundred pounds for a secure seat in Parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and said that there was no such thing as a borough to be had now, for the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds, at least, but many at four thousand, and two or three that he knew, at five thousand. This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal."

Here we have the cost in the plainest language, and on the best authority. Men invested in boroughs, and cultivated them for sale. And an expensive process it was.

"The price of votes," wrote Southey, "varies according to the number. In some places it is as low as forty shillings, in others, at Ilchester, for instance, it is thirty pounds!" "Thirty pounds," said the apothecary of the place, on his examination, "is the price of an Ilchester voter." When he was asked how he came to know the sum so accurately, he replied that he attended the families of the voters professionally, and his bills were paid at election times with the money. A set of such constituents once waited upon the member whom they had chosen, to request that he would vote against the Minister. "What!" he answered, with an oath, "have I not bought you? And do you think I will not sell you?" The larger boroughs were expensive to contest—the smaller ones to maintain.

While such phenomena existed in England, it is easy to suppose that in Ireland things were even more remarkably conducted. When Sir Jonah Barrington canvassed Dublin in 1803, he had some three

months' steady drinking to go through. Here is a pretty little sketch of his:

"I stood a contested election in the year 1790, for the borough of Ballynakill, for which my ancestors had returned two members of Parliament during nearly two hundred years. It was usurped by the Marquis of Drogheda, and I contested it.

"On the day of the election, my eldest brother and myself being candidates, and the business preparing to begin, a cry was heard that the whole colliery was coming down from Donane, about ten miles off. The returning-officer, Mr. French, lost no time; six voters were polled against me; mine were refused generally in mass; the books were repacked and the poll declared; the election ended, and my opponent just retiring from the town, when seven or eight hundred colliers entered it with colors flying, and pipers playing; their faces were all blackened, and a more tremendous assemblage was scarce ever seen. After the usual shouting, &c., the chief captain came up to me: 'Counsellor, dear,' said he, 'we've all come from Donane to help your honor against the villains that oppose you; we're the boys that can tittivate! Barrington forever! Hurra!' Then, coming close to me, and lowering his tone, he added, 'Counsellor, jewel! which of the villains shall we settle first?"

County contests in past times of course excelled civic ones in magnitude of operations, and magnificence of extravagance. There was something grand, feudal, and picturesque in a fight for a great countysomething that warmed the blood of the Howards, as we have seen in the case of the old Duke of Norfolk. It is pretty and inspiriting now even to see the bearer of an old landed name, start for the county town on nomination day, with his four grays in perfect order. But it was a finer sight when your young candidate rode in at the head of his hundreds of mounted freeholders, under banners that had been raised against the Douglasses, and the bearings of which had been familiar symbols to Froissart and Chancer. Nor was the inspiration of these contests a mere struggle for profitable power. Men fought them out of a feeling of local

pride and honor, which was shared in by a thousand families in the district around.

The worst and deadliest of these were when the power of a county was pretty well divided between two houses. This was often the case; and a hundred thousand pounds might not impossibly be the sum spent. A result of such battles often was, that the rival grandees made up their minds to divide the honor between them. Out of this partition, grew a strong feeling in favor of an "independent" interest; and the next development was a fight between the independent interest and the lords. Such is the history of many a county.

We may fancy the spirit with which such contests were conducted, when we remember that when Lord Melville was once boasting of the Scotch seats he could carry, a certain Southern peer bet him that he could carry three against him any time he chose; and the fight was fought accordingly. It is unquestionable that in some cases in Scotland, a single vote fetched as much as a little estate. Everything was conducted in proportion to the lavishness which marked these fights. The winner gave a grand ball invariably to celebrate his success. We remember a characteristic story of an old Scotch laird at one of those entertainments -a story which would have pleased Sir Walter. The laird, one of those quaint old humorists, now disappearing fast, had attired himself in splendor for the occasion. The grandee, who was going round, of course, showing civilities, said, "I didna ken ye, B-, ye're so braw." "Na," said the old squire; "and, I dare say, ye'll no ken me for another seven year!"

We have mentioned Wilberforce's election for Hull; and his career supplies us with another illustration of our subject. In 1807, he fought and won perhaps the costliest contest ever fought in England, when he carried Yorkshire against the Fitzwilliam and Harewood interests, supported by the independent party and the Dissenters. Not a vehicle of any sort was to be hired in the county, long before the fifteen days' polling was over Voters came up the river in heavily laden boats, others in wagons and on donkeys, while hundreds trudged on

foot, from all parts of the county. This victory (like triumphs of a very different moral bearing, as that of Wilkes in Middlesex, and O'Connell in the County of Clare), shows that neither rank, nor influence, nor money, can stand against the popular enthusiasm, when once it is fairly roused. Lord Harewood, on this occasion, was "ready to spend his whole Barbadoes property." His son's expenses, and those of the Whig candidate, Lord Milton, were, for bringing up voters, a hundred thousand pounds apiece, yet, Wilberforce was at the head of the poll the whole time, till it closed, as follows:

Wilberforce, .	•		11,808
Lord Milton, .			11,177
Lascelles, .			10,990

We have seen it stated, that the entire contest cost near half a million of money! Mr. Wilberforce's expenses were far the lightest, though he won the day, but would probably have ruined him, if they had not been enthusiastically raised by public subscription. That battle for Yorkshire was the Austerlitz of electioneering.

The first great difference between an election then and now, was in the immense time it lasted. The polling went on in 1784, from the 1st of April to the 17th of May, during the whole of which time, the excitement raged, to the continuous interruption of ordinary business. The hustings stood, too, all the while, and speeches were made constantly, not on the two occasions only, as is our fashion. Everybody turned out in "full fig;" the gallant Lord Hood, with his orders on his uniform, and Fox and Sir Cecil Wray, the other two candidates, in full dress. Voters came up in immense processions, with drums beating, bands playing music, and colors flying. Flags were hanging from tavern windows, and the roar of revelry was heard through them from morning till night. As you passed along the streets during this political Saturnalia, thunders of cheering in the spring evening informed you that Charles James was still at the head of the poll.

We find the following anecdote in a contemporary account: "Mr. Fox having applied to a saddler in the Haymarket for his vote and interest, the man produced a halter, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. Mr. Fox replied, 'I return you thanks, my friend, but I should be sorry to deprive you of it, as I presume it must be a family piece?'"

This was one incident of the canvass, and shows the freedom of manners then prevailing. But the whole of Fox's canvass was one of the most remarkable ever known. Wharton himself was outdone. The fairest women of the great Whig aristocracy worked for his cause. Every day their carriages, the horses glittering with his colors, drew up on their favorite's side of the hustings, and then sallied forth to conquer. Duchess of Devonshire, the Countesses of Carlisle and Derby, Lady Beauchamp, and Lady Duncannon, were conspicuous, with the fox's brush in their hats, wooing votes from door to door. A polite epigrammatist wrote:

> "Sure Heaven approves of Fox's cause, Tho' slaves at Court abbot him; To vote for Fox, then, who can pause, Since angels canvass for him?"

On this occasion it was, that the lovely Duchess of Devoushire (the second "Fairy Queen," produced by the Spensers), immortalized herself in electioneering annals, by bribing a butcher with a kiss. The sternest reformers may regret the discontinuance of this mode of treating the electors.

Matters continued much the same till we arrive at our own period. The new generation, who read the doings of bygone days, must have been struck with the change which has now come over electioneering. All the picturesqueness is gone, for one thing, or survives only in such little bits of sentiment as decorating the hustings with evergreens, or the local theatre on the candidate's night with laurels-modes of ornamentation performed by very rough-looking fellows, who may be observed lingering about taverns during elections, with a suspiciously watchful eye directed to the "tap." A bonfire may still occasionally be seen, and sometimes a young beginner provides a display of crackers and other fireworks, which the enemy's paper duly announces to have been fired in honor of *their* side. But the processions, the music, the banners, the festivals, are gone by.

We are a quieter, soberer, more businesslike race—full of the virtues of a bourgeoisie—and the Whartons and Delavals now would be abused as tyrants and profligates. There is, on the other hand, less fun, wit, and eloquence, in our contests; and, indeed, men come forward who never could have got a hearing in the old days, and who, if they had "bought in," would, at least, have been compelled to follow their betters.

The change is one of natural social transition, as well as of a political character. Electioneering has lost its wilder features by the same change of manners which has made all life quieter and more decorousthe same change which has abolished drinking, duelling, prize-fighting, cudgel-play, and a score of other national habits. Then the new political life has been an important element in the change likewise. Polling only lasts a single day; votes are more numerous, and not fought for so terribly; while by the recent Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, the employment of a band of music in a procession of voters, or of halfa-dozen yards of blue ribbon, might peril the return. Electioneering, therefore, has become comparatively cheap; and since our legislation has broken in on the old hereditary and prescriptive influences, this is exceedingly wise.

While electioneering has thus lost in picturesqueness, and has worked itself clear of its more extravagant characteristics, an improvement has taken place in its character in other ways.

As a general rule, if there is more dulness, there is also more decorum. We cannot say, indeed, that bribery is abolished, far from it; with "Bribery Committee" bluebooks on our shelves, and some sixty petitions against returns now before the new Parliament. But our corruption (though possibly meaner), is certainly less gross and glaring than once prevailed; and, under the influences of a purified public opinion, and strict legislation, is, we trust, gradually wearing away. These are the influences which must be relied on for its extirpation, an

object earnestly desired by all our higher statesmen.

Having frankly exposed the faults of our ancestors in their electioneering, let us not be unjust to their memories. It is easy to fill pages with the details of their wild follies and extravagances; yet, let us not forget that the personnel of those Parliaments of theirs, so strangely elected, was far superior to the personnel of our Parliaments, so much more respectably chosen. If they had their Old Sarums, they had their Pitts to sit for them. In genius, in knowledge, in patriotism, in statesmanship, we have no superiority over the men who crippled their estates for centuries, that they might not be outshone by the Swigvilles, or bargained for a borough, with a professed jobber, against rival nabobs.

The truth appears to be, that of the excesses which we have delineated, many were rather proofs of the coarseness of the nation's manners, than of the corruption of the nation's heart. The English people expected a periodical treat at the hands of their gentry,—it was an old fendal tradition,—and they got it.

The people, again, would have argued that, as they were willing to be governed by their natural leaders, if these chose to dispute the honor among themselves, the humbler classes had a right to some share of the enjoyment. Again, these excesses neutralized themselves. It was such an understood thing, that every kind of extravagance should characterize an election, that a Parliament elected in a wild way, was practically as good a Parliament as could have been elected in a tame one. Everybody suddenly sobered when the excitement was over, and did not consider himself committed to all the ideas broached during the frenzy. Thus a stranger, who might have fancied that we were on the eve of a revolution, suddenly found the new House, for all useful purposes, as quiet a one as ever. The people looked to a general election as a kind of little revolution, and therefore never attempted a big one. Because once in six or seven years they had a chance of burning the under sheriff's periwig, they never thought of cutting off the sheriff's head. Our safety was in the national character, the antiquity of the institution, and the kindly feeling and respect of class for class, which the old electioneering, with its rude and barbarous liberality, had a decided tendency to keep up.

THE PROCESSION'S ROUTE.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A M.

I heard a passer-by inquire,
Who knew the rank and file were out,
Imbued with soldier's fire.
The columns marshalled in the square,
And thence they southward hie,
And many a flag is glancing there,
Beneath October's sky.

I hope it was correct to muse
Upon that question plain,
For when I caught the pleasing news,
I wove a little strain.
That petty measure is a lay,
Which critics may impugn;
But warble it I must to-day,
While my poor harp's in tune.

Oh! what is the procession's route?
The rank and file of earth,
The family of man are out,
All marchers from their birth,
Moving along a destined road,
Scanned by seraphic eyes;
What is the path by mortal trod,
Beneath these arching skies?

Up childhood's gently rising hill,
With perfume in the air,
The laughing columns join a trill,
Which has no note of care.
Thence on to manhood's granite road,
With music's steadier beat,
And flowers by maiden's hands bestowed,
To make the marching sweet.

Now what is the procession's route?
"Tis moving with the sun,
The bugle-note rings clearly out,
For half the march is done;
Around the rocks, and through the thorns,
And o'er the deep morass,
With many a heart that inly mourns,
I see the legions pass.

The standards droop a little now,
The music seems a knell,
The weary limb, the drooping brow,
A speedy close foretell.
Oh! what is the procession's route?
But woe succeeding bliss?
Till at the grave the march is out,
And there the ranks dismiss.

GOD AND HEATHENISM.

I may not be inappropriate to regard the heathen world as separated from the Christian by an immense granite wall; the Gospel is the wedge by which we seek to break down this partition-wall, the Spirit of God is the hammer that makes effectual the efforts of the missionaries, who are the workmen that seek to overcome the barrier which keeps the heathen in a state of ignorance and spiritual night.

These workmen have been employed for many years, and by almost all the Christian nations of the globe; they are stationed all along the line of massive granite, which up-

rears itself from

"Greenland's icy mountains, To India's coral strand,"

shutting out from the light, alike the aborigines of North and South America, and the almost entire population of Asia and Africa, with their teeming millions. Year after year, these missionaries have worked single-handed, and yet, not unsuccessfully. They have toiled on patiently and prayerfully! Chip after chip has been knocked away; a little light has now and then been let in to these benighted ones, and thus, one after another converted to Christianity.

Although many years have elapsed since the first missionaries proclaimed the nn-searchable riches of Christ, yet the edge of the Gospel is not dulled, nor is the hammer of the Spirit any the less powerful. It is true that the workmen have often failed, many have been called to rest from their labors; but though "the workmen die, the work goes bravely on!" Others have taken their places, and new ones are continually enlisted in the service.

When, however, we consider the magnitude of the work, and the few that are engaged, we would almost be tempted to despair, did not the Almighty at times come to our aid, and with one sweep break down the barriers that shut in the heathen world, opening up whole countries to the evangelizing power of the Gospel. May we not refer to the discovery of America as an instance of this? What good might not have been accomplished had not the rapacity of the whites embroiled them into war with

the natives, who afterwards were enlisted by the French in their sanguinary conflicts with the early settlers, which embittered the poor Indian still more, and gradually led to their extinction?

Yet who will deny that notwithstanding this, the introduction of Christianity into America has been blessed of God, to the accomplishment of his purposes in the extension of his kingdom. In like manner, Japan and China, two of the most populous kingdoms on the globe, have been opened by the hand of God, so that the missionary and the Bible have access to those who so long have sat in darkness. And now, doubtless, God is working in the same mysterious manner with India; and none can tell what ultimate good will be produced by the present sad state of that unhappy country.

It is true that it is accomplished by war and bloodshed, and seems but the effort of English power to retain its grasp on the rich possessions it has so long enjoyed; but the all-wise God makes even "the wrath of man to praise him," and though some, even of the missionaries and their families, have been overtaken in the general slaughter, yet, doubtless, years to come will show how much this intervention of God's power has hastened the work of breaking down the granite barrier that now separates the heathen world of India from the blessings of the Gospel of Christ.

"Can man, by searching, find out God?"
L. L. H.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

REV. DR. PARKER, in his speech before the American Sunday-School Union at Boston, said, "The most efficient way to reach the parents is through the children, and the only proper way to reform society is to begin with the young. You can never accomplish anything by working downwards. It is like attempting to kindle the anthracite coal in your grate at the top. If you want it to burn, you must begin at the bottom, and soon its flames will be curling up through all the mass. So with reforms; commence with children, and you may pile on the fuel, put up the blower of prayer, and soon the whole body will be on fire."

REFLECTIONS ON THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

HEARING, the other day, an account of the wreck of the Central America, written by one who had escaped the dreadful death so many met on that awful night, I was deeply struck with the words: "Several poor fellows went down with rolls of stolen gold round their waists." gold! and stolen at such a time! Poor souls, did they think they would not sink fast enough without such a weight; but they must add to their guilt this additional millstone, to drag them down, down, DOWN, deeper than ocean's deepest depths. What a terrible proof of the base depravity of the unrenewed heart! Surrounded by the wild horrors of the raging storm, the dashing waves gaping wide to swallow them up; even in that hour of doom, they could bow and worship gold, their god. Alas! for those who trust in such a god. They trusted that they should escape and reach the land in safety, there to enjoy their ill-gotten treasure. But no! The very treasure they loved so well, proved the sad means of their destruction. In vain they wrestled with the waves; the glittering, massive gold, dragged them down, never more to rise. Would that we might think their frail bodies alone were lost, but alas no! That heavy gold had awful power. It sunk their poor souls too. Yes, ere they had time to breathe one prayer for mercy, they were gone, and the cruel waves closed over them. their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath." Few there are, who are not ready to mock at such folly. Strongly does the conduct of these few, contrast with that of nearly all those poor unfortunates. Many there were whom the horrors of that night forced to such extremity of agony, that the precious dust they had toiled long and hard to gain, was bitterly spurned from them as a worthless thing; and that fated ship went down with its cabin-floors sanded with gold-dust. Yes, they trampled it under their very feet; it but mocked their agony. Methinks it must have glared like fiends' eyes into their very souls; that worthless stuff, so many

had sold their souls to gain. Ah! we can sympathize with such conduct as this; we do not wonder to see men casting their treasure from them in the dark hour, but we start back aghast to see them drowning themselves with gold; elinging to it, and thus cutting, with their own rash hands, the last rope that held out a slender chance for escape. But is their conduct so singular? Ah, my friend, ere you condemn them, stop one moment and consider whether their conduct is not the reflection of your own! Are you, too, not a voyager on the treacherous ocean? The waves of life may now be calm and placid around you; all may be peace; but have you any assurance that the calm will last? Look around you. Do not storms constantly overtake your companions on life's sea? The waves of adversity are even at this moment dashing high over the hearts of many a fellow-man. But your ship may be strong, you may weather many a sharp blast; perhaps you have already rode safely through more than one hurricane, until you begin to feel safe in your own strength. Comforts, luxuries, are in your home; all is placid enjoyment. Gold has purchased you such blessings; and quietly you bow down and worship at the shrine of Mammon, and you think you are SAFE. Safe I yes you are. Safe as the passengers of the doomed ship, whose deathknell still rings in our ears. Soon your ship shall spring aleak, and all the broken pumps that human help can afford will not shut out the waves of destruction. The leak may be made without even the warning of a storm; stealthily, quietly, the waters may enter, and you must sink! Yes, sink down, down, into the grave. Would you sink no deeper? would you save your precious souls? Oh! clog them not with lust of gold; drag them not down with sin. Oh, spurn from you, while there yet is hope, that ill-gotten wealth,-drop that dollar, yes, even that penny unlawfully obtained; or like a dreadful weight, it will sink your soul to hell. Ah! but did I say unlawfully obtained? No matter, if gained by the hard toil of honest industry,-do you love it? Have you neglected your soul's everlasting salvation for the sake of wealth? Is it your GOD?

Tremble! cry aloud for help, and cast every burden from you, for you are this very moment sinking into the blackness of terrible darkness. Labor earnestly while there is yet time to obtain that inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away!

Make your own the pearl of great price, whose mild radiance shall guide you to the blessed heaven above. Then shall all the storms of life be only "the trial of your faith, which is much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire," and shall be "found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." In whom, "believing, ye" shall "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

A. H.—n. y.

AHAB AND JEHOSHAPHAT.

BY REV. E. GREENWALD.

LL the young readers of the Home A Journal are, no doubt, familiar with the history of the disastrons expedition against Ramoth-Gilead, by the united forces of Ahab, King of Israel, and Jehoshaphat, King of Judah. Ahab was a bad man-a bad descendant from a very bad ancestry. Jehoshaphat was a good man, and a good king; and whilst he strictly practised the duties of religion himself, he used all his power and influence to promote their observance by the subjects of his kingdom. It seems singular that there should have been a strong friendship between men of such opposite principles and characters. On one occasion, when Jehoshaphat visited Ahab, he was invited by Ahab to accompany him in a military excursion against Ramoth. Gilead, which Ahab alleged belonged to them, and not to the King of Syria, by whom it was held in possession. Jehoshaphat declared his willingness to do anything to please Ahab; but before he gave his consent to march his army against Ramoth-Gilead, he begged that Ahab would first consult the will of the Lord, by the mouth of his prophets. Thereupon, Ahab assembled four hundred false prophets, who all joined in predicting a successful issue to the expedition. But Jehoshaphat was still not satisfied, and asked Ahab if there was not yet another prophet of whom they might inquire. Ahab answered that there was: but as he always foretold evil about him, he hated him, and had banished him from his presence. Micaiah was called, and plainly foretold the result of the project upon which the two kings were about to embark. By what means Jehoshaphat was induced to accompany Ahab, after listening to the voice of the prophet Micaiah, whom he had specially called to give him a reliable prediction, we are not informed. At all events, he went, and barely escaped with his life by a precipitate flight, when his army was de-He returned to his kingdom, ashamed of his conduct, and mortified with his disastrous defeat; whilst Ahab, wounded in the battle, died before he could return to his own capital, and was brought back to Samaria, a corpse. Such is the history; let us draw from it some useful lessons.

The association of pious persons with wicked men, is always attended with danger.

The difference between the character of Jehoshaphat and the character of Ahab was so great, that we would suppose there could have been no fellowship between them. Their principles were as opposite as light and darkness; and there was no similarity between their general character and habits. And yet Jehoshaphat, who appears to have possessed an amiable, but too yielding a disposition, impredently became associated with this neighboring king, of most depraved character, and suffered him to become the director of his conduct. "Too great complaisance to evil-doers," and too great a willingness to suffer them to control our course of conduct, have "brought many good people into dangerous fellowships with the unfruitful works of darkness." Many a promising youth has permitted his easy good nature to become a snare to him, by yielding to the solicitations of evil-minded persons, in opposition to the dictates of his own piously enlightened judgment. Christians, and not wicked men, ought to be the directors of the character and conduct of others.

Pious and virtuons young men and women should feel that their superior principles and conduct give them a right to influence their companions, and they should not suffer ungodly and depraved persons to control them. Others should yield to them, not they to others.

We must beware of persisting in an evil way, in opposition to the expressed mind and will of God.

With the knowledge we have of the pious and exemplary character of Jehoshaphat, it seems altogether inexplicable that he should have consented to go to Ramoth-Gilead to battle, after he had become acquainted with the will of God in relation thereto, as expressed by the mouth of the prophet Micaiah. It was the sin of Jehoshaphat, that he persisted in an evil way, contrary to the will of God, and in opposition to the convictions of his own mind, as to what was right and safe in the case. It was dangerous in him, and it is daugerous in any one, to stifle conviction—to disregard the warning of God's ministers—and to act in opposition to the revealed will of the Lord. An carnest and conscientious regard for the will of God, and the firm determination to be governed by it, at all times and in all the concerns of life, will prove the safety of every man, and prevent all the wretchedness which vicious courses invariably bring with

Unity of sentiment is not always an evidence of the truth of the principles entertained.

In this case, Ahab consulted four hundred men, who were called prophets, and who, pretending to speak by Divine inspiration, unanimously advised the expedition to Ramoth-Gilead, with the prediction of a successful issue. Notwithstanding all this, however, their opinions were false, their claim to Divine inspiration was unfounded, and those that followed their teachings suffered loss, and shame, and death. One man was right, while four hundred men were wrong. The truth of God will lead to salvation and honor, even where a multitude disbelieve it, and but a single individual believes and practises it.

Hatred to God's ministers, because they

tell us the truth, evinces an exceedingly deprayed character.

As Ahab loved his sins too well to allow him to think of forsaking them, Micaiah's reproofs annoyed him, and he "became his enemy, because he told him the truth." And thus it is still in this evil world. To tell a man his faults, is the greatest act of friendship which one man can render to another, but there is usually not a more thankless office in the world than this. Instead of loving us as his best friend, and thanking us with tears of gratitude, he will, in most cases, say with Ahab, "I hate him, for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil."

The presence and connection of good men with us, will not save us from the ruin which our sins deserve.

"Every man must give account of himself unto God." The presence of good people about us, and our connection with them as partners in business, or relationship to them by the ties of consanguinity, will not save us from the just desert of our sins. A wicked man will not be saved because the wife of his bosom is a Christian. A profligate and abandoned child will not reach the bliss of heaven because the father and mother of such a child were pious and good people. No! the prayers, and tears, and holy lives of Christian parents and friends, will not secure heaven for us, if we do not repent of sin, and believe in Christ, and become pious Christians ourselves. No one can stand in our place when we die; and no one can answer for us at the bar of God. We may perish miserably in the midst of all the gracious influences that were intended and adapted to save us. It is a terrible truth, but not the less truth because terrible, that "every man must give an account of himself unto God."

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

VICE —The end of a dissolute life is commonly a desperate death.

RIGHT PUBLIC SENTIMENT.—Opinion is the great pillar which upholds the commonwealth.

THE WORLD.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

THE world's a toy for tempest plays,
Whose billows make our bark's ribs ache:
The beach is white with castaways,
And sud wrecks eddy in our wake.

A field of carnage, crimsoned o'er, With the ebbing life of hero men, Who purchase glory with their gore, Or one faint dash of History's pen.

What mixed crowds gaily trip along, Profaning every foot of earth, With grossest step, and senseless song, To mourn a death, or praise a birth!

Oh! keep the giddy world aloof,— Its babbling noises weary me; Its sweetest strains are but the woof, That thread a life of vanity.

Its brightest glories 'scape as soon
As light from glow-worms, ere 'tis noon
The victor triumphs in this breath,
The next the prelude of his death.
His day's exordium is glad,
Its peroration may be sad.

Though arched with rainbows be the eve, The morn a tempest may conceive. Though small the cloud of morning fair, A hurricane may nestle there. We feel ere 'tis oft on its axis whirled, The shade and sunshine of the world.

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."

THE above, if we rightly remember, is the inscription upon a sun-dial in Italy. It inculcates a beautiful lesson, which too many are prone to disregard. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not to forget the blessings God is giving us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful. But still it has its lights as well as its shades, and it is neither wise nor grateful to dwell too much upon the darker portions of the picture. He who looks on the bright side of life, and makes the best of everything, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better and a happier man than those who, as Franklin says, "are always looking at the ugly leg," and find occasion for complaint and censure in almost everything they meet with.

A LIFELIKE PICTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

BY GEORGE W. METLAR, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Written on the spot several years ago.)

THIS morning, at an early hour, I as-L cended Telegraph Hill, that overlooks San Francisco, her harbor, and the surrounding country. From this height, in times past, vessels were announced when about to enter our port. This is now superseded by the construction of a magnetic telegraph, uniting our city with the Golden Gate, which forms a narrow passage, through which all vessels navigating the waters of the Pacific Ocean have to pass, destined to our port. After devoting a few moments to breathing in ascending this toilsome height, an ample reward awaits you. In turning your eves to the north, you will perceive the serpentine course of the entrance from the ocean, hemmed in by a succession of heights on either side, until it sweeps round the base of the acclivity on which you stand, and suddenly unfolds to view San Francisco, with her magnificent harbor. The bay continues onward after passing the city, with a breadth of from ten to fifteen miles, and a length of forty miles. Thus, in point of capacity, it posseses sufficient room for anchorage of the vessels connected with the commerce of the whole world. Directly across the channel may be seen Angel Island, standing forth in bold relief; then turning your eyes eastward over the broad expanse of the bay, and you will behold Monte Diabolo, clothed in her sable mantle, and looking down like the gods of England upon the peasantry of the country. On the opposite shore may be seen the town of Oakland, and at the extreme southern limits of the bay, is situated the town of Alviso. Between each of these towns and our city an intercourse is kept up by steamboats and sailing vessels.

In order to a proper understanding and correct knowledge of this bay, it should be viewed with the naked eye; the pen cannot portray nor language give an adequate conception of its beauty. And now, in looking in a southerly direction, from the very

earth that your feet stand upon, a succession of heights continue onward in a half-moon shape, encircling the city within their limits, covered with dwarf chapparel; within this basin, at the foot of these heights, lies embosomed the City of San Francisco. Thus, you can see the various streets crossing each other at right angles, as that queen of cities, Philadelphia; and when darkness sets in, and the streets and stores are lighted, you cast your eyes upon the city beneath you, and the sight is magnificent when viewed from this position.

We will now descend from this height, and proceed to examine the city in its various characteristics. The whole front of the city is occupied by the shipping, and presents a multitude of vessels with a forest of Old hulks or storeships are here anchored in countless numbers, while large numbers of the fleetest clipper ships, the most magnificent specimens of marine architecture that has been produced in any age of the world, and that have accomplished such a revolution in the commercial interests by their unrivalled passages, as to cause England to surrender her proud motto, by mutual consent and admission, of "Britannia rules the wave," to no less a personage than Uncle Sam, who will never dishonor it. These may at all times be seen, together with many river steamers, both large and small, as the case may be. Then comes the splendid ocean leviathan steamers belonging to the Nicaragua Line, and next the Panama Line of steamers, together with those of the "Independent Line," to which may be added the Los Angeles, San Diego, and Oregon steamers. Thus it may be possible for you to form an adequate conception of what our commercial interests may be, when I add that the commerce of this port has convulsed the whole world.

And now, after this magnificent and indescribable scene, that rivals the far-famed Bay of Naples, we will turn our back upon it, and looking westward, you have the whole city spread out to view. The outlines of each street in their course are seen, as they climb those heights, with dwellings on either side to their summits; on do they continue descending the opposite side, until they enter the valley beneath, where a large number of dwellings are seen. The occupants appear to enjoy peace and tranquillity, being separated from the turmoil and bustle incident to business life on the opposite side.

At least one half the city adjoining the wharves is constructed upon piles, or hulks of vessels sunk in various localities; the streets and thoroughfares are laid with planking, and the continued breaking or giving away of this covering, together with the numerous holes that exist, often claim for their victims the inebriate; and I think the constituted authorities should be awarded a medal for ingenuity in devising the most effectual mode of breaking the legs of valuable horses. This pile-driving is attended with heavy expense—each pile costs \$50, and beneath these buildings the tide ebbs and flows.

A majority of the buildings are frame, and as a general thing but slightly built; at this time, however, they are rapidly giving place to brick and stone, of a substantial character. Not less than five hundred have been constructed within the last year, many of which are highly ornamental. There exists in the business community an energy, enterprise, and activity, that rivals even New York, compared in proportion to population, and that spirit is so universal, that, notwithstanding seven distinct and different conflagrations have laid the city in ashes, within the period of three years, in the face of these heartrending and appalling calamities, Phœnix-like she has again and again risen from her ashes. Thus it may be said, under these unparalleled and successive disasters, have they built and rebuilt their city seven times within the same period. It is a spectacle such as history, neither ancient nor modern, furnishes a parallel; and all I can say to her citizens is, substitute stone and brick, and discard frame buildings altogether-in that is your only security.

For the last five months we have had little or no rain, and during that time, say from one until four o'clock each day, strong winds prevailed, filling the streets with clouds of dust; after that hour it ceases and gives us a clear and cloudless sky, and the most heavenly evenings that the eye of man ever beheld, under the invigorating influence of which you can enjoy the sweetest repose; and when morning dawns upon yon, it finds you refreshed and prepared for the duties of the day. During what is called the rainy or winter season, the prevailing winds are from the south, which cause it to be even warmer than the summer.

The supply of water at present is derived from artesian wells and springs in close proximity to the city. This means of supply will, in a short time, be superseded by the Mountain Lake Water Company, who are now engaged in laying iron pipes for its conveyance to the city, from a lake in the vicinity. They are also engaged in constructing Gas Works, and have them in a forward state.

The annual estimated yield of gold is sixty millions of dollars. We have fifteen banking houses, and the operation of a single one, including all their agencies, is not less than eighty millions of dollars per annum. Lastly, five theatres, and a race-course always in full blast, Sundays not excepted.

And now permit me to add, that the world never before beheld or can furnish such a spectacle as this city presents. Our estimated permanent population is forty thousand, with a floating population of from ten to fifteen thousand. This city is the great centre of attraction and grand depot of arrivals from and departures to almost every portion of the world.

In traversing our streets, at all times and places, you will see droves of Celestials, seldom walking side by side, but following each other like ducks from a pond, apparently regardless where they travel so they follow their leader. Their usual costume is blue nankeen, with a little cap turned up on all sides, and perched on the top of their shaved heads, with that appendage of beauty, the plaited tail, streaming from head to heels. In the general outlines of form and feature, they look alike, and only differ in greater or lesser degrees of homeliness. This is applicable to their females also, yet, they are usually a harmless and inoffensive people.

Then comes your pompons, boasting, and conceited Englishman, who assumes in every

attribute of character to be superior to all creation, and deals in disquisitions and reflections upon the Mexicans for want of courage, wholly forgetting on their own part, Bunker Hill, Yorktown, and Lake Erie.

Then comes the volatile Frenchman, with his excessive politeness. Then follows the broad-shouldered, good natured, honest-countenanced German; and surprising as it may appear, few Irishmen in proportion to other cities.

Now, commence at the foot of Commercial Street, and follow up its course, and if I mistake not, you will be prepared to exclaim, "Farewell, shades of Chatham Street! New York, forever hide thy diminished head!" for here are Jew auctioneers sufficient to supply every city in our country, and still have a surplus on hand.

We have as many negroes as our necessities require. Next you will see the sullen and morose Mexican, with his hangdoglooking countenance, which seems to say, "Give me some secluded corner, veiled by darkness, and a long-bladed knife, and I will find means of living without the degradation of work, which my countrymen detest." Here follows the Canadian, the Russian, Prussian, Chilean, Peruvian, Brazilian, Buenos Ayrean, Guatamalian, Grenadian, Sandwich Islander, Japanese, Greek, Turk, Patagonian, Terra Del Fuegian, together with the remnants of some twenty tribes of Indians. And now last, though not least, at the head, in front, controlling and conducting, with an unconquerable will and perseverance, every kind of enterprise that, by virtue of his calculation, will usher into existence the almighty dollar, may be seen no less a personage than Brother Jonathan.

Dear reader, is not here a mixed mass of humanity that has no parallel on the babitable globe? I can interpret your readiness to exclaim, "What a horrid spectacle! there cannot be any security for either life or property in such a place." Not so, however, for during eight months residence here, I have witnessed fewer outrages and less violations of the public peace, than in any other city, containing the same number of inhabitants, that I ever saw.

On his return to the States, comes the

sturdy MINER, whose abode has been the log hut among the canons, ravines, and deep gulches along the base of the mighty Sierra Nevada; his neighbors have been the unlettered savage and the ferocious grizzly bear; his chief costume a cap or Peruvian hat, with blue or red flannel shirt; his waist encircled with a leather belt, and a Colt's revolver attached thereto; high boots, and pantaloons tucked in them, add to which an enormous pair of whiskers, and his appearance reminds you of the Norwegian Wrecker or Enniskillen Dragoon. Their appearance alone is sufficient to exterminate the Grizzly from the mountains; yet many of them, though called dare-devils at home, have, in coming to this distant land, struggling with deprivations and hardships, become softened in their dispositions, changed in their habits, and make useful eitizens.

In conclusion—the population is increasing; society is rapidly improving; families of the highest respectability are constantly taking up their residence with us, whose presence will exert a happy influence upon our moral progress. Let us practise Temperance, encourage Public Schools, and never forget our duty to our Creator, and San Francisco will become possessed of all the elements that render life dear to man.

BATTLE BETWEEN AN EAGLE AND A SERPENT.

TN the month of August, 1834, I was sailing up the Ohio River, on board the fine steamer Warcousta, Captain Norman, when, as we approached a noted spot on the river, called the "Robber's Cave," my attention was attracted by several loud screams. I looked above, where the sound seemed to originate, and saw an eagle describing circles in the air, in a most beautiful and graceful manner. As it wheeled around in its gyrations with mathematical precision, with outstretched but motionless wings, it ever and anon uttered the peculiar scream which first drew my attention. Whilst I was gazing in admiration at its elegant curves it suddenly changed its motion, and descended with almost inconceivable velocity in a perpendicular line to the earth. It went down, as one of the passengers described it, "like a dart." Before we could express our astonishment, or give any opinion concerning its object, it again rose, and ascended to a great height, with a rapidity almost equal to that of its descent, bearing in its beak a large serpent! As it mounted up, the long body of the snake hung down from the beak of the eagle like the end of a large rope. It was not, however, lifeless. It squirmed in every direction, and made strong efforts for its deliverance. But in vain. The eagle held him with a death grip.

The serpent, resolving to sell its life as dear as possible, endeavored to impede the flying of the bird, and by dint of hard struggling succeeded in getting its body over the back of the eagle.

The feathered pirate now became aware of his danger. His wings were his only means of safety. If these became bound, he must perish with his enemy. All his efforts, however, could not dislodge the snake. The wily serpent, anaconda-like, drew itself more and more tightly round him. It now had the advantage in the contest. The pinions of the eagle were confined. The snake, coiled like a rope around the body of its adversary, was enabled completely to fetter its wings and stop its flight. The struggle ceased. The eagle was conquered! They both began to fall, bound together as they were. They came down as rapidly as they had ascended and fell in the river. So interested were the officers and passengers in the singular contest, that the steamer backed water, a boat put off, and in a few minutes, the two belligerents were laid upon our deck, dead! The snake had wound itself completely around the wings of the noble bird.

Whilst I stood gazing upon the two objects, my mind was forcibly impressed with the analogy between this incident, and the effects of vice. At a distance, sin is peculiarly attractive. Serpent-like, it displays a variety of beautiful colors. It appears extremely fascinating, but when indulged in, its results are fatal. It ensnares, it fetters, it destroys. Not only does it prevent man from soaring toward heaven, but it binds and weakens him, and brings him to the grave.—American Cabinet.

AMUSEMENTS ON THE ICE.

(See Frontispiece.)

IN Holland, Russia, Norway, and some other northern countries, the winters are so severe, that for months together the land seems bound in iron, and the waters appear permanently converted from a rapidly moving fluid into a massive but transparent solid. Boats then become useless, and all canal and river communication is performed by means of sledges and skates. To the sledges, horses, reindeer, &c., are harnessed, and often perform from 100 to 150 miles per day; while, mounted upon skates, the inhabitants, both male and female, often carrying heavy burdens on their heads, glide along the rivers and canals with nearly an equal velocity. In some parts of our own country, the winters, although tolerably cold and comfortless, are not so constant in their intensity, nor of so long duration, as to render the employment of these aids to locomotion necessary as a means of communication from one place to another.

Skating, considered as an amusement, presents us with one of the most healthy, delightful, and graceful exercises which can be indulged in at that season, which affords the means for its enjoyment. In the practice of skating, every part of the body is in a state of activity; the muscles of the right side are now brought into play, now those of the left; the arms and legs are in continual action; and the mind is exercised as well as the body.

In northern countries, where the ground is for a considerable part of the year covered with snow, the inhabitants resort to various contrivances to enable them to travel over a tract of country almost impassable except by the help of some mechanical means. In Russia, Norway, and the adjacent countries, the *sledge*, the form of which is well known, supersedes wheel-carriages, which would sink in the snow, and consequently be unfit for use in a journey, during which the travellers have to proceed over snow several feet in depth. By pedestrians large flat shoes are worn, which, presenting a broad surface to the snow, do not readily sink into it. It is formed of two thin pieces of wood, bent almost into an oval, the space between being filled up by cane-work similar to the seats of chairs. In the centre of this the foot is fixed, and by this contrivance the natives are enabled to travel considerable distances, not with the most perfect facility, but more conveniently than otherwise they would be enabled to do. In Lapland and Norway, however, a different kind of snow-shoe is adopted. This, however, should be more properly called a skate, since they progress rather by a sliding than a walking motion. This instrument, called a skie, is formed of a flat piece of wood, exceedingly narrow, but often more than seven feet in length, the foot being placed on the centre. In Finmark this skie is so universally used, that from it the inhabitants formerly obtained the name of skidfinni or skridfini, and in some old maps the country itself is designated Skridfinia.

"As soon as the snow falls, the Laplander puts on his snow-skates, though it is not till the surface of the snow has acquired a certain degree of hardness that he can proceed with any speed. In northern countries, after the snow has fallen a few days, the frost gives it such a consistence that it is firm enough to support the weight of a man: the surface becomes hard and glazed; and the Laplander can then make his way in any direction he pleases, across the country, which before was impassable. Nothing is capable of stopping him, and he skims with equal ease and rapidity the white expanse of land, lake, and river. His address, however, is most remarkable in the descent of the mountains and precipices of Finmark, which to any eye but his own would appear impassable. From the length of the skie, it might be thought extremely cumbersome; its weight, however, from the lightness of its materials and its narrowness, is not great; the skater moves forward with facility, merely gilding on, without raising it from the ground. In many parts of Lapland, the greatest use of them is in the pursuit of wild reindeer, and the other animals with which the country abounds. When the Laplander sets out in the pursuit, and comes to a mountain, the summit of which he wishes to gain, however steep the ascent may be,

practice enables him to surmount it with comparative case, though the operation is necessarily the slowest, requiring considerable address to prevent the smooth surface of the skate from slipping and precipitating the wearer backwards. To obviate this, the Laplander sometimes covers the skie with reindeer or seal skins, the hair of which being turned backward, hinders it from a retrograde direction. In ascending the sides of mountains, he is of course obliged to proceed in a zigzag direction; and although the ascent should be long and steep, he accomplishes it in a surprisingly short time, considering its difficulty. When, however, he arrives at a part which he intends to deseend, it is very different. Sometimes the lofty ranges are many miles from the summit to the base, consisting of long precipitous declivities, frequently obstructed by large masses of detached rock, and in others presenting a smooth and steeply inclined surface, with many windings. When the Laplander begins the descent, he places himself in a crouching posture, his knees bent, and his body inclined backward to assist him in keeping his position; he holds in one hand a staff, which he presses on the snow, and which serves also to moderate his speed when too great. In this manner he will shoot down the steepest declivities. So great is his dexterity, that if he should meet suddenly with a fragment of rock, or other impediment, he takes a bound of some yards to avoid it; and such is his velocity, when the part is very steep, that it may be compared almost to that of an arrow, a cloud of snow being formed by the impetus of his descent."

With these instruments, the Laplander can accomplish fifty or more English miles in a day with ease. The great facility with which these skates are used by the Laplanders and Norwegians, and the rapidity with which they can traverse a large expanse of snow, almost impassable to the ordinary pedestrian and to animals, have prompted the formation of a military corps, which is provided with skies, and trained to use them in an efficient manner, in harassing or pursuing an enemy. These move with singular agility, and, from the depth of the snow, are safe from every pursuit of cavalry or infantry. On the other hand, they can attack the enemy's columns on march, and harass them incessantly on both sides of the road, without incurring any danger to themselves. Cannon-shot would produce little effect directed against them, dispersed as they are at the distance of two or three hundred paces: and their movements are so rapid, that at the instant you would expect to see them a second time, they have already disappeared, to appear again in a quarter where you are not the least aware of them.

"The Norwegian skielobere have on many occasions been extremely serviceable in former campaigns, in preserving the communication between distant corps, in surprising small detachments of the enemy, and harassing their march, whether advancing or retreating."

The authoress of a work entitled the "Backwoods of Canada," published in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," has given a lively description of a Canadian winter, from which we make the following extract bearing upon the subject. Referring to the effects of the severe weather, she says, "I never enjoyed better health, nor so good, as since it commenced. There is a degree of spirit and vigor infused into one's blood by the purity of the air that is quite exhilarating. The very snow seems whiter and more beautiful than it does in our damp, vapory climate. During a keen, bright, winter's day, you will often perceive the air filled with minute frozen particles, which are quite dry, and slightly prick your face like needle-points, while the sky is blue and bright above you. In the towns and populous parts of the province, the approach of winter is hailed with delight instead of dread; it is to all a season of leisure and enjoyment. Travelling is then expeditiously and pleasantly performed; even our vile bushroads become positively very respectable; and if you should happen to be overturned once or twice during a journey of pleasure, very little danger attends such an event, and very little compassion is bestowed on you for your tumble in the snow; so it is wisest to shake off your light burden and enjoy the fun with a good grace if you can."



CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—St. Luke, 2:13.

WHAT sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir;

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever:
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

Yet stay, before thou dare
To join that festal throng;
Listen and mark what gentle air
First stirred the tide of song;
'Tis not, "the Saviour born in David's home,
To whom for power and health obedient worlds should come:"—

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord;"—
With fixed adoring look,
The choir of angels caught the word,
Nor yet their silence broke:
But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The hope and glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal
child.

In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord, No other thought should be, Once duly welcomed and adored, How should I part with Thee? Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace

The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.

Thee, on the hosom laid
Of a pure Virgin mind,
In quiet ever, and in shade,
Shepherd and sage may find;
They, who have bowed untaught to nature's sway,

And they, who follow truth along her star-paved way.

The pastoral spirits first
Approach Thee, babe divine,
For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,
Meet for Thy lowly shrine:
Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost

dwell,

Angels from heaven will stoop to guide them to Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
For Thee to be revealed,
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
Abiding in the field.

All through the wintry heaven and chill night air, In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

O faint not ye for fear—
What though your wandering sheep,
Reckless of what they see and hear,
Lie lost in wilful sleep?
High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on the eternal home,
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue:
So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

WILL.

A STRONGER hand restrains our wilful powers.
A will must rule above the will of ours;
Not following what our vain desires do woo,
For virtue's sake, but what we only do.

DRAYTON.

SPURGEON ON THE FAST DAY.

WEDNESDAY, October 7th, was set apart as a "day of solemn fast, humiliation, and prayer before Almighty God, in order to obtain pardon of our sins, and to implore the Divine Majesty's blessing and assistance on our arms, for the restoration of tranquillity in India." London presented the same appearance as on a Good Friday; nay, more solemn was the spectacle of public response to the pious proclamation.

Mr. Spurgeon preached to 30,000 hearers at the Crystal Palace. He made some startling points, e. g., "It was not unusual with some classes of religionists to speak of every act which happened in connection with the commission of sin as a direct punishment from God. The upsetting of a boat on the river on a Sunday, was a punishment for Sabbath-breaking; and the fall of a house a visitation on the sins of those who dwelt in it. For his part, he forswore all sympathy with such notions, believing, with the Founder of our religion, that those upon whom the Tower of Siloam fell were not sinners above all others. Still, however, there were such things as national judgments and chastisements, for national offences, and great blows from the rod of God, which every wise man would understand to be on account of some sin committed, and which should awaken in us a feeling of humiliation for our sins. What a rod, for instance, was that which had just fallen upon our country? We had to-day to lament over revolted subjects who were in open arms against the government. That in itself was a heavy blow. Happily the government of this country was so constituted, that we know but little of revolutions except by name. But the horrors of anarchy, and the terrors of a government shaken to its foundations were so great, that should he speak alone upon that point, his hearers ought to 'hear the rod.' But this was but as the letting out of water—the flood succeeded. The men who had revolted were our fellow-subjects, and rightly so. Whatever others of the inhabitants of India might say, the Sepoys had voluntarily given themselves up to our dominion, had taken oaths

of fidelity to her Majesty; they were petted and dandled on the knee of favoritism; they, at least, had nothing to complain of. If India had revolted, we might have thought that she had patriots in her midst, who were seeking to deliver her from despotism and tyranny. What crimes, too, had they committed! His hearers ought to rise from their seats and hiss him if, from the place where he stood, he dared to refer to some of the crimes committed by these rebels in the open streets of their cities. But there was something more than even this-there were rebels to be executed. He looked upon every gallows as a fearful evil, and regarded every gibbet as a dreadful visitation upon our land. But these men must be punished. Heaven and earth alike demanded it. He was no soldier; he loved not war. But this was not war at all, in the proper sense of the term. We were not fighting against an enemy, but revolted subjects, who by murder and crime had incurred the punishment of death; and as the arrest of the murderer by the authority of law was not war, so the arrest of the Sepovs and their utter extermination was not warit was what earth demanded, and what he sincerely believed God sanctioned."

Speaking of the temporizing policy of the Company's representatives, the local government of India, Spurgeon said: "If the Indian Government had endeavored to undo evil-if it had followed the policy of right instead of greed, they ought never to have tolerated the religion of the Hindoos at all. When a religion consisted of bestiality, infanticide, and murder, its devotees had no right to indulge in it, unless they were prepared to be hanged for it. The religion of the Hindoos was the vilest which the imagination could conceive. Had they given even a decent character to their gods. we might have tolerated them. There ought never to have been any toleration for the Agapemone in this country, where sins were committed before which God's sun might have blushed for shame. Any religion which did not touch morality should be tolerated, but when religion led men to sin and immorality-down with it!"

"What are the sins for which, if it be

true, God is now punishing us? There are sins committed at home which ought never to have been allowed. Oh, Britons! weep for those sins which our governors have not had strength of mind to stop. Long have we been allowing the infamous nuisances of Holy Street, of the Haymarket, and Regent Street. I do not know whose fault it iscertainly it is somebody's-that an honest man cannot walk in the public streets without being insulted, or entrapped into sin by those decked in the robes of the harlot. How many, too, of our lords and ladies have sat in the play-house and listened to plays a very long way from decent in their character? These are glaring sins, for I am not raking for private vices. Our class sins, too, are most grievous. The poor are too often oppressed and downtrodden. look upon their fellows only as steppingstones to wealth, and they fill the factories as a man would fill a caldron. 'Pitch him in,' says one, 'he is only a poor clerk, with a pound a week. There, too, is a poor doorkeeper and porter at a few shillings a week. Pitch him in too, and here are hundreds more; pitch them in, stir 'em up, never mind their cries; the law of supply and demand tolerates it, and who shall hinder us?' Verily, cotton lords and great men shall have power to do what they like-ought they not, my brethren? Ah! but there is a God, and that God has said, 'I will execute righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.' There are sins, too, among the poor. I have seen some of them smile when I have spoken of the sins of the rich, but they are many of them eye-servers and men-pleasers. Among the lower ranks-and God forgive the man who invented that word—there are many to be found who do not render faithful service to their masters and employers, and I call upon them 'to hear the rod, and him who hath appointed it.' The whole Christian Church, too, as a body, have been great sinners. The ministers have slumbered at their posts, and are as blind guides and dumb dogs. Even now the Church is only half awake, and Satan has been robbing the world while they slept. Britain has had many 'rods' from God. In a little while our soldiers will carve us out peace and

victory with their swords. Perhaps this very day a great fight is being fought, and a great victory won. Even now, by faith, I can hear the shouts of victorious warriors. The cloud will soon roll away, victory will come—and then—you will have some fireworks."

THE WAN REAPERS.

BY MRS. C. JUDSON.

CAME from a land where a beautiful light
Is slowly creeping o'er hill-top and vale,
Where broad is the field, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are wasted and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil, Still they pause not, that brave little band, Though soon their low pillows must be the strange soil

Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

For dangers uncounted are clustering there, The pestilence stalks uncontrolled; Strange poisons are borne on the soft languid air, And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,

But there's beautiful light in her eye; And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek, None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bowed in his youth's golden prime,

But he cheerily sings at his toil, For he thinks of his sheaves, and the garnering time Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they turn, that brave, wan little band, A long, wistful gaze on the west-

"Do they come, do they come from that dear distant land?

That land of the lovely and blest.

"Do they come? Do they come? Oh! we're feeble and wan,

And we're passing like shadows away; But the harvest is white, and lo! yonder the dawn! For laborers—for laborers we pray?"

INJUSTICE.

So foul a thing, O thou Injustice art,
That torment's the doer and distrest;
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
O how he strives to excuse—to make the best;
To shift the fault, t' unburden his charged heart,
And glad to find the least surmise of rest;
And if he could make his seem other's sin,
O what repose, what case he'd find therein!

DANIELL.



Jome Circle.

LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

WELL, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?".

"Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The book stores, and dry goods stores, and groceries, have plenty of boys already; but I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance. Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so have taken me; but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you."

A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged; and when his mother saw the tear, not a few ran down hers also.

It was a cold, bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for "a place." He had persevered, although constantly refused, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking that his mother must be tired waiting for him.

His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by needlework till a severe spell of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.

She told her little son to sit down by the

fire, while she prepared his supper. The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best filled table with anybody else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy, looking up into his mother's face with more than usual seriousness, said:

"Mother, do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday-school teacher about it on Sabbath?"

"No, my son, not if you have no other opportunity; and I think he would be a very suitable person, too; at least, I should think that he would be interested in getting you a good place."

"Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up, I believe I will ask him."

After reading a portion of God's holy Word, the mother and her little boy kneeled down together in their loneliness, and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God cared for the poor. They knew also that God would do what was best for

them. Oh, it is a sweet thing to the soul to be able to say sincerely, "Thy will be done!"

"I feel happier now," said John. "I was so tired when I came in, that I felt quite cross, I know I did; did I not look so, mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long, affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.

Next morning was the Sabbath. John's breakfast was more scant than ever, but he said not a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside of the door where it was kept; and he knew that both food and fire might all be gone before night. They had had no money to buy any with for several days.

The Sabbath-school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.

"Who is that little pale-faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of Johnny's teacher.

"His name is Jones; he lives in Stone Street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well-behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.

"You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I came just a month ago to-

"Had you ever been to school before that time?"

"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick, I used to go to —— Street School; but that was a great way off; and when mother got better, and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here, as it is so much nearer."

"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water Street?"

"I was down there, sir, looking for a

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large grocery store?"

"Do you mean the store where the great copper worm stood on the sidewalk?"

"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of a store it was, I was afraid."

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir; father is dead," said the little boy, hanging down his head.

"What did your father do, my son? what

was his business?"

"Sir, he once kept a large store like that;" and the child shuddered when he answered.

"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you was coming into the store?"

"Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did, my boy; it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?"

"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning; your teacher will tell you where I live."

Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street, or anything else, as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did. His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.

Surely this story carries its own moral.

GOOD DEEDS.

WRETCHED is he who thinks of doing ill, His evil deeds long to conceal and hide; For though the voice and tongues of men be still, By fowls and beasts his sins shall be descried, And God oft worketh by his secret will,

That sin itself, the sinner so doth guide, That of his own accord, without request, He makes his wicked doings manifest.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.



WHAT CHRISTMAS IS AS WE GROW OLDER.

TIME was, with most of us, when Christmas Day, encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

As we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations, and of the lessons that they bring expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your places underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness!

Welcome everything! Welcome, alike

what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is, sits openhearted! In yonder shadow do we see, obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face! By Christmas day, we do forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure or accuse him.

On this day, we shut out nothing!

"Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!"

"On Christmas day we will shut out from our fireside nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast city where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the presence that is here among us, according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss thy people, who are dear to us!

Yes. We can look upon these childrenangels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were attempting of that child away.

Among the celestial figures there is one, a poor misshapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand

she leads him.

There was a gallant boy who fell, far away, upon a burning sand, beneath a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented, and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words: "Therefore we commit his body to the deep!" and so consigned him to the lonely ocean, and sailed on. Or there was another who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests; and, on earth, awoke no more. O, shall they not, from sand, and sea, and forest, be brought home at such a time!

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent city. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness! O look upon her now! O look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, "Arise forever!"

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out nothing.

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hillside, beyond the shapelessly diffused town, and the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles, around many a mound of earth.

In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the household gods, but be these remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reasurances; and of the history that reunited even upon earth, the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.—C. D.

RICHES.

VESSELS of brass oft handled brightly shine, What difference between the richest mine And basest earth, but use? for both not used Are of little worth; then treasure is abused When misers keep it; being put to loan, In time it will return us two for one.

C. MARLOWE.

As fortitude suffereth not the mind to be dejected with any evils, so temperance suffereth it not to be drawn from honesty by any allurements.

Books and Literature.

LECTURES ON TEMPERANCE. By ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

This has been justly styled "The Book of Books on Temperance." These cleven lectures, by President Nott, possess an unusual interest, both from the vast social reform which they discuss so thoroughly and scholarly, and the high position of the author, as president of Union College for more than fifty years; and his personal renown as a scholar, orator, and Christian philanthropist. Of all the books elicited by the prolonged and arduous discussion of this subject, we venture to say, there is not one to be found characterized by so much learning, research, and eloquence, as this production of the venerable patriarch of temperance and education. In this book, the doctrines of total abstinence are placed upon a scriptural, and therefore an impregnable basis. It is a masterly discussion of the whole subject, and no one volume can be found in the whole range of temperance literature, of such permanent and standard authority. And if temperance, as taught in this book, will not raise man from earth to heaven, as Socrates claimed for his philosophy, it is no small matter, in a nation of half a million of drunkards, if it will raise him from beastly degradation, and bring him within the influence of the house of prayer, and the sublime interests of religion. Apart from the subject of temperance, it is a book of so much information on Biblical topics, especially of the different kinds of wine spoken of in the Scriptures, and the chart of Bible texts, in connection with wines, that no minister should be without it. I should rejoice to see this book in every family and Sabbath-school of our country.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF OUR SAYIOUR. By the Rev. A. L. R. FOOTE. London: James Nesbit & Co. Smith & English, Philadelphia.

These incidents are selections from a course of lectures on the Life of Christ. The author, in his selections, had special reference to the incidents which contain the personal element, and afforded opportunity for characterization. He has aimed to individualize the various persons that come under review—to exhibit a few of the distinguishing features of the Saviour's character, and of those who came in contact with him. This we conceive to be the leading idea of the work. Books of this kind, we think, help to counteract what is felt to be a VOL. II. NO. 12.

defect in the preaching of our times, even what is justly styled evangelical preaching. It is too doctrinal, too abstract, too ideal; and as such it does not satisfy the soul and stir the heart. We might designate this kind of preaching as doctrinal idealism, which is peculiar to this country, or intuitional idealism, which is imported. The error of both, however, is essentially the same,-the losing sight of the historic or personal element. The consequence is, religion becomes a mere matter of speculation, a mere theory, a mere system, like any other system, correct and true enough logically viewed, but devoid of all living power. Now this book is peculiar for its introduction of the historical or personal element into Christianity-withdrawing attention from something called salvation, which is an abstract, general term, to the contemplation of a personal Saviour. It presents Christ himself-a real, living, personal Christ, the only foundation of true safety and lasting peace; and to trust in any system, merely as a system, is to trust in a refuge of lies. None but Christ, as the reformer said, none but Christ. The book is eminently original and suggestive, abounding in gems of spiritual beauty; and what is more than all, leads us unconsciously into converse with a personal living Saviour, and makes one's heart long for the time when the veil shall be withdrawn, and we shall see Him as He is, and behold His glory.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD UNMASKED. By JOHN BERRIDGE. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

This is an old book, in a modern dress. It is, however, one of the books that can never become old; which, in spite of time, will always retain its freshness and beauty. It has survived the test of years, "and still stands towering above things of inferior growth, like a cedar of Lebanon." As indicated by the title, it most effectually unmasks the hypocrite, who—

—— "In virtue's gnise,
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread—
...... With one hand he put
A penny in the arn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out."

It forecasts that day, when all disguises shall be torn away, and every one shall appear, not what he *seems*, but *is*.

"Great day of revelation! in the grave
'The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
In naked ugliness."

No one can question the importance of the

subject. And we can say honestly, that whilst the author is thorougly Biblical in his analysis of character, he undertakes the dissection of the dead professor with masterly skill. Every page glows with fervent piety, while the style, as has been said, is so remarkable, that he who could *preach* as Berridge has written, would hold any congregation by the ears.

THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST. By Rev. A. L. R. FOOTE. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

The object of this work is to show what Christianity really is, to exhibit its inner truth, its native grandeur, its perfect adaptation to man. In this aspect, the book, whilst suited to any age, is pre-eminently adapted to our times. For the question now is not so much about various forms of Christian truth, as whether we have a Christianity at all. It is not so much its form that is assailed as its substance. So that the apologetics of our day must have special aim to the defence of the citadel, rather than of the outworks. And hence, we find this special direction in most of the religious literature of our day. This book is an able development of what is vital, disciplinary, educational, and practical, in Christianity. We

have read this work with intense interest, and we trust profit. We would earnestly commend this volume to all who are trying to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The list of books above noticed will furnish an answer to the frequent inquiries made of ministers, by the members of their church, for some good books. Here are books any minister can recommend to his people, books eminently evangelical and practical, and yet of a high order of thought, adapted to the intellect and the heart, promotive of growth in knowledge and in grace.

The list of books yet on our table furnishes cheering evidence, that notwithstanding the "Hard Times," authors and publishers are determined there shall be no scarcity of suitable aliment for the mind and heart.

We regret that in omitting to read the proofsheet of our department, in the last two issues of the Journal, several very glaring errors in the grammatical structure of sentences, and in orthography, occurred. They will, however, be easily recognized as typographical errors.

Church Intelligence.

CHURCH AFFAIRS IN LANCASTER .- A neat and substantial Sunday-school building has recently been dedicated in Lancaster, for the use of the Branch Sunday-school of Trinity Church. It is situated in James Street, in the northern portion of the city, and is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is designed. The school was commenced about two years ago with 34 scholars, and under the management of efficient superintendents; and a devoted band of teachers, the number of scholars has increased to about 150. The comfortable apartments provided for the school, will no doubt attract many more little ones to the place of instruction. It is also contemplated to hold public services in this building. We rejoice in this evidence of vitality in old Trinity. A similar enterprise was started a few years ago by the Sunday-school Society of the same church, when under the charge of Dr. Baker, which resulted in the formation of a new congregation, and the erection of the beautiful structure of St. John's. There are now three Lutheran Churches in Lancaster, two of which are English, and the other Ger-The German congregation of Zion's Church, now under the charge of Rev. B. W.

Schmauk, was never in a more prosperous condition. The congregation of St. John's have recently called Rev. D. Steck, of Pottsville, to become their pastor.

We commend the example of our Lancaster brethren to the churches in our cities and large towns. It is our duty as much as it is the duty of others, to engage in the work of evangelizing those places around us which are destitute of the means of grace, and experience shows that it is our true policy to provide, wherever it is possible, separate churches for the preaching of English and German respectively. Had this course been pursued by our older congregations, and had proper care been exercised in looking after the straying members of the flock, we would not now have to lament the paucity of Lutheran churches in our cities, and instead of finding congregations of other denominations, made up almost exclusively of Lutheran material, the Lutheran might be, as in many places it ought to be, the leading denomination in the ranks of Protes-

A NEW enterprise has been started in the southwestern part of Philadelphia, under very

promising auspices. It is situated in a section of the city containing many inhabitants, but entirely destitute of church privileges. A Sunday-school has been raised there, through the efforts of a few zealons laymen, which is now in quite a flourishing condition. Preaching was first held there on Sunday, November the 15th. It is calculated that a church building can be erected at a comparatively small expense, much of which is already pledged. Such a combination of favorable circumstances is rarely to be met with.

REV. HENRY BAKER has left his charge at Altoona, Blair Co., Pa., having resigned in August last. He has been pastor there for nearly twelve years; and during this time the congregation have largely increased in numbers and prosperity.

REV. DR. REYNOLDS, President of Illinois State University, has arrived in Springfield, with his family, in good health and spirit, and entered upon his duties in the institution.

Consecration of the New Church of St. James, New York.—This church was consecrated to the worship and service of the Trinne God, on the 2d Sabbath of October. In the morning Rev. Dr. Schmidt, of Columbia College, conducted the preliminary exercises. Dr. Stork, of Philadelphia, read the 24th Psalm, which was then chanted by the choir. The services of consecration were performed by Dr. Pohlman, of Albany, in a very solemn and impressive manner; at the close of which the choir sang the "Gloria Patri."

The consecration sermon was delivered by Rev. J. L. Schock, pastor of the church, taking for his text the 17th verse of the 90th Psalm: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it." To say merely that the discourse was

befitting to the occasion, is doing justice neither to the author nor the andience. It was a discourse abounding in originality of thought, fine imagery, and in a kindly spirit of welcome to all who love the church of their fathers, to come and east in their lot with us. May it be blessed with joyful results!

In the afternoon, Dr. Pohlman occupied the pulpit. He selected the 7th verse of the 5th Psalm for his text, and from it preached a sermon that was in admirable harmony with the occasion, and full of practical thought. The evening discourse was preached by Dr. Stork, from the 46th verse of the 8th chapter of Luke. It was characterized by thrilling thought, chaste language, and animated delivery.

The edifice itself is a fine, massive structure, of Gothic architecture, built of Connecticut blue stone, with brown stone trimmings. It has a tower and spire constructed of the same material, two hundred feet high. The interior of the church is especially chaste and beautiful. The lofty ceiling, ribbed in plaster and fresco, the richly stained glass windows, the recess behind the pulpit with its beautiful arch, and the chancel with its pulpit, reading-desk, and communion table, of black walnut, and the large baptismal font of pure white marble, contrasting delightfully with the shaded furniture, and carpeting; all combine to make it one of the finest church-interiors in this city. There are two side galleries, with a smaller one at the north end for the accommodation of the choir.

The church is capable of seating from eight hundred to a thousand people.

From a statement made by the pastor, we learn that the entire cost of the church, with ground and furniture is about \$60,000. The edifice is located in one of the finest neighborhoods of the city, being opposite to Stuyvesant Square, and within a block of Dr. Tyng's Church.—Missionary.

Editorial Miscellany.

To the Readers of the Home Journal.—The Committee of Publication to whom this Journal has been intrusted, desire to devote every effort and allowable expense, in making it in every respect worthy of the most liberal patronage of the Church. In addition to the present contributors, who are favorably known throughout the Church, the committee has secured a promise from the following brethren to furnish regular contributions during the coming year, viz.: Dr. S. S. Schmucker, Rev.

C. P. KRAUTH, of Pittsburg, Rev. J. A. Seiss, of Baltimore, Rev. J. A. Brown, of Reading; and others among the best writers in the Church. The committee is also in correspondence with several brethren in the West, and hope in the next number to announce Drs. Sprecher, Harkey, Reynolds, and Weiser, as contributors from that section of the Church.

It is further designed to furnish at least two illustrations for every future number, and to enlarge the department of Church Intelligence. The Editorial Book-Table will remain as heretofore; and will include, in addition to the usual notices of new works, a condensed outline of current news in the world of literature.

In short, the committee are determined to do everything in their power to make this one of the best HOME JOURNALS in the land. And they would make an earnest appeal to the Church to sustain them in what is admitted to be a noble work. May they not depend upon the prompt co-operation of all the ministers in the Church? Will not laymen who feel the importance of having this monthly visitor in the Church, go to work and send us new subscribers? Now is the time—the old year is passing away, and we hope to see large additions to our subscription list, with the beginning of the New Year.

DEATH OF CRAWFORD THE SCULPTOR .-Thomas Crawford, the celebrated American sculptor, died in London on the 10th instant. He had been ill for a long time, and the sad event was anticipated. Mr. Crawford was born in the City of New York, in 1813. His parents came from Ballyshannon, Ireland, to this country about fifty years ago. They were educated and intelligent people, and were remarked for their solicitude to give their son the best education their means afforded. After finishing his education, he went to Rome while yet under twenty-one years of age, taking with him letters of introduction to Thorwaldsen, who received him as a pupil. With the great Danish sculptor, however, he did not long remain, but engaged a studio for himself, and began to give form to his own ideals.

Between Thorwaldsen and Crawford a

Between Thorwaldsen and Crawford a warm friendship existed to the time of the former's death, who at an early day spoke of Crawford as his successor in classical art, and pronounced his Orpheus a triumph of genius.

His fame as an artist is of the first order, and numerous busts, groups in marble, &c., both in this country and Europe, attest his skill and genius.

His genius was eminently progressive, and his crowning works were destined to come last. In 1856, his noble statue in bronze of Beethoven, confessedly the only one yet designed which is worthy of the subject, or which gives an adequate idea of the original, was received in Boston, and deposited in the Music Hall of that city, with appropriate solemnities. With his last great work, the Washington Monument, ordered by the State of Virginia, comprising a bronze equestrian statue of Washington on a lofty pedestal, with statues of Henry, Jefferson, and other illustrious Virginians surrounding its base, the public have long been familiar from numerous published descriptions.

The statue of Washington, now on its way to this country, has elicited flattering encomiums from all who have seen it, including some of the most distinguished art critics of Europe, and is doubtless one of the most successful works of its kind of modern times. It is of colossal size, and was cast in the celebrated foundry of Munich, under the personal superintendence of the artist. The accompanying statues have been designed, but not all executed. Among other designs which Mr. Crawford has made latterly, we may mention statues of Channing, Washington Allston, and Henry Clay.

The loss of such a man in the maturity of his powers, although not yet in the maturity of his fame, to a nation still young in art, can scarcely be over-estimated, and it would be difficult at this moment to point to a successor who is worthy either by what he has done, or by what he promises to do, to occupy his place. Whatever our painters may have accomplished, it is through our sculptors that we have asserted our first substantial claim to be recognized as a nation capable of producing great works of art, and the names of Crawford and Powers are household words, where other names in American art are unknown or ignored.

Mr. Bulwer.—Knebworth, the fine baronial residence of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, is in Hertfordshire. A more interesting piece of antiquity, crowded with vast halls, picture galleries, armor, and grotesque monsters, could not be imagined. It is seated within, and domineers over 7000 acres of park, woodland, and farm. No wonder the man writes so exquisitely, on the margin of his own lake, in a retired fishing cottage, and with all the appliances of comfort, silence, and sweet air about him! He is the very soul of hospitality, a republican in his philosophy, a polished gentleman, and yet made, by the misfortunes of his domestic life, peculiar, if not somewhat eccentric. He pines over the loss of a beautiful daughter of fifteen, and his wife, more than half cracked, won't live near him. He is laboriously striving for political fame and position-an aristocrat in affiliation, but quite moderate. He has a son who is attached to the British Legation at the Hague, a remarkable writer already.

Mr. LAYARD, who dug out the Nineveh Lions, and penetrated the Tower of Babel, has grown impatient, and is off to the scene of the Indian rebellion, "to form (as he says) his own opinion upon its cause and its results." His report will be valuable, because fully reliable. His acumen in discovering political and social abuses, and his fearlessness in exposing them, are equally remarkable.











